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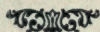
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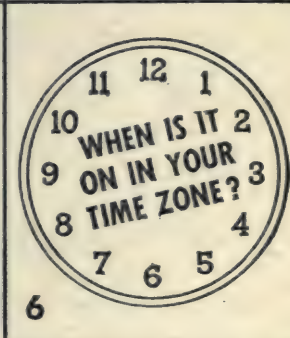
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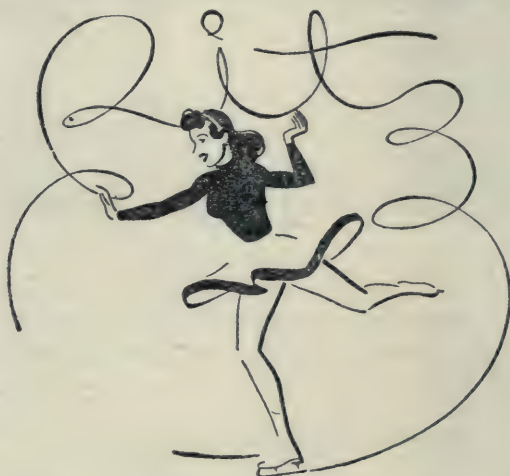
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St. Joseph Lilies

Published March, June and December
Subscription One Dollar

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SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, ST. JOSEPH LILIES
St. Joseph's Convent,
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St. Brigid of Kildare

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXVII

TORONTO, MARCH, 1948

No. 1

ST. BRIGID OF KILDARE

By REV. PATRICK J. TEMPLE, S. T. D.

ST. PATRICK narrates in his "Confession" that through the grace of God, exercised by his ministry, "sons and daughters of Irish chieftains are seen to become monks and virgins of Christ." He cites a typical case of one "of noble rank, most beautiful, grown to womanhood" who, within a few days after she was baptized by the Apostle, came back to tell him how she was counselled by an angel of God "to become a virgin of Christ, and live closer to God." The saint returned thanks to God for this great grace and he seemed surprised that the numbers of these consecrated women increased despite the fact that some had to persevere in their vocations without the consent of their parents, and even when they had to "endure persecution and lying reproaches from their kindred." Especially the slave girls who wished to become nuns had to overcome obstacles that seem insurmountable, because, as we know, they belonged body and soul to their masters; and thus St. Patrick makes special mention of their plight in the following words:

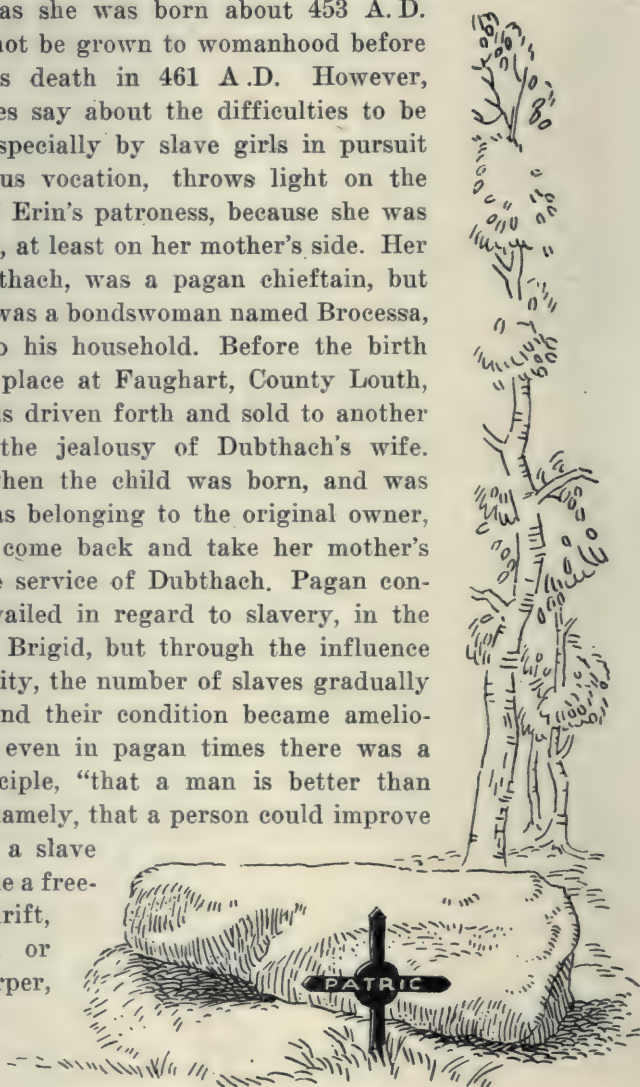


*Cathedral of
St. Patrick
Downpatrick
County Down*

"But the women who are kept in slavery suffer especially; they constantly endure even unto terrors and threats. But the

Lord gave grace to many of his handmaidens, for although they are forbidden, they earnestly follow the example (set them)."

The typical case mentioned above could not have been St. Brigid, as she was born about 453 A.D. and would not be grown to womanhood before St. Patrick's death in 461 A.D. However, what he does say about the difficulties to be overcome, especially by slave girls in pursuit of a religious vocation, throws light on the early life of Erin's patroness, because she was born a slave, at least on her mother's side. Her father, Dubthach, was a pagan chieftain, but her mother was a bondswoman named Brocessa, belonging to his household. Before the birth which took place at Faughart, County Louth, Brocessa was driven forth and sold to another master by the jealousy of Dubthach's wife. However, when the child was born, and was grown up, as belonging to the original owner, she had to come back and take her mother's place in the service of Dubthach. Pagan conditions prevailed in regard to slavery, in the days of St. Brigid, but through the influence of Christianity, the number of slaves gradually decreased and their condition became ameliorated; yet even in pagan times there was a ruling principle, "that a man is better than his birth," namely, that a person could improve his status; a slave could become a free-man by thrift, or a trade, or skill as a harper, or learning.



The new slave girl in Dubthach's household would therefore be encouraged to use her talents. They began to be displayed in a strange way, according to the accounts of her childhood and maidenhood. She who was the soul of discretion in other respects displayed regal munificence and generosity to the poor and needy. A sheep from the flock and butter from the dairy went to the hungry; even food destined for the master's table was given to a hungry dog. This was enough to arouse the ire of her stepmother and even to alarm her father himself. He took her in his chariot, intending to sell her as a slave to the king of Leinster; but while the bargain was being made the bondmaiden gave away the chief's bejeweled sword to a leper that asked for alms. To her angry father, when he missed it, she insisted she gave it to God. The king of Leinster, who was a Christian, intervened to say, "Leave her alone, for her merit before God is greater than ours."

Dubthach took his slave-daughter home, but his troubles with her came to a climax when he wished to strengthen his own position by arranging a suitable marriage. It was then that the Saint's character, which under the grace of God was ever developing strength, was put to the test. Cogitosus tells us that she simply insisted she must be a consecrated virgin of Christ. A later tradition explains how she won out in her decision by asking God to take away her beauty, and that after her father had acceded to her request her remarkable comeliness of appearance was returned to her.

St. Brigid received from Bishop Maccaille "a white veil, and white dress" at Croghan Hill, Offaly. Perhaps only her noviceship was passed there, for another tradition has it she was professed a nun by St. Mel, the nephew of St. Patrick, at Ardagh, Longford. She became the abbess of the latter community, and remained there, in all, twelve years, during which she inaugurated institutions in other parts of the country. Finally she established a monastery under a great oak on the Liffey plain, which became known as Kildare, "the Church of the Oak." Here her deeds drew about her

holy men and women from all the Irish provinces, and, according to her biographer, her monastery became the "head of almost all the churches of Ireland, and overtopping like a



Left — Interior of Saint Brigid's Cathedral, Kildare. "It had three spacious oratories, two ornamented doorways, walls adorned with painted pictures and linen hangings."

—(Trias Thaumaturga)



Right — Ruins of Saint Brigid's Cathedral about 1871. Note effigies of 13th century (?) Bishop and Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, inserted in niches in south wall of the chapel.



mountain peak all the monasteries of the Irish." Kildare grew up a monastic city, the metropolis of Leinster centuries before Dublin was founded, and became famous throughout Europe in the early Middle Ages.

St. Brigid's institution was at first somewhat similar to the houses of virgins founded by St. Patrick to aid him in his missionary work, for which he was the first to employ holy women on a large scale. It was a missionary station, the immediate purpose of which was to complete the evangelization of the country, and it was not governed by the strict monastic discipline that developed in the following generation. Thus we hear that St. Brigid attended a public assembly in a chariot drawn by two horses. On another occasion she went by chariot to visit the local king, and again we learn how she preached a homily to a group of heathen men about to set out on a bloody foray. She is thus revealed to us as a woman of a very strong character who took a keen interest in public affairs and who, above all, was filled with great missionary zeal for the advancement of the Christian religion.

Charity continued to be her outstanding characteristic, and her institution became renowned for hospitality, as we read in an ancient poem:

"The Blessed Brigid loved
Constant piety, which was not prescribed;
Sheep herding and early rising,
Hospitality to men of virtue."

Besides attending to her religious duties she took care of her flocks in the Curragh.

Because of her devotion to studies she got the title of patroness of poets and learning. Her monastic school became one of the most famous in Ireland and it was the motherhouse of all the other establishments of holy women in the land, she and her successors ruling over them. There was this difference about her foundation that existed nowhere in Ireland and very seldom elsewhere in the Christian world: It was a double monastery for both men and women and the government was shared by the abbess and the abbot-bishop. The names of both are preserved by annalists down to the Middle Ages. She is said to have herself selected a bishop, St. Conlaed. What happened is described by Father Ryan as follows:

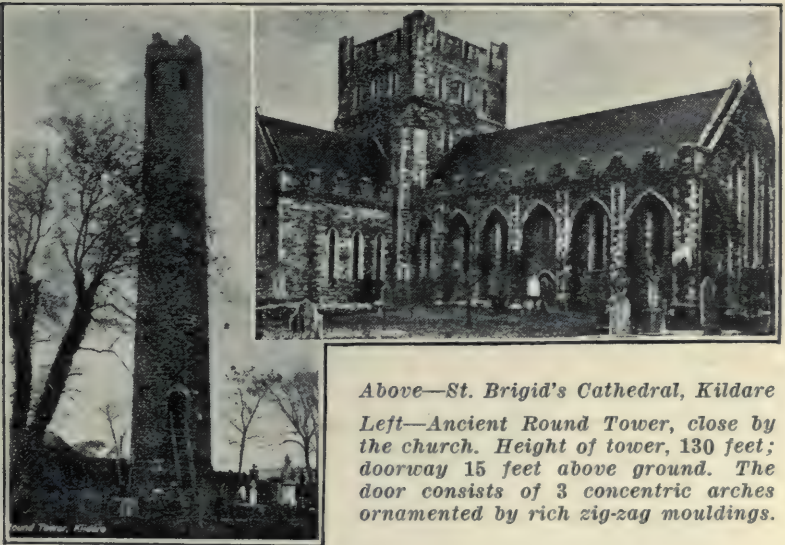
"St. Brigid settled at Kildare late in the Fifth Century, when the conversion of the country was still in progress and the organisation of the Church as yet far from perfect. With a genius that was obviously quite exceptional she gathered numerous disciples about her, and won the esteem of the neighbouring peoples, in whose affairs she took a deep and extremely practical interest. After some years she found herself the most prominent religious personality in the Liffey plain. Being a woman, she could not provide the people with the ministrations proper to the clergy, so she entered into an arrangement with a bishop who would make good that deficiency. Cogitosus regards the two as in some peculiar way sharing rule and dignity. Conlaed was prevailed upon 'to govern the church with her,' and the see was at once, 'episcopal and virginal.' Succeeding bishops and abbesses, too, ruled harmoniously together, each in his or her own sphere, over a parocchia that in the course of years had grown to remarkable dimensions." — *Irish Monasticism*, p. 181.

Because of St. Brigid's unique position in the Irish Church an absurd story grew up that she had received the episcopal order, whereas through her holiness of life and miracles she became the chief abbess of Ireland and shared jurisdiction with the bishop.

This St. Conlaed is said to be a brazier and to have spent his spare time making chalices and other metal utensils. Kildare became a great school for metal work and manuscript production; and a masterpiece of the world, which is now lost, was produced there, the Book of Kildare, which, from its description by Geraldus Cambrensis, must have even surpassed the Book of Kells. We have a description of the Church of Kildare in the time of Cogitosus, about 100 years after the death of St. Brigid, and its elaborateness is a matter of surprise for the middle of the Seventh Century:

"The Church of Kildare, the number of the faithful increasing, was built, occupying a spacious area, and elevated to a marvelous height, enriched within with painted figures, and having oratories separated by boarded partitions under one roof of the greater edifice. One partition, at the back of the altar, has two doors at its extremities, through one of which, placed to the right, is the entrance to the sanctuary,

where the chief prelate, accompanied by her clergy, and those who are deputed to the service of the altar, offers the Sacred and Dominical Sacrifice; and through the other door, placed on the left, the Abbess, with her faithful virgins and widows, approaches to partake of the Banquet of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ. And in the church there is one ornamented doorway to the right, through which the clergy and faithful



*Above—St. Brigid's Cathedral, Kildare
Left—Ancient Round Tower, close by
the church. Height of tower, 130 feet;
doorway 15 feet above ground. The
door consists of 3 concentric arches
ornamented by rich zig-zag mouldings.*

of the male sex enter the edifice, and another doorway to the left, through which maidens and the congregation of the faithful women are accustomed to enter. Thus, in one chief basilica, a multitude of people, different in rank and sex and position, with one mind worship the Omnipotent God."

St. Brigid died about the year 520 A. D. There is a tradition which, if true, would show the extraordinary reverence in which she was held by her contemporaries, namely, that St. Ninnidh covered his hand with a metal encasement because he was to give the holy virgin the Viaticum, and thus became known ever afterwards as "Ninnidh of the Clean Hand."

The name of Erin's patroness must be distinguished from

the name of a Swedish saint eight hundred years later, named St. Bridget. The name Brigid or Brigit was the name of an Irish, and indeed Pan-Celtic, deity that was associated with fire worship and became the goddess of poets. Professor MacAlister advances the theory that many attributes of the pagan goddess are assigned to the Christian saint, that Kildare was probably an old pagan shrine, and that the veneration of the oak and the perpetual fire kept by the nuns there were relics of paganism. However this may be, he has to admit that St. Brigid's tremendous feat of converting this pagan sanctuary into a Christian religious house was "a work in its way far more wonderful than the miracles with which her biographers could credit her." This theory of the goddess is plausible enough, but we protest against the assertion made because of it, that Cogitosus' "Life of St. Brigid" is full of myths and legends. Now, when due allowance is made for Celtic powers of imagination and love of amplification, and when it is remembered that the main purpose of a biographer of that time was to narrate the miracles of a saint, it must be said in all justice that this "Life" written in Kildare one hundred years after the saint's death must be substantially true, because there is not sufficient time for the growth of much legend and myth.

The oak-tree remained many a century venerated because of its association with St. Brigid. The sacred fire was sedulously kept burning by the nuns of Kildare with some interruption down to the Reformation, and its purpose was after the manner of a sanctuary lamp. St. Brigid's sacred body was interred at the right of the altar of her church and it became the object of pious pilgrimage especially on her Feast Day, February the first. About 878, on account of the Scandinavian raids, the relics were taken to the tombs of St. Patrick and St. Columba. Then on June 9, 1186, the relics of the three great saints were translated in a solemn manner to the Downpatrick Cathedral where they were afterwards desecrated under Henry VIII. To-day the Church of St. John the Baptist at Lumiar, near Lisbon, preserves the head of St.

Brigid, St. Martin's of Cologne the finger of the Saint, her mantle is at Bruges, another mantle at Edinburgh, and her shoe at Loughrea. The shrine of this latter relic is at the museum, Dublin, and, we are happy to be able to state, we possess the replica here at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.*

The great significance of St. Brigid is precisely this, that born in the first generation of Irish Christians she was singled out by Almighty God for great graces and miraculous powers for the spread of His Gospel. She brought to full fruition what St. Patrick sowed. She established one of the earliest monastic schools in Ireland and thus was a pioneer and foster-mother of those great institutions which grew up in every section of the country shortly after her death. The Christian counterpart of the pagan Queen Maeve, she outranked the latter as the greatest woman in all Irish history. She stands next to St. Patrick even before all the other saints of Erin. In their own peculiar way, the Irish placed her next to the Blessed Virgin herself and called her the Mary of the Gael. Thus we find this glowing tribute in an ancient work, the "Leabhar Braec":

"Everything that Brigid sought of God was granted to her, for it was her desire to comfort the poor, to cancel distress, and to relieve every misery. No one was more retiring, more modest, more meek, more humble, or more chaste than Brigid. She was abstemious, prayerful, and patient. She was joyful in the Commandments of God. She was benevolent, forgiving, charitable; she was a Temple of God, a consecrated shrine for the Body and Blood of Christ; her heart and her mind were a resting throne for the Holy Ghost. She was afflicted with those that were in sorrow, she was bright in virtues and miracles. Her type in created things is the dove among the birds, the vine among the trees, the sun amidst the stars. She subdues pestilence, she restrains the fury of the tempest; she is the child of prophecy, the Queen of the South, the Mary of the Gael."

The greatest of the Irish-born saints should be the pat-

* New York City.

roness of the race, not only at home, but also in the lands to which they have scattered. Because she was honored with grace and miracles by Almighty God above all other children of the Gael, and because of her holy life of great virtue and lasting influence, it is only right and fitting that a warm devotion to her be ever cultivated by all of Irish birth or descent. She was a favorite saint with many European peoples in times past, and surely her own kindred ought to take kindly to her veneration and to planning her intercessory powers.

Now, with the spread of the knowledge of Irish Catholic culture, surely it is high time that a reaction set in against the ignoble, worldly "inferiority complex" displayed by the exiled Celt in his thoughtless and almost irrelevant shame to give his children the glorious names of Patrick and Brigid. We look for a welcome change that will soon bring back the saintly Abbess of Kildare to her rightful place of honor and devotion.



*St. Brigid of Kildare
Mary of the Gael*



AN AMERICAN LOOKS AT NATIONALIZATION

By REVEREND RICHARD M. McKEON, S. J.

A BILL recently proposed by the Labor Government in Great Britain aims to control all land and will cause the owners to lose their traditional rights of property. A rapid survey of the bill amazes one with the extent of its effects. The government will tell all the people who own property how to use the same. If any change in the property produces profits, these will go to the government, not to the owner. If the government wishes to take the property away, it will pay a fixed price. Land held by the Crown, churches, hospitals, schools and similar organizations are exempt from the bill.

What is behind this proposed legislation? It is simply planned economy of every parcel of ground in Britain. It means that the public authorities will assume control over both regional and local planning. Naturally a great wave of opposition is arising from the mass of property owners. But even now there are voices proclaiming that outright nationalization of land is the only solution for Britain's economic plight.

Granting that this bill may never become a law, we feel justified in asking the difficult question, "Where will nationalization stop?" Here a statement pertaining to the victory of the Labor Party made by Father Lewis Watt, S. J., a noted English economist and authority on the papal encyclicals, is worthy of serious consideration. He said: "Owing to the British electoral system the large Labour majority in the House of Commons grossly misrepresents the relative strengths of socialist and anti-socialist opinion in the country, for analysis of the total vote cast shows that these are almost equally balanced, with a slight bias in favor of the Labor party and therefore of its program of nationalizing (with

due compensation) the coal mining industry, the heavy section of the iron and steel industry, fuel and power, transport and the Bank of England."

Father Watt continues, "The leaders of the party do not base this program on hostility to the ownership of private property but on the claim that it is the only method by which the community can be protected from exploitation by the steadily increasing power of capitalist corporations and combines. In so far as this claim is justified, the Labor program is in full accord with the teachings of Pius XI (*Quadragesimo Anno*, paragraph 114) and of Pius XII (to Italian Catholic Workers' Associations, March, 1945). The question for British Catholics is whether or not the claims made in favor of nationalizing the undertakings mentioned are economically socially justified; not the simpler issue of defending the right of property."

Is there a chance that the proposed bill will become a law? If so, then it is very necessary to defend the right of property. Just how far can nationalization go without open conflict with Christian principles? This bill directly attacks our traditional doctrine. It is one thing to point to the encyclical and quote: "It is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them a power too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large," and another to state just where nationalization should stop. While waiting to see the reaction to this bill on the part of Catholic authorities in Britain, we might examine some other phases of this critical topic.

There have been some warnings issued by our Catholic economists for Americans to be alert to the problems involved in any program of nationalization. There also is the polite goading in the remark of a British layman that, "You in the United States seem to be about fifty years behind Britain in your views on the sanctity of private enterprise. We British believe that we control the government that controls our business. This is sufficient guarantee to our liberties. We

feel that we cannot assure the liberty of the greatest number without more co-ordination and control than in the past." We Americans may be behind the times on this point, but we wonder how this gentleman views the present bill on control of British land. We stoutly maintain that the centuries-old thinking on the natural rights of private property and their amplification according to the basic principles of the encyclicals will be more acceptable to our true citizens.

Are there any signs of a nationalization program in the United States? We recall the awkward administration of the railroads during the First World War. This was not repeated in the recent one although the Office of Defense Transportation had considerable control. The Tennessee Valley Authority marked a tremendous achievement with its planned economy for a most extensive region. Here were not only flood control, improved navigation facilities, and electric power, but also schemes for developing the very valuable resources in the entire valley. In contrast to other government projects the magnificent administration of the TVA as a non-political decentralized corporation won almost universal approval from all critics. If a similar project comes to pass in the Missouri Valley, governmental control will be advanced over a far greater region.

The crisis in the coal industry has created a greater demand for the public ownership of coal. A reprint from the *People's Lobby Bulletin* for November, 1946, states: "The question before the people of the United States is now clean cut; public ownership, with lockouts, high prices, backward technology, death, injury, and misery." We do not know how powerful this lobby is. We suspect from the names of the directors that it will bear careful watching. Nevertheless it is well to call attention to two points of its program. One calls for "Public ownership of natural resources and basic industries, — to be operated by production technicians and engineers, so as to ensure maximum employment, — with labor and consumer representation," and the other calls for "Government direction of farm production, and control of

processing and distribution of farm products, with direct payment where needed to marginal farmers."

On the other hand, the present vicious and stupid attack on all unionism that is being fostered by certain elements of the *Laissez Faire* school of liberalistic economy has aroused labor leaders into defensive action. Mr. Green has invited the C. I. O. to unite with the A. F. of L. Whether or not this will come to pass in fact, there can be no doubt about unity of spirit in fighting for the common aims of trade unionism. What may happen? In future elections it is possible for the labor groups numbering at present about 13,000,000 members to back candidates with a mandate to nationalize certain industries. What a socialistic pipe-dream cry out the cynics and omniscient columnists. Yes, so thought the Conservatives in Britain only to be confronted suddenly with the nightmare of reality. And the rejected Mr. Churchill, the defender of empire, bears witness to the change.

Looking south of the Rio Grande the American workman will not find any encouragement to support nationalization of industry. State socialism in South America has no achievements worthy of note. Another picture will be found in the program of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in Canada. Crossing over to Sweden where public ownership of utilities has long been accepted, he will discover the co-operatives fighting against further extension of government control. But his big surprise will be to find that limited nationalization of industry is strongly advocated by the Christian democratic groups. The excellent article, "Requiem or Reunion for Socialism?" of Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., in *America*, November 2, 1946, throws much-needed light on how mitigated socialism really finds its true fulfillment in Christian democracy. He offers convincing argument that herein lies a bulwark against the totalitarian philosophy of life.

Again we ask, "Where will nationalization stop?" Let us admit that government ownership of certain industries cannot be condemned in itself. What principle will guide us in determining the type of industry to be nationalized? The

logical answer flowing from Christian ethics would be those types which cannot be efficiently operated by private ownership and control. Circumstances will alter the cases for various countries. The grave danger lies in the strategy of the Communists to give approval and then grease the ways to include all.

There are other factors to be considered. Putting economic and political power in the same hands immediately offers a threat to the freedom of many. As David Hume once warned, "It is seldom that liberty of any kind is lost all at once." Will those who are in power be satisfied with control over a few industries? Who will stop the state planners if, on the plea that the general welfare is involved, they aim to take over other industries? Evidently the rights of the individual must go and that is certainly the threat in the proposed bill to control property in Britain. And what about the rights of workers when an industry is nationalized? The government backed by its great authority and resources could crush the just demands of labor more easily than private corporations. Britain had an unpleasant taste of this in the recent food crisis in London.

Accordingly, while following closely the advance of nationalization in other countries and not forgetting the possibility of such a program at home, it will be more profitable for Americans to recognise the wisdom of preserving a free economy by "binding men together not according to the place they occupy in the Labor Market, but according to the different functions they exercise in society." (*Quadragesimo Anno*). Through such vocational groups—industrial, professional, agricultural—there would be avoided that unnatural division of classes existing in the present economy which is still too strong a heritage of the liberalistic school.

Here is the best solution for checking the inroads of government in those affairs which are beyond the ordinary function of the state and likewise for uniting in common purpose and for mutual good labor and management. It seems high time for both American capital and labor to realise they are

now of age and that by nature they should be partners in the production of wealth, not antagonists. Industry councils with equal representation from both groups and with a member representing the public would be far more efficient in planning for the interests of the respective industry. Freedom of action would still be protected.

It follows that the state relieved of the necessity of interference in matters beyond its scope could return to its prime function of promoting the peace and prosperity of all citizens by protecting their natural rights. Nevertheless the warning of Pius XI applies: "However, when civil authorities adjust ownership to meet the needs of the public good, it acts not as an enemy but as the friend of private owners; for thus it effectively prevents the possession of private property, intended by nature's author in His wisdom for the sustaining of human life, from creating intolerable burdens and so rushing to its own destruction." (Quadragesimo Anno).

In the light of the encyclicals and recent official papal statements state ownership and control of industry are limited by extreme necessity and expediency and in nowise to be taken as a constant norm of economic life. The more universal principles of Christian economic democracy based on the organic structure and function of groups are still begging for more intelligent apostles to explain them to the weary multitudes. They are anxiously waiting for brave leaders in industry to put them into practice.

The man who asks, "Where did the Ultimate Being come from?" has discovered the whole ground for religion. It is just because there is no possible answer that we say of BEING in its ultimate aspect that it is supernatural. — Alfred Noyes.

A DAY DONE BROWNE

By PAUL KAY

WILLIAM BROWNE, M.A., took the class over. It looked as though Doc LeBeau would not be back this year. No one shed tears about it. LeBeau was dull, uninteresting, and sixty-nine years old. Browne, Mr. Browne, I mean, was just out of Georgetown where he had majored in English literature. The girls fell in love with him, to a woman. That's how easy it is for girls to fall in love.

Trinity College, Washington's school for the higher education of the female gender, is situated about a mile from Catholic University. Browne was an assistant professor in the English department at C.U., having joined the faculty in September of 1946. When ill health and old age caught up with LeBeau, dean of literature at Trinity, the call went out for a replacement. Browne wanted no part of it himself. Besides his teaching assignment he was working on his doctor's thesis. But when wiser heads were brought to bear upon him, Browne capitulated. Maybe even with a full schedule at Trinity he'd find time for a little research on his graduate work. Maybe!

Browne was not a particularly natty dresser; nor was he a finicky fellow about such trivialities as neatness. Yet the first time he walked into Senior Literature you'd think that Beau Brummel, Gordon Lord Byron, and Romeo Montague had just arrived in town. The girls did not whistle, but they certainly did approve of Mr. Browne. He was a kind of a nice looking chap. Brown wavy hair that kept falling into his eyes; it didn't bother him but girls went mad to push it back from his face. Sharp features that gave him a classic profile. The girls always tried to see him with the side view. This caused quite a bit of moving around on the part of the young ladies as Browne himself was quite an energetic teacher, rushing from blackboard to desk, and vice versa.

It was February when Browne took over. February and cold for Washington. It did not have to snow because Browne took Trinity by storm. No one knew that LeBeau was sick. It just happened that as the bell rang this stunning stranger walked in and having said a reverent prayer, answered fitfully by the puzzled girls, turned and remarked:

"I'm new here, but I believe that Doctor LeBeau was just about to introduce you young ladies to the poets of the period of romanticism."

There was a barely audible sigh from the general direction of every girl in the room.

"I have Doctor LeBeau's class list here. Let me see. Miss Day. Yes, Miss Day, would you please tell us what you understand by romanticism?"

Miss Day stood up. It was customary at Trinity to answer all questions from a standing position. Anyone could see that Miss Day was pretty. Anyone but a guy like Browne. He repeated the question, impatiently.

"What is romanticism, Miss?"

Miss Day almost suffocated with mortification. She knew what romanticism was but how could she tell him. "Oh, Mr. Browne..." she started and ended quickly with a semi-hysterical giggle. The rest of the class nervously tittered as she sat down.

Browne brushed his hair back from his eyes, almost angrily. He studied the class much as a visitor to an aquarium might look at a deep sea mollusk. Curious but completely detached. He coughed once. Not an anxious but a disapproving cough. "Miss Day, for your information and for the enlightenment of the class as a group, romanticism has nothing to do with love. Nothing whatever."

This statement was greeted by a heavy silence, a bewildered and vacuous pause. Mr. Browne was talking about love! Even if he was denying the relationship between love and romanticism, he was still talking about love.

"There is a tremendous difference between the romantic and the romanticist. The romantic seek love, the romanticist

seeks life. I'm afraid you girls, some of you particularly, are the romantic type."

For some reason Miss Day felt that she was a favoured pupil from that day on. And it was after about a week that Miss Day decided that she'd let Mr. Browne know just where he stood in her romantic plans. She would write him a poem. Unsigned of course. She, in solemn secrecy, consulted seventeen girls as to the wisdom of such a daring plan. All seventeen thought it was just peachy but a trifle dangerous in case Mr. Browne should report it to the school authorities. Billets-doux to the faculty were definitely not encouraged. But Kay Day was undaunted. Into the valley of death, into the mouth of hell, — oops, beg pardon, but how did Tennyson get in here?

It took Kay three days to compose her first lyric. She was not mined with any strong poetic vein; her versification came from plodding patience and a Webster dictionary. But after three days she had her first poem. Naturally she showed it, in solemn secrecy, to seventeen seniors, excluding only Letitia Lutz, who was by now acknowledged to be Kay's main rival for the love of Mr. Browne. The girls thought it the best poem they had ever read. Two of them who had heard of Elizabeth Barrett Browning remarked that the poem was like a sonnet from the "Porch-Geese or something." However, honest observers would have told you that Mrs. Browning or the porch geese would have nothing to do with Miss Day's venture into verse. She put the poem, folded neatly, on Mr. Browne's desk. He picked it up when he came in. Read it to himself, a quizzical look upon his face. The class sat in horrified stupor, hardly daring to breathe. Browne finished.

"Whoever wrote this. . ." There was no sound, save that of 18 hearts beating frantically, sorrowfully for Kay Day. Kay's own heart was beating the loudest knell of all. She thought she was going to be sick all over the class-room. . . Browne's voice went on. "Whoever wrote this, do me the

favor of keeping it up. Such work has my whole-hearted approval."

Kay became a little difficult to stand after that day. The way she lorded it over the other girls. She talked as though nothing remained but to plan her trousseau. She was convinced that Browne was definitely infatuated. When the others, particularly Letitia Lutz, told her that Mr. Browne did not even know who wrote the poem since it was typed and unsigned, Kay withered them by remarking that she would sign the next one.

During the remaining weeks of the semester Kay's work in general suffered. The girl was spending all her time writing love poetry. But Mr. Browne was appreciative. Each week when he found the contribution on his Monday desk, he smiled and openly commended the author. By now Kay was showing the poems to no one, and this did not increase her popularity with the girls who felt that the whole poetic idea was a class project. However, Kay still had signed no poems. Perhaps she was afraid, maybe she wished to keep Mr. Browne in suspense. She would bide her time. During all the month of April she was subject to an awful riding from her classmates. They were calling her everything from Anne Hathaway to Mrs. Poe. But Kay was to have her revenge. Here it was.

On the morning of May 3rd, 1947, Mr. Browne said that he wished to make a special announcement. Some girl in the class had been contributing poems, and here he held up the poem for that Monday, and he desired now to ask as a special favor that she identify herself. "I don't expect her to make her identity public before the entire class, but I do wish she would let me know who she is. I want to get her permission to publish her poetry."

There was a sound that could have been a shriek, but since it came from Kay it must have been a cry of joy. "I wrote them, I wrote them, Mr. Browne." This she muttered as she walked to the front of the room. It looked as though

she intended to kiss Mr. Browne. He held up his hand to silence her, gently and patiently.

"Under what name do you wish them published? Your own or a nom de plume?"

Kay thought for a moment. Then half turning to the class she smiled. "Publish them under the name, Kay Browne."

Those poems were published. Each and every one of them; published under the name of Kay Browne. But as to Kay's reaction you'll have to judge for yourself. The lyric masterpieces were included in doctoral thesis, which by the way, is titled Poetic Dregs and Some Typical Instances of Modern Moronic Meter. Perhaps it was not very fair to include such tidbits of affection in a doctoral thesis, but it was not Browne's idea. Some woman persuaded him. Letitia Lutz was her name. Was, I said,

It's Letitia Browne now.

ROSA PATIENTIAE

The rose's hue and scent
Are meant,
By Him who made the rose, to adorn
A thorn.
And thus, when sorrow irks,
Who shirks
Forgets to count the gain
Of pain —
Nor joy-benighted, knows
The Rose.

—V. McNabb, O.P.

OUR LADY OF DUBLIN

By VERY REV. MYLES V. RONAN, P.P., D.LITT.

AS AN introduction to this subject it is necessary to state that the pagan Norsemen, commonly called Danes, who colonized the centre of the present city of Dublin from about the year A.D. 850, were definitely a Catholic community by the year 950, by inter-marriage with the Irish, and by the influence of the Catholic Faith practised all through their conquered possessions by the native Irish. By Papal Grant, their territory was erected into a diocese in 1028, and, in 1038, their Cathedral of Christ Church was begun.

There are, of course, no documents of this period to show the religious life of the people, so we need not stretch our imagination as to devotion to Mary, and may take it as an integral part of Dublin life.

In a document of 1178, of St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, one Godmund is mentioned as "priest of St. Mary's". Godmund was, of course, a Norse priest of Dublin. It may be that he was the priest of St. Mary's in Danish times, namely, before the Anglo-Norman Invasion of Dublin in 1170, and was still the Chaplain in 1178.

It may be that the Norse church of St. Mary was left unfinished between 1170-1178, during the difficult period after the Anglo-Norman invasion of Dublin when the secular and ecclesiastical affairs of Dublin were in the melting-pot. At all events, in 1179, according to the 13th century Life of St. Laurence, when the Archbishop was on one of his visits to the English King on matters of Church and State, the boat, which carried a number of influential citizens of Dublin, was in danger of shipwreck.

The citizens promised the Archbishop to complete "the recently-begun church of the Glorious Virgin in Dublin" if he would pray to God and Mary to deliver them from the danger. He did so, and St. Mary's, Dublin, was accordingly completed.

It was called St. Mary del Dam, that is, from the dam on the Poddle River that flows into the Liffey near the present City Hall.

A famous statue of the Blessed Virgin was erected in the church and was crowned with a golden diadem. It was in this church that the handsome boy of ten, supposed to be Earl Edward of Warwick, pretender to the throne, was crowned with the golden Crown of St. Mary in 1487 as Edward VI of England and Ireland, with the support of the Anglo-Irish Lords and several of the Irish Bishops. So, the church and statue of St. Mary del Dam had been conspicuous objects of devotion of the citizens of Dublin for over three hundred years.

There was another statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with a shrine, in the 14th century, on Dublin Bridge, the only bridge that then spanned the River Liffey, leading from the City to the church of St. Michan in the suburb of the ancient Norsemen, now called Oxmantown (rightly Estmanstown). A diocesan document of 1347 mentions that oblations were placed before the image, in 1341, by the passengers over the bridge. We do not know how long before that date the image was erected, but the oblations in 1341 were so considerable that the Prior of the Cathedral of Christ Church granted license that they should be employed by John de Grauntsete in building a new shrine.

Apparently the Dominican Fathers of the adjacent Priory of St. Saviour (present site of the Four Courts) were granted the oblations and they built a chapel at the end of the bridge, in 1348, for the ancient image which was called "St. Marie du Grace". The Dominicans kept the bridge in repair from the alms of the passengers.

In those days the erection and maintenance of bridges was left to Religious Houses. But, the chapel had secular chaplains for Mass and Confessions. So important was the chapel of "St. Marie du Grace" that the Guild of English Merchants of Dublin preferred to hold their meetings, secular and religious, there at a considerable distance from the Guild Chapel of the Dublin merchants in the Cathedral

in the city. We can picture the Brothers and Sisters of this wealthy Guild, in splendid gowns and hoods, marching in procession from the City across the bridge to the chapel for Solemn Mass in the morning and for Vespers in the evening. So, St. Marie du Grace was another important place of devotion of the citizens of Dublin to St. Mary in the pre-Reformation period.

The statues of St. Mary del Dam and St. Marie du Grace disappeared in the destruction of shrines and statues during the so-called "Reformation" of Henry VIII and his son, Edward VI. It seems however, that the statue of "St. Marie Du Grace" is still preserved. After the destruction in Dublin it seems to have been brought by the Dominicans to their comparatively safe priory in Youghal, Co. Cork. The Catholic Queen Mary succeeded her brother Edward in 1553, and there is extant a letter to her (1557) from the Earl of Desmond, the great protector of Catholic and Irish interests in the south of Ireland, petitioning for the restoration of the Dominican Order in the Youghal Priory suppressed under Henry VIII. It would seem that at this time the statue was set up in that Priory.

The Priory had been founded in 1268 by Thomas Fitzgerald, of the Desmond (South Munster) family, Justiciary of Ireland under the early Anglo-Norman government, and it was dedicated to the Holy Cross which was a special object of devotion of the family. But, with the coming of the statue to the Priory (c.1557), the name of the House was changed to *Stae. Mariae Gratianum* (St. Mary of Graces). Only the possession of a precious relic of St. Mary could account for the change of name of the Priory, and it could only have come from the Dominican House of St. Saviour's, Dublin.

Though the Youghal Priory was granted to the famous Sir Walter Raleigh, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, in 1587 and afterwards destroyed, yet the Dominican Fathers were able to carry on their conventual life in secret, and their precious statue was apparently kept in custody by a Catholic layman during Elizabeth's reign. In the reign of James I

(1603-1625) the Dominicans seem to have come out of their hiding place, to have had a well-known place of worship, and to have again set up the statue which was greatly venerated by the people of Youghal. The Protestants made several attempts to capture it but failed.

The statue, in ivory about three inches long and of Flemish art, was enclosed in a silver case in 1617 by Honora, daughter of James Fitzgerald of the Desmond family. So after 350 years, a daughter of the famous family of the Geraldines was still doing her little bit to carry on Catholic worship in spite of "Reformation" suppression. The statue was removed from Youghal about 1780 to the Dominican Priory of St. Mary's Cork, where it is now preserved.

The interesting question is whether this is the statue of "St. Marie du Grace" of the Bridge End of Dublin, sent by the Dominican Fathers of Dublin to the safe custody of Youghal after the suppression in Dublin. There is no evidence for the existence of such a statue in Youghal Priory in pre-Reformation times, and there is no evidence there of the devotion to St. Marie du Grace until the statue appeared there (c. 1557) and the name of the Priory was changed from Holy Cross to St. Mary of the Graces. So, it would seem that the title and statue came to Youghal from Dublin.

The story of the statue of "Our Lady of Dublin" preserved in the Carmelite Church in Whitefriars Street, Dublin, is one of well authenticated history. Professor William Stokes, of Trinity College, Dublin, said of it: "We have still in exist-



Our Lady of Dublin
c. 1497

ence a very interesting example of the sculpture of this age (15th century) a statue of the Virgin and Child the size of life, carved in Irish oak. The style of this curious monument is dry and Gothic; yet it has considerable merit far too much indeed to allow us to suppose it a work of Irish art The arts of sculpture and metal work declined, and lost all national character, in the fifteenth century, when they ceased to exhibit any traces of Celtic design . . . we rather attribute it (statue) to some able carver of Albert Durer's school, to whose time and style it unquestionably belongs, and we should not deem it very unlikely even to be an early work of that great Master's own hand."

Albert Durer (1471-1528) was the son of a German painter and engraver, and began his apprenticeship as a painter at the age of fifteen. After travels in Switzerland and Italy, he settled down in his native place, Nuremberg, in 1495, and began his great work in sculpture, contenting himself first for the most part with Madonnas and Mother and Child which show Italian influence. His carving of "Our Lady of Dublin" would seem to belong to about the year 1497.

The statue was "the distinguished ornament of St. Mary's Abbey, at the north side of Dublin," continues Professor Stokes, "where it was not less an object of religious veneration, than of wonder and admiration for its beauty." The Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary was the most important foundation of that Order in Ireland as it provided a spacious meeting-place for the Anglo-Norman lords who came to Dublin for Government purposes. It provided the school for the education of the sons of the Anglo-Norman gentry, kept a large guest house for travellers and fed at its gates hundreds of poor daily. There was no provision in those days for scholars or poor except in the Monasteries and Convents. Even the upkeep of bridges, as we have seen, was undertaken by the Religious.

Many people today cannot understand why the Religious Orders in Ireland in pre-Reformation times had such large possessions of lands and churches, which were granted to them

by the Anglo-Norman lords and by the Bishops of Ireland. In reality, the tenants on land and in the towns paid very little for their holdings, and the Monasteries in Dublin, especially at St. Mary's, were often bankrupt because of the expense of the social activities they had to undertake, keeping men and horses and retainers of the lords and other travellers, keeping guest-houses, and feeding the poor. That is a useful digression.

With all this social activity, St. Mary's Abbey was a very busy centre and its famous statue must have been a special object of veneration and admiration in the Abbey Church for all those visitors.

"Its glory," continues Professor Stokes, "however, was but of short duration. The storm of the Reformation came in 1541 (about 44 years after the setting up of the statue), the noble religious structure to which it appertained was given to the Earl of Ormonde for stables for his train, and the statue was condemned, and, as it was supposed, consigned to the flames. One half of it was actually burnt—but it was the moiety which to a saint is perhaps not absolutely indispensable, and which, at least when placed in a niche, is not much missed; the other half was carried by some devout or friendly hand to an neighbouring Inn-yard, where, with the face buried in the ground, and the hollow trunk appearing uppermost, it was appropriated, for concealment and safety, to the ignoble purpose of a hog-trough!

Thus the statue remained from 1541 until 1704, during the period of the first penal laws when all Catholic worship was proscribed under severe penalties. The new Penal Code, begun in 1691, whilst allowing Catholic worship, because the English Government found it impossible to suppress it, expected to suppress it by the gradual extinction of the existing Catholic priesthood. Friars and secular priests however, had been filtering into the country from the Continent and had been carrying on their ministrations in secret places. All this was forbidden under grave penalties, but an Act of

1703 allowed one Catholic parish priest for each protestant parish, and thus a place of worship.

So the illegal place of worship of St. Michan's (1700) in St. Mary's Lane was erected by Very Rev. Dr. Nary, P.P. from an outhouse into a fairly respectable chapel. It was still an outhouse, in a back lane but Dr. Nary was able to beautify it and not be afraid of Government intruders. He placed over the high altar a precious ivory crucifix, of Italian art. of the 17th century, which he brought from Paris (which we preserve in our present St. Michan's) and on a side altar, he placed a painting of St. Francis Xavier, S.J., as an acknowledgment of the spiritual ministrations of the Jesuit Fathers in the parish in Penal Times. On the other side altar he placed the statue of Virgin and Child of St. Mary's Abbey which remained there for over a hundred years until the present church of St. Michan was built in 1817.

It is almost unbelievable that the builders of the new St. Michan's should have forgotten the history of the Virgin and Child of St. Mary's Abbey. Yet, they left it in the penal-time chapel in Mary's Lane which was transformed into a school, and, when the school was sold in 1820, the statue fell into the hands of a dealer in adjacent Capel Street. With it, was apparently the ancient silver coronet of the Madonna, which had also been buried in the ground between 1541 and 1704, for, as Professor Stokes remarked, "the crown itself we have often seen exposed for sale in the window of the jeweller (Mooney) to whom it was sold." It was the crown that established precisely the age of the statue. "It was a double arched crown, such as appears on the coins of Henry VII (1486-1509), and on his only."

We have no account of what happened to the crown after it disappeared from the jeweller's shop in Capel Street. It is said to have been melted down because of its value as ancient silver. But unfortunately the crown had disappeared from the jeweller's window when the celebrated antiquarian, Rev. Dr. Spratt, of the Calced Carmelite Convent of Whitefriars Street, set his eye on the ancient statue in another shop, pur-

chased it in 1822 and erected it in his church in 1824, just four years after it had been discarded from old St. Michan's. It was then in a mutilated condition, but he had it thoroughly repaired, and it now surmounts a beautiful shrine, in its original brown colour of Irish Oak as the great relic of "Our Lady of Dublin."

An interesting point about the statue is the figure of the Child holding a container for torch, which seems to emphasize the Motherhood of Mary in relation to the Christ Child, the bearer of the Torch of Faith. This representation of Mary and her Child seems exceptional.

The legendary lore of the Church has preserved for us the name of the soldier who pierced the side of Our Lord on the cross. It was Longinus; he was one of the soldiers sent to keep guard and was converted by the miracles which attended the Crucifixion. We are further told that he was appointed to watch the sepulchre and was the only one who refused to assert that the body of Our Lord had been stolen by his disciples. For this fidelity, it is said, Pilate resolved upon his destruction.

Longinus soon retired from the army and began to preach the new doctrine,—without, however, obtaining permission from the governor of Judea or from Rome. When he arrived in Capadocia, Pilate sent a detachment of soldiers, who found him teaching the people. There with him two others, also soldiers; and they used three crosses to illustrate the great tragedy of which they had been witnesses. The Roman detachment beheaded them; and nailing their heads upon those emblems of our salvation carried them back in triumph to Jerusalem.

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD

By FLORENCE MARTIN

EVER since I was a child, I have been interested in the Heavens, especially at night.

I enjoy thunder storms when the lightning is not uncomfortably close. To me it seems impossible for anyone to say "There is no God" while listening to an electric storm. My curiosity in watching an eclipse of the sun from start to finish, resulted in my having to wear glasses, but it was worth it.

Out West the beautiful display of Northern Lights often kept me standing in admiration, outside in sub zero weather until I was almost an icicle. The entire sky would be covered with wide bands of light in rainbow colours and, when they shifted and moved, a sound as of many electric lights coming on could be heard. Long ago I had read "The Seven Little Sisters" and doubted it but it really is so.

In Hawaii the rainbow could be seen almost any time, even at midnight. The first night I saw one I thought I was "seeing things," but the bright moonlight disproved that, and of course it rains whenever it likes over there.

When I first went to the Islands they told me that when it rained while the sun was shining, they called it "liquid sunshine," I asked "Do you call it liquid moonshine if it rains while the moon is shining?" and I was called a "Smart Canuck". The Southern Cross can be seen down there, while the Great Bear is not visible.

The most inspiring sight I ever saw was a display of Northern Lights which I witnessed one night at Cutter, Ontario, on the shore of the North Channel of Lake Superior.

An Indian girl had been to my room to get some cough medicine for her brother and as she was leaving the house she cried out "Oh look at the sky, the world must be coming to an

end, I'm afraid! and she ran to her home across the school yard.

The sky was completely lighted up, but unlike the Alberta sky, these lights were a clear white, like flame; they moved, marched and danced about in circles. They seemed to bow I do not know how long I watched them but I had the strange feeling that they were the Spirits of the Braves in the Happy Hunting Grounds, dancing before the throne of the Great Manitou.

The contemplation of the stars is as old as man. Milton makes the Archangel Raphael teach this philosophy to Adam in Eden. While the nightly sky became the timekeeper and guide of the ancient world, it has also been always the playground of the mystics. And even the poet Young was forced to explain: "An undevout astronomer is mad." A fine expression of this point for meditation is found in a lyric of Luis de Leon, the Spanish Mystic:

When I beheld the sky
With stars innumerable spangled bright,
And then the earth descry
Encompassed with night,
Buried in sleep, oblivion infinite
Sorrow and love arise
And with burning fever fill my breast
And ever from mine eyes
The tears flow without rest
Till my tongue speaks at length, by grief opprest:
O dwelling of great night
Temple of lovely light incomparable,
My soul that to thy height
At birth aspired, what spell
Doth in this dark, low prison-house compel?

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

By EUGENIE GLUCKERT

ONE of America's most unusual shrines to St. Anthony is built underground at Oceanside, Long Island, New York.

I arrived in Oceanside, Long Island, one lovely perfumed spring afternoon. Immediately I enquired the whereabouts of Anchor Avenue.

The Jewish delivery boy to whom I spoke grinned quizzically. "You want St. Anthony's, don't you?" Then to my bewilderment he hastened to explain: "We have lots of strangers and they ask for Anchor Avenue. They come from all over the world to see the shrine there. Why, just the other day there was a man here from Karachi, India."

Soon I was following directions—"Up one and down two and there's Anchor Avenue. Then just walk—you'll know when you have arrived."

Suddenly I heard music, faint at first, wafted on a honey-suckle breeze. And then, like the bluebird, I came to a wondrous garden. I peeped through the screen of trees and flowering vines.

The music swelled. Harps and vibraphone combined in a rendition of "Somewhere a Voice is Calling." Mysteriously it seemed to come as a voice from the skies. Now from the trees, then perhaps from the ruby chalices of bedded tulips.

I found the gate, a lovely wrought iron affair upon which is inscribed:

"There's a garden where Jesus is waiting,
There's a place that is wondrously fair;
For it glows with the light of His presence,
'Tis the beautiful garden of prayer."

* * * *

I had indeed arrived. It was a formal garden, one of the country's finest. A semi-heroic figure of the Sacred Heart dominated all. Famous Greek statuary fountains, a large iron pagoda-like fish aquarium from the Shantung garden lent enchantment to a geometric pattern of boxwood and Irish yew.

The music ceased and the bird songsters took over. A yellow swallow tail butterfly flirted with a blood red poppy. I lost cognizance of time. I was overwhelmed with inexplainable emotions, reverence, awe. This GARDEN OF PRAYER was indeed holy ground. Surely, amid such regal simplicity and aloofness from the world outside I had come upon a tiny bit of heaven on earth.

Down the path bounded a huge St. Bernard dog. I waited as he came up to me with a dignified air of welcome. Soon he was joined by Tommy the gardener. "Colonel is our unofficial welcomer," he grinned. "And sure now, but isn't this a lovely place?"

"Lovely is much too feeble an adjective," I rejoined. "It is just unbelievable." Then for a moment coming back to earth. "Will you please direct me to the rectory? I've an appointment with Father Barrett," I explained.

From friendless immigrant priest to the rectorship of a world renowned shrine reads like the Alger-like biography of Father Robert Barrett.

* * * *

It is a long way from the old world's 1795 St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, Ireland, to the new world's 1946 grottoed St. Anthony's Shrine, Oceanside, New York. But as you bask in the fern clad vine festooned realistic grottoes deep in the heart of a rock garden, time and space unobtrusively efface themselves and heaven is very close.

As you roam the Shrine, a series of exquisite gardens rampant with a profusion of flowers, rare birds and art objects you realize more and more why pilgrims vote this the loveliest of all Shrines, this St. Anthony's Shrine at Oceanside, Long Island, New York.

After various assistant rectorships in Brooklyn and Long Island young Fr. Barrett was ordered by his superior, Bishop Malloy, to found a parish of his own at Oceanside. Previously that little community had been part of the neighbouring parish of St. Agnes, Rockville Centre.

Thus St. Anthony's parish was established. And like the proverbial mustard seed, it sprang from nothing. Yet under the patronage of the Wonder Worker, St. Anthony it grew.

* * * *

That first year some fifty Oceanside Catholics heard mass in a room over the local fire department. The following year Father Barrett purchased half an acre of land on Anchor Avenue and began building a house which would serve both as a rectory and church. Meanwhile a tent on the newly acquired property did duty as a 'church' for the tiny parish.

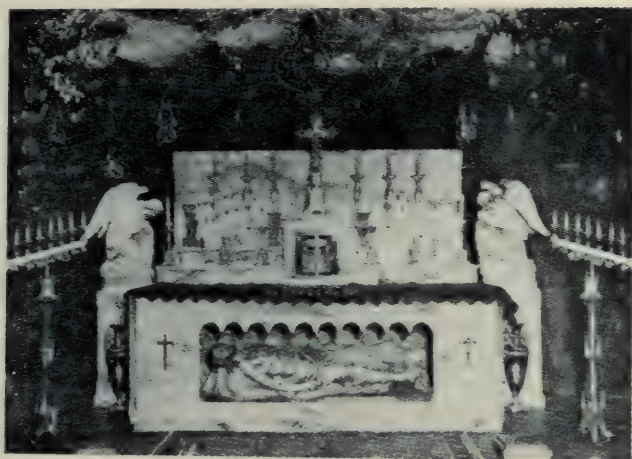
Through these first struggling years the young priest never despaired. But in spite of his optimism and resourcefulness he soon realized that this handful of parishioners even if they were willing had not the means thereby to support a church and pastor. If he was to succeed, the support of his parish must come from without.

A boyhood dream of the young priest now came sharply into focus. Somehow he would build a shrine, the loveliest in the world. St. Anthony's, while primarily a community parish, would become much more than just that. It would be a shrine that would incorporate the beauties of all others. A shrine to which wayfarers from all corners of the earth should come to walk with God in a Garden of Prayer, talk with Him and His Saints, and bask in all human and divine beauty that it is man's mortal privilege to behold.

I sat completely enthralled as the keen eyed little priest unfolded his story in a brogue as deep as his innate artistry and holiness. Father Barrett being all energy just can't sit still;—that is for long. So soon we left the cosiness of his study to roam the grounds of his "little bit of heaven."

"Then it happened," he continued our interrupted conversation. "Divine Providence stepped in. As always the Lord

takes and He gives. About the time that my dream was clamoring for realization, materialization, He saw fit to take unto His own both of my parents. A few months later I learned that I had become their sole beneficiary. The inheritance was quite sizable and while of no interest to me personally, coming as it did at that particular time it meant everything.



ALTAR IN THE ST. ANTHONY CHAPEL.
NOTE THE ROCK BACKGROUND AND FLOWERS
BLOOMING IN THE CEILING CREVICES.

“Now I could go ahead with my plans for the Shrine, making it near man’s conception of Heaven as possible, so that seeing, man would go away refreshed, strengthened and eager to strive towards the eternal goal that God has prepared for those who but heed His call and follow in His footsteps.”

Gradually our conversation had been leading us to the St. Anthony Chapel, the most unusual of the Shrine’s three Chapels. Often referred to as the strangest Church in all the world, it is constructed entirely underground below a magnificent rock garden. Flowering vines and graceful ferns festoon walls and ceilings. The main body, in reposeful shade, throws into relief in a blaze of light the grottoed handcarved

imported altar with its magnificent golden tabernacle symbolic of "The Light that Shines in Our Darkness." At either side adorning angels while beneath lies the figure of the dead Christ.

Grottoes on either side of the altar portray the apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette and the Sacred Heart to Margaret Mary.

Other cave-like grottoes line the walls depicting incidents in the lives of the saints in realistic natural settings. Lighting so cleverly concealed gives the illusion of actual living figures. Realism is maintained even in the vigil lights which simulate vari-coloured flowers.

The chandelier, candelabra and hanging lamps throughout originally graced an Austrian castle. The organ complemented with three harps and a vibraphone, is unique in any church. "I got the idea," grinned Father, "from the organ in the Park Avenue home of the late Charles Schwab."

Congregational singing, now the finest in the country, has been achieved through the tireless efforts of Father Barrett himself with the able assistance of three soloists from the famous Juillard School of Music.

Like the good St. Francis, Fr. Barrett is a firm believer in the doctrine that birds and beasts too, have a place in the worship of their Creator. Accordingly, his giant St. Bernard is left to roam the grounds and chapel at will. Even as we stood there, a bright yellow canary flew out from one of the grottoes and perched on the communion rail there to thrill away in joyous paeans.

"Yes," explained Father, "he belongs here. We imported a number of them to live in our chapel. Part of the choir—our feathered songsters. They join in the congregational singing and in-between times they serenade their Maker in His tabernacle home."

We visited grotto after grotto. Perhaps the representation of the Cave of Bethlehem is the most outstanding. Last Christmas more than 50,000 visitors came to see this realistic, life-size group.

But surely that typifying a tiny cell in which the life-sized figure of the Wonder Worker kneels in supplication before his crucified Saviour, bathed in a shaft of light from the tiny rear window, is the most poignantly inspiring. The statue was carved from a solid piece of wood by Franciscan monks in a monastery just outside Vienna. The expression of the face, the entreaty in the eyes, the supplication so eloquently expressed in the very posture, floods one with renewal confidence. Who could refuse him anything?

Following a winding, rustic-covered, vine shaded walk that connects the six acres of gardens and chapels we come to one of the loveliest outdoor shrines. The good St. Francis stands beside a rocky well-like pool in which lazy fat goldfish play hide and seek with waterlilies and hyacinths. "Copied from Milan, Italy," said my guide.

Further along the same walk is "The Death of St. Anthony." A marble figure of the dead saint lying on a moss and wild flower bed in a vine draped bower with birds, his only mourners.

Then my Reverend Guide opened a gate and we were in the sunlight of another garden. A garden where

"The dawn of the morn for glory,
The hush of the night for peace,
In this garden at eve, says the story,
God walks and His smile brings release."

We were now in the famed Rose Garden adjacent to the Miraculous Medal Chapel, dedicated to the fairest of them all, the Mystical Rose. This is the garden of some four thousand rose bushes brought from all corners of the earth. In their centre stands a fountain topped by Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, an exact duplicate of the famous fountain at Avignon, one time palace of the Popes. Marble statuary of the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, Greek urns, huge MING vases, and old Italian oil jars blend into a background of roses.

Down the flag-stone paths we trod to find ourselves at last in the recently completed Chapel of the Miraculous Medal! It glows in a soft blue light which blends with the contrasting rose windows depicting the mysteries of the Rosary. Here the main chandelier is an exquisite 18th century crystal affair that formerly enhanced the drawing room of the Chateau Cadillac, Bordeaux, France. Its original owner once refused a \$40,000 offer for it. Finally it fell into the hands of the late Clarence Mackey and it was from Mr. Mackey's estate that Father succeeded in obtaining it for the chapel. The candelabra gracing either side of the grotto itself are from a Florentine villa. The carved marble pillars were once valued at \$3000 apiece.

The grotto itself is bathed in blue lights, intercepted by two shafts of gold that pierce the blue and reflect on the statue itself. World travellers claim this the loveliest of all Mary's Shrines.

In the sacristy is a recording and broadcasting equipment. Amplifiers hidden at strategic points throughout the grounds carry music to all parts of the Shrine. Heard in such surroundings, they take on the soul stirring quality of celestial rendition.

All services are as heavenly realistic as possible. Altar boys become miniature Cardinals and Bishops, yet others don the dress of the various religious orders—the girls portraying the nuns.

If you are fortunate to be present at one of the devotions in the St. Anthony, the Miraculous Medal or the Sacred Heart Chapels adjacent to the Garden of Prayer, you will see the famous "Cloth of God" vestments. Showing them to me, Father caressed them reverently, lovingly. "Another dream come true," he remarked.

Then he continued, "Long before my time, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, and wife of Franz Joseph, paid a visit to St. Patrick's Maynooth, Ireland. So charmed was she that immediately upon her return to Vienna she ordered the most beautiful

set of vestments ever made. And these she sent as a personal gift to the Seminary.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
STATUARY GROUPS—ST. THERESE OF
LISIEUX BEFORE MARY AND HER DIVINE SON.

"Years later I, too, came to St. Patrick's. And during several of my student years there it was my good fortune to serve as sacristan. Thus it became my privilege to care for the lovely "Cloth of God" vestments. Each time I held them I

thrilled at their beauty. I even had the audacity to dream that I, too some day should say Mass in just such vestments. Their memory haunted me, even in America. So when I received my legacy, the first thing I did was to order an exact copy of them."

No visit to St. Anthony's would be complete without first kissing the Blarney stone. And you'll not have to sail a magic carpet to Blarney Castle to do so. The precious bit of stone is housed in a tiny peasant's cottage near the Miraculous Medal Chapel. Cupid to the left of the little hut glances at all with disarming smile while Venus across the way, doubtless a tongue in her marble cheeks, looks dreamily into nowhere.

When funds ran low and the need for enclosed quarters to care for the large Miraculous Medal Devotion throngs, ran high, Father betook himself back to his native sod. There, he pleaded his cause so eloquently that the owners of the Blarney Castle readily gave their consent.

So, I got a hammer and chisel, and began to chop off a nice piece of that famous old stone. And I brought it back to Ocean-side.

"We charge ten cents a kiss, and believe it or not that's how we're defraying the debt incurred in the building of the Miraculous Medal Chapel. What do you think of my piece?"

"Why Father," I exclaimed in surprise, "I always had been told that the Blarney Stone was gray and this—well, it's rosy hued."

"Come closer," advised my guide. And then we both laughed. True it was still roseate but now I knew the answer. "Yes," sighed Father, "the ladies, bless their hearts, are the biggest customers. That's a lipstick hue."

Later making the way of the cross, large bronze tablets from France each in an exquisite floral and shrub setting, we again chanced on Tommy. He was pruning a bush and peering over it he paused to remark pleasantly, "Too lovely, all of this, eh?"

"Not only lovely," I rejoined, "but heavenly. How fortunate Father has been in obtaining such a genius of an architect,

such an inspired landscape gardener—two men who could so graphically carry out his visions.”

“Architect, landscape artist, me eye!” snorted Tommy. “Why don’t you know—’twas the Reverend Boss himself. He’s all of them rolled into one.”

Amazed I looked at the little priest. “Guilty,” he grinned. “If the Lord hadn’t called loudest I’d have majored in architectural or engineering studies rather than Theology. But now I’m using all three for His honour and glory.”

REGINA PACIS

LET men walk slowly as they near thy shrine
The homage of a universe is thine;
And softly too, — no noisome echo jars
The heavenly music of thy crown of stars.
Approaching thee, sweet Mary, Queen of Peace,
The turmoil of the town doth quickly cease.
Oh from the walks of Paradise look down
And quickly pacify the world, His town.

Bernita Marie Miller

OUR LADY'S TREE

By NOIRAM ODRANREB

MANY legends are told in connection with birds, flowers, plants and trees, associating them with the name of the Blessed Virgin. One of these is linked with the almond tree, which in Palestine, is called Our Lady's tree.

There was a young monk who lived among hermits in the Syrian desert, far from oasis. Not a trace of vegetation could be found in the vast stretch of sand, and even the drinking water had to be drawn from a distant spring. This young monk, Brother Basil, was humble, and did his work with a smiling eagerness. To test his obedience, his superior asked Brother Basil to water a dead branch of almond which had been stuck into the barren sand. Twice daily, for two long years without a murmur, from a spring three miles away, he carried the heavy water jar and watered the leafless branch. Each day he recited this prayer to Our Lady: "Sweet Lady Mary, to whom the almond is dedicated, pray for me that the waters of heavenly grace may fall upon my heart, as this cooling water falls upon the almond."

One day as he watered the branch it suddenly blossomed with flowers of radiant beauty, and a voice of wondrous sweetness spoke to the young hermit saying: "Thy prayers are heard, thy heart is purified. Persevere in prayer and paradise shall be thy portion."

Brother Basil built a hut beside the miraculous almond tree, and there passed his days in holiness. One day he was found dead, a smile on his face, a branch of almond more beautiful than any that was ever seen before, on his breast. The monks buried him under the almond tree, and ever afterwards it blossomed in rosy loveliness above his grave. And from the spring which Brother Basil daily drew water for that once leafless branch, there trickled pure water until

the neighbourhood of the almond tree became an oasis, fair and fertile. And ever afterwards in that hot, sandy desert, the loveliest of all spots was the oasis of the Almond of Our Lady.

THE THREAD - AND - NEEDLE TREE

In Mexico there is a most useful tree, called in the native speech the maguey, but known to us as the thread-and-needle tree; from the fact that, among many other good qualities, it has the power of furnishing thread and needles to those who know where to search for them. In a sheath at the end of each leaf the needle is hidden, and attached to it is the long thread.

But there are other uses to which the maguey tree is put. From its roots an appetising food is prepared, while the leaves are employed in making a covering for the little cottages which shelter the natives. The thatching of these homes is really a work of art, so well is it done, and so beautiful are the leaves.

Paper, too, is often made from these leaves, and a favourite beverage is compounded from their juice. And when all is used but the coarse fibres of the tree the natives make from them useful cordage, and a kind of strong cloth much in demand. The maguey is surely a most useful tree.



PRAISE OF PATRICK

TIME and time again we hear it said that the Irish people have not a strong devotion to the saint who more than fifteen hundred years ago brought them the greatest news that the world has ever heard. We have without a doubt public devotions, conducted all over the country on the saint's feastday in the language in which St. Patrick preached to his beloved people. But it may be that we lack individually the intimate personal devotion that really brings the saint back to walk among us, to intercede for us, as the cry of the children of his dream brought him back as a missionary to the land in which he had laboured as a slave.



So some people maintain; and it may be possible that the passing of time and the accidents of history have made it more easily possible for the men and women of Ireland to understand the lives of other saints who never had any connection with this country. However the prayers that the faithful send up asking the intercession of the saints of God are not affected by international boundaries; or is it possible to check and tabulate the million prayers and aspirations of a million souls. These things transcend all our petty calculating and comparing, and their power and efficacy is known only to God who inspired them.

But in the external things that we can make some attempt at recording there is ample proof that the people of this island have happily never lost contact with their patron saint. The land itself is marked still with the passing of his footsteps. Every hill, every rock, every river speaks of his name. All the scholastic controversy, the quibbling and the digging for details, is weak before the strength of a tradition that has outlived the centuries, that will be vivid and strong while the

island is distinct from the ocean. The tall twin spires that stand high above the town of Armagh are dedicated to his name. That same name has been given to other churches, to parochial halls and private houses, even to football fields; and, while it may seem that some of these things are trivial, in reality they are symbols that proclaim as proudly as banners the devotion of a nation to the saint that brought it the faith of Christ.

Finally his name and his praises are enshrined in such a precious national relic as the Book of Lismore, in words of flame that betray devotion and intimate attachment.

"A true pilgrim like Abraham. Gentle, forgiving of heart like Moses. A praiseful psalmist like David. A student of wisdom and knowledge like Solomon. A chosen vessel for proclaiming righteousness, like Paul the Apostle. A man full of the grace and favour of the Holy Spirit like John. A fair garden with plants of virtues. A vine branch with fruitfulness. A lion for strength and might. A dove for gentleness and simplicity. A serpent for cunning and prudence. A man mild, gentle, humble, tender to the sons of Life; rough, ungentle to the sons of Death. A slave in labour and service to Christ. . . .

"And though great be his honour at present, greater will it be at the meeting of Doom, when the men of the world will arise at Michael the Archangel's command. And the men of Ireland will go to meet Patrick to Down and wind along with him to Mount Zion, where Christ will deal judgment to Adam's children on that day."



GOD CHOSE HIM

GOD chose him with the utmost care, this one
To be the foster father of His Son.

His genealogy, like some bright thread
Ran silvery along the years that led
Back to the clean beginning of the earth
And forward to the Christ-Child's manger birth.

Joseph, the Syrian, man of strength and might,
As gentle as a woman, brave and just and right,
Whom God could trust with His own precious Son!
Since earliest time began there is no one
To hold such fine, high trust! His tender love
For Mary, his betrothed, was far above
The love of man, and when the Christ Child came
His care wrapped warm about her like a flame.

He watched the worshipping shepherds, saw the star
Beheld the Magi coming from afar;
His dark eyes sought the far horizon's rim
Where Egypt lay, safety for her and Him.
All through His days of boyhood, Joseph stood
Firmly for the growing Christ's best good.
A self-effacing, humble path he trod,
This foster father to the Son of God!

Grace Noll Crowell



PALM SUNDAY

By ETHEL R. SEELEY

DID Mary thrill with tender pride that day
When glad Hosannas rent the morning calm,
And multitudes cast flowers in His way,
And all Jerusalem was bright with palm?

Or did she sigh for vanished things and sweet:
The village well, the fig tree by her door,
A Child at play upon a sunlit street,
Unmindful of the burdened years before?

Oh, swift the world to bend a fawning knee,
And swift to cast in cruel scorn aside.
Today the Prophet, glorious to see;
Tomorrow, mocked and scourged, the Crucified!

Perhaps her mother-heart discerned ahead
Some glimpse of Easter dawn, of lilies' sheen;
Yet knew the while—and with the knowing bled—
The shadow of the cross that lay between.

TRIOLETS

By PATRICK MacDONOUGH

BENEATH the new-made street,
Stray seed of flower and tree;
What tragedy complete
Beneath the new-made street,
The Spring they may not greet
Nor bud nor blossom be.
Beneath the new-made street,
Stray seed of flower and tree.

I tried to write a verse to-day,
 It seemed such folly;
 Pegasus wouldn't go nor stay,
 I tried to write a verse to-day,
 When better luck—along the way
 Came lovely Molly.
 I tried to write a verse to-day,
 It seemed such folly;

THE GUARDMAN'S CRY

By ST. PATRICK

I BIND me to-day on the Triune a call
 With faith on the Trinity—Unity—God over all.
 I bind me the might of Christ's birth and baptizing,
 His death on the Cross, His grave, His uprising,
 His homeward ascent the power supernal
 Of His coming for judgment eternal.
 I bind me the might of the Seraphim's love,
 The angels' obedience, the hope of arising
 To guerdon above:
 The prayers of the Fathers, prophetic teachings,
 The virtue of virgins, apostolical preachings
 The acts of the True;
 I bind to me, too,
 Heaven's dower, sun's brightness,
 Fire's power, snow's whiteness,
 Winds rushing, lightning's motion,
 Earth's stability, rock's solidity,
 Depths of Ocean.

*Note: This is a very old Irish name given to St. Patrick's hymn which is also called "The Cry of the Deer." The original Gaelic is a poem of short sentences with irregular rhythm and rime which is imitated in this translation.



Community

Congratulations and good wishes to: Rt. Rev. J. Sheridan, Port Credit; Rt. Rev. J. M. Castex, Penetang, Ontario; Rt. Rev. P. J. Bench, St. Joseph's Parish, Toronto; Rt. Rev. H. J. Callaghan, Blessed Sacrament Parish, Toronto; Rt. Rev. E. J. Ronan, Director of St. Michael's Cathedral Schola Cantorum, on the honour recently conferred on them when appointed Domestic Prelates by His Holiness, Pius XII.

To Mr. Henry Somerville, editor of the Canadian Register, and to

Mr. Charles J. Gillooly, who were appointed Knights of St. Gregory.

Two Diamond Jubilees have been celebrated at St. Joseph's on the Lake, Scarboro, since our last issue of the LILIES. December 8th marked the sixtieth anniversary of Sister Eusebia's entrance into religion, and January 6th, Sister Theopolia's. High masses were offered and many messages of congratulation were received by these sisters both of whom had devoted many years of their religious life to caring for the poor and aged at the House of Providence.

It must be a consoling and happy thought for them that Christ Himself long ago placed His seal upon their life work when He said "Whatsoever you do for the least of these, My little ones, you do unto Me." What a blessed reward awaits our two Diamond Jubilarians who have thus ministered to His Mystical Body!

The Community also celebrated on January 5th and 6th, Golden Jubilees of Sister M. Anthony at St. Michael's Hospital and Sister Zephyrinus at the Mother House. A High Mass of thanksgiving was offered for each Sister and the Communities in their respective houses made the Jubilee day one of special rejoicing. Sister Anthony spent a great part of those fifty years in teaching in the different separate schools of the Community, not only in Ontario but in the near and far West, where she also at different times held office of Superior.

Sister M. Zephyrinus also taught in several Toronto and Ontario schools, before going to Comox, B.C., as Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital. For fifteen years she was connected with St. Michael's Hospital and at present is one of the General Councillors and Superiors of St. Joseph's College. We offer our sincere congratulations to both of our Golden Jubilarians and wish them many graces on this happy anniversary.

On January 5th the following sisters celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their Profession: Sister Mary Esther, Prince Rupert, B.C.; Sister St. Clare, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto; Sister St. Edwin, St. Joseph's on the Lake, Scarboro; Sister M. Louise, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Callista, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Sister St. Cletus, Orillia, Ontario. Add multos annos!

We offer sincere sympathy to the members of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the loss sustained in the death of Mother Bernard, editor of "*The Rainbow*". Her loss is felt not only by her community but by all with whom she came in contact during long years as a devoted teacher and more recently in her work in connection with the publication of the Loretto Schools in Canada and the United States.

Sister M. Brendan

Sister M. Brendan died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, on November 24th. The deceased Sister, Josephine Seanlon, was born in County Cork, Ireland, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Seanlon. In 1914 the family came to Canada and in the same year Josephine entered the Community.

For almost 30 of her 33 years as a Religious, she was engaged in teaching music; at St. Joseph's College School, St. Catharines, Prince Rupert, B.C., and St. Mary's Convent, Toronto. Her pupils were always aware of her keen personal interest and she had the ability of showing even the less gifted how to make the best use of their talent. Her choral and band work were most successful and were ever a source of pleasure to her classes.

During the past year of complete invalidism, she continued the habit of a life-time and made heroic efforts to meet others with a smile, never failing to express a perfect confidence in "the good God." A week before the end, she



St. Joseph, Our Patron

had the privilege of venerating the statue of Our Lady of Fatima and of receiving a special blessing. She was anointed and received Holy Viaticum just a few minutes before God called her to Himself.

Sister M. Wilhelmina

Although she had been in poor health for some years, death came rather suddenly to Sister Wilhelmina on Sunday, December 14, at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, where she had spent the last few years of her life in prayerful waiting for the Final Summons.

Sister Wilhelmina, (Ida Mary Bourke), the daughter of the late John Bourke and Anna Wilhelmina Coughlin, was born in Portage du Fort, Quebec, and received her education with the Grey Nuns in Pembroke and at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, where she devoted much of her time to music. After entering the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, in 1900, she spent over thirty-five of her forty-six years in religion, teaching piano in the different Convents of the Community. Her religious life was one of unflinching devotion to duty; a life hidden for the most part from all save her Community, but filled with acts of kindness and generosity, and regulated by a keen sense of justice and truth.

Sister M. Pudentia

After an illness of some months, Sister M. Pudentia died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, on January 13th, Formerly Rosalinda Martin, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin, the deceased Sister was born at Victoria Road, Ontario. Almost forty years ago she entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto. After making her Final Profession, she was chosen for the newly opened Mission Houses in the West, and for years did zealous pioneer work. Her labours in the East were confined for the most part to the Mother House and the House of Providence.

A gentle kindness, a spirit of prayer and a determination to make the duty of the moment count for Eternity marked Sister Pudentia's life and made her example a silent teaching to all who came in contact with her. The Cross of ill-health during the past few years was accepted with edifying patience, and her inability to speak, following the

stroke which caused her death seemed to be almost what she might have chosen as her last offering in the way of sacrifice.

Sister M. Virginia

On January 21, Sister M. Virginia died after a short illness. The deceased Sister, formerly Constance Clarkson, was born in Parry Sound, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Clarkson. When the family moved to Toronto she attended St. Helen's School and Lretto Abbey. Even as a child she cherished so tender a devotion to St. Joseph that no one was surprised when she chose to consecrate her life to God in the Order that bears his name. Her religious life was spent at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, and Sacred Heart Orphanage and a few years at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro.

It is almost twenty-seven years since Sister Virginia responded to Our Lord's invitation "to follow Him," and hers was the rare privilege during the greater part of that following to share His Cross in a special way. Her faith sustained her in suffering and as she never hesitated to renew the offering of herself to God, her last illness, causing an unexpected state of prostration and helplessness, seemed to complete the holocaust of a willing victim.

VIA LONGA

It's far I must be going,
Some night or morning gray,
Beyond the ocean's flowing,
Beyond the rim of day;
And sure it's not the going,
But that I find the way.

—Patrick MacDonough



ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1947

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Miss Helen Cozens

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Annual Dance was held at the Imperial Room of the Royal York Hotel on November 20. The Committee included Misses Evelyn Bennett, Frances Conlin, Eileen Dillane, Agnes Foley, Dorothy Fraser, Audrie Hardie, Audrie Lowrie, Helen Madigan, Patricia Starr, Denise Unser, and Mable Abrey, president. Misses Joan and Patricia Starr entertained many guests at a Coffee Party at the Granite Club before the dance.

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In early December Mrs. Arthur W. Hogg, national president, was guest at a reception held by the Toronto alumnae in St. Joseph's College. Mrs. Hogg reviewed her recent five weeks' trip to the coast, during which she visited alumnae groups of Western Canada, in preparation for the 1948 convention to be held next August in Vancouver. Mrs. H. T. Roesler, past president, introduced Mrs. Hogg. Mrs. Campbell MacLellan moved a vote of thanks.

Helen (Brunner) Kelly left Toronto recently to take up residence in Vancouver. A farewell dinner for her was attended by Orla Beer, Dorothy Chambers and Olive (Griffin) Holland.

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Adele McGuane spent part of the winter in Toronto, visited her brother in New York and relations in St. Louis before going to Los Angeles.

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Hilda Sullivan is enjoying an extended motor trip in Southern States. San Antonio is one of her stops. We hope Hilda is keeping notes, for we want to hear more about the trip in the June issue. (We have but too late for March Lilies.)

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Evelyn Krausman Wisby writes: We had a lovely Christmas all together for Christmas dinner—Marge and Harry Donohue, Bill and his wife. (Bill is an alumnus, too.) George may have to make a business trip to India; he has organizing to do there.

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Mercedes French, who is lecturing in Spanish language and literature at Carleton College, is joining the Summer School teaching staff of the University of San Carlos, Guatemala, one of the oldest universities in America. Last summer, Mercedes studied at the University of Mexico.

* * *

Mrs. Catherine Delaney Kelly writes from Montreal. Her great interest is in her home. She has seven children going to various schools this year; the little girl who contracted polio a year ago, and the eleven-year-old boy who broke three vertebrae are as well as ever.

* * *

Mrs. Russell Roque (Emily Bogue) tells us the Sisters of St. Joseph (Peterborough) are now stationed on Manitoulin Island. Two Jesuit Fathers and four sisters have charge of the school. Means of communication—the latest—the Sisters have arrived in Killarney by airplane and in winter the journey is always over ice all the way.

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On Sunday, January 25, the Annual Quarterly Meeting and Tea was held at the Convent. Mrs. Roesler spoke about

the work of the Mary's Day League, and two students provided musical entertainment. After Benediction in the chapel tea was served. On view was a replica of the display of the Canadian Association of Convent Alumnae at the Marian Congress, and a beautifully embroidered table cloth, the work of one of the sisters, which is being raffled by the alumnae.

Marie Tisdale

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An interesting Letter from Hilda Sullivan, at the Hotel Hernan Cortes, Guernavaca, Mexico, has come too late for the March issue but our readers will hear more of her travels in June.

CONGRATULATIONS TO: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Weber on the birth of their little daughter on January 12.

Miss Naomi Gibson, winner in a contest sponsored by "Homes and Gardens". Besides the money prize, she is to have a trip to New York. She is making a name for herself in the advertising world.

FELICITATIONS and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Walsh on the celebration of their Diamond Wedding, also to their devoted family, their three daughters, Sister Mary Alice, Mrs. P. Keogh, Mrs. T. Beale and to their brother, Mr. John Walsh.

We extend our sympathy to . . .

Miss Jean Grant and Mrs. Jessie Hynes on the death of Mr. Gordon Grant.

Sister St. Gertrude (S.P.B.), to Miss Minnie Sullivan and to Sister Marguerite on the death of their brother, Mr. Harry Sullivan, of St. Catharines.

Sister M. Priscilla on the death of her brother, Mr. John Simmons, of Ironwood, Michigan.

Sister Marina on the death of her mother, Mrs. Marotta.

Mrs. Clifford Clough (Edna Gray) on the death of her stepmother shortly before Christmas.

The family of Mrs. Julia Mary Doyle who died at her home on Huntley Street, December 13.

The family of William John Markle who died on December 15 at his home on Brock Avenue.

Mrs. Russell Roque (Emily Bogue) of Killarney, Ontario,

on the death of her little son. He was drowned off his grandfather's dock last September.

Miss Louie Coffee on the death on January 4th of her brother, Mr. James Francis Coffee, of Winnipeg.

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Our sympathy to the families of:

Mr. Frank Harrison, brother of Sister Mary Caroline and uncle of Sister Bonaventure, Mr. Donald Harrison, Mrs. Van Buren, Mr. Charles Regan of Winnipeg, Dr. McNiven, Mr. Holmes, Miss Mary Hinds, Mr. Borron, Father Dolan, C.S.B., Mr. Martin Healy, Mrs. Timmons, mother of Father Timmons; Catherine Bresnan, Mrs. E. O'Brien.

SYMPATHY TO: Mrs. Joseph Bench (Callie Dunn) and to Mr. Bench's bereaved sisters, Miss Marie Bench and Mother Veronica, I.B.V.M., on the death of Senator Joseph Bench.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

... If while browsing around a book store, you should come upon a book entitled "Jolly Old St. Nicholas" by Blanche Jennings Thompson do not pass it by as "just another Christmas Story". This is a different story for children about the life and goodness of St. Nicholas. It gives a child the true story behind Santa Claus as well as a knowledge of the customs of many countries in honouring the kind Saint. Interest is added also by telling how the different customs were evolved.

It is a book which is highly recommended for all Catholic children . . .

The cover in three colours is most attractive. Five full page illustrations and repeated head and tail pieces by Stanley S. Lesser and Frederick S. Beckman of the Studio Guild are a delight to the eye and a complement of a charmingly written story of the well beloved saint of the children.

Margaret Smith, '48

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The weather man tells us that in Canada it is extremely cold and stormy, so that may be the cause of unheard of 20 here in Florida.

You know Maine suffered in the fire during October. We were on our way to California and it was several days before

we knew the fate our home, Penn-Ghyll, in Cape Porpoise. It was saved, and while we do not intend to go until spring, we have letters from friends saying they cannot understand how our house escaped as it is on a hill and eight other homes in that section were all burned to the ground, and our summer house which was only about ten feet from the main house was completely destroyed, yet our house and garage were untouched. Our lovely trees, oaks, and evergreens are all gone, and the sight will be one of desolation when we reach there this spring.

California was wonderful. We visited three of the lovely old missions. The enclosed snap of Gene and me is taken in the grounds of Capistrano with a woman guide, the tame white doves flew all over us. We were all fortunate in seeing the Mission play at San Gabriel.

We have just bought a lovely new home, a large bungalow with airy rooms and tiled baths (several) and we are putting "Casa Neustra" up for sale. It is beautiful with its spacious lawns, pools, and flowers, but it seems silly to have a house and grounds so large that we do not even see many of the rooms from one week to the other.

Gael Pendergast

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..... Not long ago I was in Wilcox and visited Notre Dame, Father Murray's miracle. You know they had a fire last year and much property was destroyed but there is no downing nor discouraging the *Notre Dame Spirit*. The chapel windows have been filled with stained glass and the panelling has been done in mahogany. The rose window—for little "Rose" Fraser of Lovat—is simply loveliness itself. There is one with Jacob wrestling with the Angel (symbol of all religion), another beautiful one of Augustine, and another More, is a marvellous thing. By Christmas they hoped to have Newman, St. Benedict and St. Thomas Aquinas. One of the former pupils hopes to say his first mass there in June and by that time they are hoping to have one of Brebeuf, Francis of Assisi and Our Lady of the Prairies. In one sketch of the latter Our Lady is standing in a wheat field. This will all make a lovely little church—symbolic of the Christian tradition in the West. And plans for next year say they hope to add Leo the Great, Gregory the Great and several others.

N. D.

Fairbanks, Alaska

The Fairbanks Winter Carnival is a period when the shops don't close but everyone tries to have a good time. The days are beginning to get longer; the sun a little brighter. The high spot of the Carnival is the drawing for a Cadillac Sedan. Everyone in town has dreams of driving this summer in said lone sedan. (It was won by a man from Alaska—plane the only means of transportation); he won the ice Pool (\$60,000) a few years ago. A Queen is elected; votes a dollar a vote also gives you one ticket on the Cadillac. A mere \$30,000 was picked up by the Carnival Committee. Gambling is a major sport here. The Ice Pools (there is one for every river around) consist of betting the hour and minute when the ice will go out. These pools run from about \$1,000 to \$100,000.

We managed to sandwich in the skiing events, skating, dog races and Eskimo blanket toss between the hours of daily work. The blanket toss was memorable. The blanket is a walrus skin about ten feet square. The Eskimos take a good grip around the skin and the victim allows himself—and herself—to be bounced skyward. Somehow they manage to come down feet first only to be tossed back up again. I got one picture of a girl way up in the sky. She looks as if all she needs is a broom to take her right off over to Fairbanks. The Eskimos wear long fur parkas and over them bright calico dresses. Ladd Field with our famed Task Force Frigid which you have undoubtedly read about this winter put on a parade with tanks, guns, etc.

The Beaver trapping season is February and March only. The limit ten beaver—if you could catch them. Last summer our Executive Officer, Major Hansen, had spotted from the air some beaver houses. He had already been out to set one trap when he saw the gleam in my eye while he was telling about it, so he asked Captain Woodward and myself to go with him and his wife next trip.

Washington's Birthday provided the first opportunity to go and look at the Major's one trap. We left about 8 a.m., drove about 15 miles, parked, strapped on snowshoes, and started through the woods. Neither Captain Woodward nor I had ever been on snowshoes before but we were well acquainted with the snow before we reached our destination. We were excited when we had cut through the ice at the first trap but the beavers had outsmarted us. No beaver—just a few hairs. On the way we had cut some fine aspen to provide the beavers with a dessert, so we re-set the trap with fresh bait and made two

new traps. While Lois and I performed this task the boys cut through some 24' of ice—twice. Major Hansen accomplished the finer points of assembling the traps and we set them under the ice with the hope of catching some unsuspecting little beaver. The next day Major Hansen and his wife found they had caught a 56-pound beaver. Captain Woodward and I were both worn out from the previous day's expedition and couldn't make it. A week later we went to another spot but couldn't locate the beaver house that Major Hansen had seen from the air so we gave up. I got a creepy feeling snowshoeing through the woods as we could see tracks of animals. I had asked my cousin about bears and he assured me they were all asleep and the only animal we might meet was a mad moose. We saw moose tracks but had we met one, I wouldn't have stayed to find out if he were mad or not. The Major eased my mind by telling me he had a 45 pistol handy. (Later I learned it was a knapsack on his back.) Two weeks after they caught a second beaver—not enough for a fur coat but a start for amateur trapping.

FINALE: The License cost \$50.00—the furs sold for \$74.00; net profit to trapper Hansen, \$24.00.

Now they all know how to trap beavers!

Adele McGuane

AN INTERESTING LETTER

And Sister M. St. Joseph, a Japanese convert (Prince Rupert) of the Sisters of Christ the King who called at St. Joseph's last November en route to Japan writes to Sr. Isabel of her journey and arrival in Minami, Sakurai, for Christmas . . . "Christmas Eve before Midnight Mass two children were baptised and I named them . . . you have a Japanese namesake Maria Isabel, and Father Garrity too for the little boy is Joseph Aloysius.

There were 27 Italian Franciscans, 3 French Dominicans, 2 Hungarian Jesuits, 2 French Canadian Churchman Brothers, an Italian Bishop, an Italian Monsignor and 19 religious sisters on the boat. . . .

"Masses started at 6.30 a.m. and there were 8 portable altars. Sunday we had High Mass by a Jesuit and 27 Franciscans sang beautifully . . . The Hospital is a wooden and paper structure—about 80 lepers in all stages of the disease—I felt no repulsion . . . In the chapel we sit Japanese fashion on the *Tatami*, a wicker basket like covering outdoors. The lepers have their own choir and had a procession in the afternoon (December).

The colony is at the foot of Mt. Fieji. I left with regret, and Mother General's promise that I make my retreat there this summer. Now I am *Oshan* (Mother in Japanese) to 48 homeless children . . . ranging from 1½ to 17 years, they eat as if it were their first and last meal—they never have had enough; they can eat anything. We lack winter clothing of all kinds. No heating systems here, only place with a stove is the kitchen . . . Before Christmas some American Catholics brought us Christmas tree and trimmings, electric lights, candy and gifts. The children love to get beads, medals, pictures, even better than dolls . . .

"We have a German Jesuit Father as chaplain, he was affected by atomic bomb and is supposed to be taking a rest (how can he rest with these children!) He speaks French and Japanese (the latter better than I do) and English. We fear he'll have to return to Hiroshima and who'll replace him?"

Indians roamed the woods adjoining Toronto, when Paul Kane was a child there. He watched them fishing or hunting wild fowl in the Bay. In 1845 following travel in the United States and Europe, Paul Kane returned to Canada to depict Indian life on canvas. Toronto had become a city, so he embarked for the Pacific coast. Through forests on foot, over waterways by canoe, across the prairies on horseback, the artist revisited tribe after tribe, making sketches of chiefs, games, ceremonial dances, majestic mountains and coastal scenery. These pictures of Indians would have been lost forever but for Paul Kane, for the aboriginal scene was washed away by civilization. A century ago — in 1848 — Paul Kane returned to Toronto to complete his collection in oils. One hundred of these adorn walls in the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto.





VOLLEY BALL—The net is up, eight Amazons, each possessing six feet, one hundred and fifty pounds of womanhood, form the opposition to the petite feminine pulchritude of St. Michael's College. Sure enough at these odds our Volleyballers win the game!

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HOCKEY—Hockey got off to an exciting start shortly after Christmas. All the girls practised conscientiously under the splendid coaching of Bryan McDonough and Johnny McCormack. In fact, we almost rose to great heights! Did you see our pictures in *The Globe and Mail*? Seriously though, the hockey has been quite good,—we stand second in our league. This stimulating sport rounds out the St. Michael's Women's Athletics for the year.

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RETREAT—Our annual retreat Feb. 12-15, was preached by Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J. Graduates had told us it would be a treat as well as a retreat, under such a proficient retreatmaster and we are now so convinced of the truth of their prophecy that we shall be waiting for our turn to pass on the good tidings to the next undergraduates fortunate enough to be preparing for a retreat with Father Keating.

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MIXED CHORUS—The All-Variety Mixed Chorus is the outgrowth and the completion of the University Symphony Orchestra. John J. Weinzeweig became, in nineteen thirty-four, the driving power behind Varsity's music lovers, and that year witnessed the University's first symphony orchestra with fifteen members. During fourteen years it grew in reputation and size, the nineteen forty-seven - forty-eight enrolment over eighty. The orchestra gives a series of concerts each year; this was achieved originally with about forty hours of practice; the orchestra, this year, carried out a staggering two hundred hour schedule to prepare Shostakovitch's 5th and

Beethoven's 3rd symphony for concerts at Toronto, London, Queen's and McGill.

Hans Gruber, the present conductor, has been the orchestra's guiding spirit for the last three years and for two years was assistant conductor. Gruber, born in Vienna in 1925, received his early musical education on the continent and came to Canada in 1939. A graduate of the University of Toronto, he is, at present, studying at the Royal Conservatory and the School of Graduate Studies.

The credit for starting the movement must go to Brock McEleran, music critic of the Varsity last year. Gruber received permission to form a chorus. When the two hundred and eighty-two students who answered Varsity's plea gathered at Women's Union Theatre in the early fall for the first practice, they learned that the chorus would attempt the Mozart Requiem. Throughout the fall the original number dropped to one hundred and seventy-five. The chorus at full strength is still representative of almost every faculty on the campus. The faithful returned, Monday after Monday, to shake the walls of the theatre with the Rex Tremendae and the Dies Irae. After Christmas, chorus and orchestra joined forces and were heard at three evening performances in late January. One more concert will be given in February, and two in March.

The first performance of the chorus received the ovation of the audience and the critics, the orchestra and its conductor. It was a first performance in many ways; the University had never before boasted a chorus, the orchestra had never accompanied a chorus and Gruber had never conducted one. Yet the Varsity voiced the sentiments of all as it thanked the chorus for giving us a glimpse of something beyond the cupola of Convocation Hall.

Jean Munro. '50

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POETRY CLUB—Newman Club has added a "Poet's Corner".

This club is open to anyone on the campus, and here a budding poet may, without embarrassment, get help with his own work. Each member is to submit anonymously a poem he has written. These poems are read and criticized at the meeting under the direction of an authority on English poetry. This criticism both favorable and adverse, is of great help to an amateur poet. Father Shook, Dr. McLuhan, Professor MacDonald and Professor Bissel have been among the guests. Besides leading the discussion, they have addressed the members on some topic

which they considered of benefit. These topics have included "T. S. Eliot" "Gerard Manley Hopkins" "Negro Poetry." So if you would be a poet, come along to criticize and be criticized.

Mary Adams

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LUCIFER AT LARGE—St. Michael's Music and Drama Society presented a modern morality play "Lucifer at Large" at Hart House, Feb. 17-18. Through the medium of the experimental theatre the play, effectively and dramatically re-affirmed the immortality of the human soul. Music, dancing and dramatic verse highlight the theme.

The play was directed by Jane McNally, '48 of St. Joseph's College, and Alice McGovern was in charge of the choreography. Marianna Korman prompted.

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DEBATE—On Feb. 3, Sue Decker '49 went to Montreal to represent the University of Toronto in a debate.

Sue upheld the negative of the resolution "Socialism inevitably leads to Totalitarianism." The motion was defeated by a margin of eight votes. McGill University, the hosts for the Debate, entertained the Toronto debaters during their stay in the city. Sue is the President of the St. Joseph's Debating Congress and was a more than capable representative.

Congratulations Sue on being chosen from among the debaters of the entire University!

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LITERARY SOCIETY—The January meeting opened the second semester for the St. Joseph's Literary Society.

Nancy McCormick led a discussion on the novel by giving a survey of the reading public, dividing it into two groups—those of high-brow taste who read for the enrichment of their lives; a greater number, those of low-brow taste choose works which afford pleasure. These are the people who are duped by the high-pressure sales carried on by so many book clubs and guilds.

Betty Trollope continued the discussion with her treatment of the thesis novel. In "Brideshead Revisited" the thesis is cleverly concealed by the character and action. In "Candide" the thesis is worked out by the effect to cause method. Voltaire, heaping incident upon incident forces us to the conclusion that this is not the best of all possible worlds.

Joan Walsh continued with a treatment of the Canadian novel, tracing its development from its early stages when the interest lay in nature and pioneer life, on through the historical stages (Champlain Road by MacDowell) culminating in the artistic and realistic "Tin Flute" by Gabrielle Roy. Miss Roy gives a vivid picture of life in the St. Henri district of Montreal yet does not allow sentiment to detract from the reality.

The Catholic novel, so-called, was treated by Maureen Hickey with particular emphasis on the works of Kate O'Brien. A talented story-teller, Miss O'Brien deals with characters whose problems are most vital and grave for almost always the salvation of a soul swings in the balance. The author is aware of the problems of her age, she seems to have the answer to many of these problems.

Marilyn McPhee closed the discussion with her treatment of the modern novel showing how many novels to-day reflect the moral disquietude of our times.

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CONGRATULATIONS—Heartfelt congratulations to Nancy McCormick on her election as vice-president of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, in the English-speaking central region, at the Christmas N.F.C.U.S. conference at Winnipeg. Nancy is the first woman to be elected to this office.

She has been active on the Toronto N.F.C.U.S. committee since her arrival at St. Joseph's last year. Besides her work with N.F.C.U.S. Nancy is very active in University affairs, for example, her work with International Student Service, Co-operative movement at St. Michael's, officer in St. Joseph's debating Congress, member of the Poetry Club (Honour Society for U. of T. women), also the outstanding President of the Young Christian Students.

A. Brennen, '48

BRUCE MARSHALL

Bruce Marshall gave in an informal lecture on January 28th, what he considered to be the only solution to the world's problems. That solution he placed in the brotherhood of man. Mr. Marshall did not thus put religion on a Humanistic basis; he stressed that reason was a poor substitute for sanctifying grace, but attempted to show how this solution of charity could be accepted even on the basis of reason by men who were non-religious.

Europe to-day, Mr. Marshall declared, is a sceptical place. It glories in, and flaunts in the face of the world, its lack of inhibitions. Typical is the young man who saunters into a bar and whispers into the ear of the sweet young thing beside him, "I have no inhibitions, I don't believe in anything, I have no other interest than chasing bright young nymphs across woodland pools?"

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The lecture, entitled "Conduct and the Atom Bomb," was mainly on conduct. The atom-bomb, with its cataclysmic power to obliterate millions of people at one stroke, necessitated a dynamic change in conduct.

Mr. Marshall revealed himself a man of vivid imagination, in his conjuring up pictures of what the Paris of his day must have looked like in yesteryears, with its pretty ladies and gallant gentlemen. His reminiscences and deep feeling for the heartbroken refugees and the soldiers who died "with the wind in their hair, thinking perhaps of a young girl by a garden gate" showed Mr. Marshall as a man of feeling, but not sentimentality. His lecture was sprinkled throughout with quiet humour which roused chuckles and smiles. We felt that here was a man of true charity and humility: he admitted he felt nervous, murmured some "Oh dear's" at a few of the questions asked him after the lecture, expressed appreciation for the sympathy he felt in the audience and its indulgence since "an author should always be read, seldom be seen, and never, under any circumstances, be heard?" Mr. Marshall's message was timely and wonderful and he who could reminisce about "twenty-five years ago when I was young and handsome" and present a solution for the world's problems all in one lecture was a veritable lay Father Malachy or Father Smith, simple, sincere, and a lover of God.

Helen Boehler, '50

A GLIMPSE OF THE BAHAMAS

Where are the Bahamas? Are they in the Pacific? Do they belong to the U.S.A.? These were questions asked us when my sister and I arrived in Toronto a year and a half ago to enter the University. So, as Horace says "to fore-stall further questions" I shall try to give you some idea of our home islands.

Stretching from Florida to Cuba between 20° and 25° North Latitude, this archipelago of islands looks eastward over the

Atlantic. With the exception of the most southerly, they are just outside the Tropic of Cancer and close to the Gulf Stream. Their greatest fame rests in their being the gateway by which Columbus entered the New World 455 years ago. Charmed by these isles, he wrote "This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour." The very motto of the colony, "*Expulsis Piratis Restituta Commercium*" points to romance of past history.

One of the islands, New Providence, possesses 27,000 of the total population of 70,000. On this island is Nassau, my home town, the capital city, a winter resort.

The average temperature from November to May is 70°F and in the coldest period during January and February the thermometer rarely falls below 60°F. The mean temperature from June to September is 88°, and the islands are free from the sultry heat of most tropical areas. Refreshing East Trade Winds blow in from the Atlantic Ocean. Frost, snow or hail are unknown.

The scenery of Nassau is enchanting; the splendid colouring of the sea varies from the deepest ultramarine to the palest, most delicate shades of blue and green. The extensive beaches are covered with coloured sea-shells and flanked by palm trees, old forts and modern hotels. Vividly coloured and highly perfumed flowers like the hibiscus, gardenias, zinnias, roses, lilies, and the sea-gardens containing sponges, corals, shells delight the eye.

Oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, guavas, tamarinds, plums, avocados, tomatoes, pineapples grow in the Bahamas. The climate determines the sports, basketball, tennis, sea-bathing, fishing, yachting, golfing, polo.

The Government is Representative. A British Governor is appointed by the Crown for a period of seven years, governs with an Executive Council, of nine members official and unofficial. The Legislative authority rests on the Governor and the Legislative Council whose nine members are nominated by the Crown. There is also a House of Assembly of twenty-nine members, representing fifteen districts, elected.

The Duke of Windsor was Governor of the Islands from 1941-45 and resided in Nassau, where he won the esteem and affection of the people, and displayed those finer traits of character, which made him so dear to Canadians when he visited them as Prince of Wales.

Elvie V. H. Davis, '49

MY IMPRESSION OF CANADA

My sojourn in Canada for the past year and a half has been one of varied experience. The three-days' journey from Nassau was growing monotonous, after the glorious air-flight, when the train pulled into the Union Station, Toronto. I got off the train prepared to see this great city. Almost instantly I noticed that there was a mist and the atmosphere was damp. It was a Sunday morning, and the city was very quiet. Viewing the southern boundary of the city, I observed that it was a lake-port with many miles of water-front, fresh water though, not like the familiar salt water of the Atlantic Ocean.

Since I have been in Canada, I have travelled to Ottawa, Midland and to Sudbury. In these places, buildings of red sandstone and blue dolomite stone were strange in appearance. The Parliament Buildings is an imposing structure and it was a thrill to see rivers, canals, locks, waterfalls and mountains for we have none in Nassau.

Snow and ice are unknown to us, West Indians. So the thrill in seeing the first fall of snow was indeed a momentous one. On opening the front door one morning, something greeted me with a light slap in the face. "What?" "Oh; It's snow," I said in amazement. On inspecting these little flakes of frozen water, I discovered that no two flakes were alike in shape. When a heavy snow-fall covered the ground, I stood spell-bound. Although it was a nuisance to clad myself in heavy coat and boots, I enjoyed treading in the fluffy snow. Contrary to my expectations the street-cars and buses did continue to operate through this mysterious white fluffy stuff. I have since witnessed traffic caught in the snow.

Canada's variety of climate does not give one a chance to complain. The snow melts leaving roads slushy but then spring comes with its gay flowers and new leaves. In the summer the mercury rushes up and up, and it is even warmer, because of humidity, than our island.

The art at the Museum and the Art Galleries has interested me—a collection of all types and traits of life and people. I must mention the Canadian National Exhibition. Never before had I seen such a display. All the colour, charm, art and romance of the world gathered into a huge gay package.

Canadians are friendly and cheerful. I am enjoying my stay here. The only sports entirely new to me are ice-skating and skiing and I hope to essay both before I am graduated from University.

Marjorie Davis, '49

THE WAY OF EACH HOUR

This dawn is the light of Truth
That binds our wisdom as sunrise
That glows, then flames while we turn away
Thou must carry it through this life with thee

This noon is a glaring hill
From which both descents may be seen
Our culmination allows one glance
And we hope to be, and have been.

This twilight is dawn's adjutant,
Assembling the mists of the night,
Arraying them in their shadowy ranks
To be banished by early light.

This night is a vale of time,
As is our yesterday and to-morrow,
In which we bury our wealth of blessings
And excavate misery and sorrow.

O brothers, be one, for your time is brief
And united effort makes you one of hearts;
Seek not fame's height nor power's sway,
For death, these gains, from thee will part.

But seek ye the Truth, via virtue's path,
And bear with the Cross and the thorn's cruel tear;
Rise up again with your blood-stained brow,
And silently whisper a strengthening prayer.

For the way of the Cross, is the only Way;
Thou must carry it through this life with thee
Bear on, for within lies jewelled Truth
And the Truth shalt make thee free.

Barbara Nokes. '51



Sweets

"Sweets for the Sweet" is the motto of IX-D. This form held two successful candy sales—one on November 19, and one on January 27. School girls at large and mission funds benefited from the sales.

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Drama

First formers became dramatic one afternoon last December. I-C presented "The Perfect Holiday," a story in the life of the famous March family. The climax to the play came when Sue Mosteller dropped a tray loaded with dishes (but it was in the script). On the same program, IX-E presented "Seven to One," a comedy set in a sorority house. Results of the afternoon were fun for all and a boost to the mission box.

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Family Album

Turning the pages of "The Old Family Album" proved a diverting pastime for the school on December 2. The auditorium stage was the scene of XIII-B's graphic presentation of "How Aunt Petunia looked at 17" and "That's my uncle Ed." Besides the entertainment this mission endeavour included a successful bazaar held throughout the day. The younger generation still enjoys seeing the "Tintype" generation come to life.

* * *

Minstrel Show

The auditorium was filled one afternoon last November when the Minstrel Show was presented by the resident students. Scenes of southern life such as, "Lazybones," "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Down on the Levee" were portrayed. Southern chivalry appeared at its best in "Dark Town Strutters' Ball", a sprightly (and silent) ballet brought an enthusiastic encore. The highlight of the performance were the numbers by Al Jolson—our S.J.C.S. Al, that is. Congratulations to Joane Smith for able management, to the Resident School for wholehearted teamwork.

Midnight Ghost A one-act comedy farce was presented by the Senior Dramatic Club on December 12th. Gail Archer was played by Shirley Marsden; Mrs. Archer by Anne Warrington; Paula by Lois Devoy; Steve Braddock, a bungling detective, by Julianne Roach; Butch Hastings, a burly robber, by Lorraine Dietrich; Mrs. VanZandt by Lorraine Fecteau; Wilbur VanZandt by Joan Rogers and Carmel, the coloured man, by Rita McDowell.

It was a sparkling presentation.

* * *

Sales "Taffy Apples can't be beat" said Grade Eight when they had their taffy apple sale on February 3. I-A followed suit with a Valentine Candy Sale on February 4. Both sales brought nice sums of money for the missions.

* * *

Dance The Senior School enjoyed the first tea dance of the year on November 21. The gymnasium was decorated with coloured streamers and balloons. The week before Lent provided the occasion for another dance on Feb. 6th.

* * *

Fatima Our Lady of Fatima found the school eagerly awaiting her visit one afternoon last fall. The graceful replica of the statue in Portugal was brought to the chapel and installed in a shrine near the main altar. After a message given by Monsignor McGrath, the statue was venerated by the Sisters and the girls. In the evening the statue was brought back for an hour or so. During its stay, the Rosary was said.

* * *

School Retreat At two p.m. on the fourteenth of November, the senior students of St. Joseph's knelt in prayer before the beautiful altar in the auditorium chapel. Each girl was thinking her own thoughts; most were praying for the help to make a good retreat. A reverent hush filled the air; the silence broken only by the whisper of the rosary as a bead slipped through a girl's fingers. Each girl knew that now was the time when decisions and difficulties must be faced squarely. These few hours of retreat would perhaps answer our search for a vocation.

Father Clarke opened the retreat with prayer and a conference, on the importance of God and our souls. Throughout

the retreat he stressed the search of God for the individual soul. The two days passed quickly. Benediction on Sunday afternoon closed the Senior retreat. The retreat for the Second and Third forms took place on the following Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Father Clarke gave the first formers a conference at ten o'clock.

* * *

Show A "Musical Show" was the title given to the entertainment presented by IX-E on Wednesday, February 4. Ballet, Mexican and Italian solos, and comedy numbers were included on the program. Proceeds went to the missions.

A GENERAL STORE IN THE COUNTRY

Have you ever lived in the country or in a small town? You haven't? Well let me tell you about one of the fixtures of a small town. Every small town has one thing in common, a general store. Without this store the community would perish, for life centres in that one building.

Every person in the family finds his way there. Grandfather and maybe Father you find there playing checkers or just talking about the latest news. Of course they buy their farm implements and all hardware supplies, but while there they enjoy themselves thoroughly. Some of the old cronies of the district spend all their time in the store, greeting the customers, talking about the weather, the crops, and the many happenings of the country.

Although Father is there quite often for hardware, Mother is there more often for groceries. For this store is not an ordinary store, it caters to the needs of the whole family. Here the women who live considerable distances apart have an opportunity of seeing each other and talking of the comparative success of their canning, their cleaning, and, of course, their children. In fact the children might be along to get a new suit, for there, at one side, is a fine array of clothing for the whole family.

The proprietor is nearly always a happy and genial sort of person who takes part whole-heartedly in the conversation. He does not listen to be polite but because he is one of the people and is genuinely interested. He knows everybody, who they are, to whom they are related, and where they live. The one thing which is most amazing is how he remembers where everything is, for the store is usually a fair size and is absolutely full of everything from tractor wheels to a can of soup.

So now you see the store, not unusual because of its stock but because of its atmosphere. It is an "institution" and one which commands interest and admiration.

Daphne White, XIII-B, S.J.C.S.

AN IMMIGRATION POLICY

I cannot lay down a definite immigration policy for Canada for I am not a person of authority, nor am I well acquainted with Canada's present policy. I would, however, like to express my opinion on this subject.

I think that this present day is not a time for immigration on a large scale. Canada's small population needs to be increased, and Canada has immense lands, but one must consider the destroyed lands of the world to-day. People who are truly loyal to their own country would not want to leave for a new world, when their own has to be built up. They should stay, and help, and build up their nation again. Yet, one cannot help sympathizing with those, who, embittered, having lost everything want to start life anew in a new place. Lately, the government has made some immigration concessions regarding Chinese. For years no one from China was allowed to come to Canada. The new law allowing a person's family in is a welcome one. Although not many are coming the new law has brought many families together.

In the future when the world is more secure a good immigration scheme should play a prominent part in Canada's policy. It should be a scheme that will assure that those coming in want to be Canadians, and will be Canadians. For what is a country without true and loyal citizens?

Faith Lee, XHI-A, C.J.C.S.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

"Say, Gus, will you please help me with this algebra question I can't get?" said I.

"Well, I'll try," said Gus, "But I don't know very much about it. Don't you bring the x over to the left hand side?"

"Oh, yes, that's what the matter is," I replied. "Thanks a lot Gus."

This happens almost every morning during each period. You see, "I" am Sue Mosteller and "Gus" happens to be my guardian angel. Also for further interest Sister Leo Francis is my algebra teacher. Now Gus never answers out loud (I'd most likely get a talking too, if he did) but if I listen I can make out what he says.

Even you the reader of this can work this. All you have to do is name your angel after any saint, call upon him when in need and listen for his answer. He is always with you so why not take advantage of his presence and call upon him. Speak nicely to him and say—

"Gus, you know I can't do this alone so why not come and help me. I need someone like you to work this out for me."

If he fails to grant you what you want you will understand that it is for your good so do not be disappointed.

After reading this, you must think my imagination is very great but try it for you will have an angel too.

Sue Mosteller, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

EVILS OF RACE DISCRIMINATION

All men are born with certain inalienable rights which include the right to pursue happiness, political equality and equality of opportunity. These rights are stated in the constitutions of many countries, but their origin can be traced back and found to lie in the command of our divine Saviour.

Racial discrimination, however, is still a predominating evil in the world of to-day; many examples can be cited. The United States guarantees the above-mentioned rights to every man in that country, but there is there, a problem of racial discrimination . . . the Negro. In many American cities Negroes must live in a certain district of the city. They are not allowed to sit on the same side of the street car as white people. And there are other distinctions, too. The attitude is bound to have evil effects. Many Negroes will develop inferiority complexes and will despise white people. There will always be bad feeling existing.

Just recently we have experienced a far greater example of race discrimination; witness Adolf Hitler, former dictator of Germany, who conducted an inhuman slaughter of Jewish people in Europe. His actions caused untold disaster. Thousands of homes were broken up, never to be re-united. Thousands more were brutally killed. In addition the Jewish people were forced to resist with any possible means. They had to lie, cheat and steal to preserve their lives.

It is clearly evident then, that racial discrimination is very wrong. It causes wars, grief, unhappiness, poverty, jealousy and many other evils. Unless we adopt the attitude that our next door neighbour is equal to ourselves these evils will continue and grow worse. Therefore it is necessary that the age-old divine truth be practised as well as preached . . . "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Evelyn Casciato, XIII-A, C.J.C.S.

LEARNING ENGLISH

It is difficult to explain my troubles in learning English. I know that it is necessary to know this language. I am a boarder, and find it hard to be separated from my parents; so far away for the first time. I found it hard at the beginning but, I shall accustom myself finally. We must make sacrifices to arrive at a goal.

When I first entered my English class; I thought I would never learn how to speak fluently, but Sister encouraged me. I kept going to these classes and one day, I felt that I was, as they say: "Getting the knack of it."

And now I find I am steadily improving in English and it does not seem to be so difficult.

Lucille Begin, Junior Commercial, S.J.C.S.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

During the Christmas Holidays I had a good time with my parents and friends. What a great joy after not having seen them for three months! I like Quebec because I can practise all sports. I prefer skiing, for this does not tire me and one can look at the sun, the trees, and the skies. Sometimes I stayed home to help my mother, and sometimes I went shopping for my Christmas gifts. Often I took a ride with friends. In the evenings we visited the Chalet, went skiing and dancing or to the show.

I often think of the wonderful time I had during my Christmas Holidays.

Jacqueline Begin, Senior Commercial, S.J.C.S.

"MEXICO"

One of the most beautiful countries in the world is Mexico. Her blue skies, her mountain chains culminating in the North with the Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, high volcano crowned mountain peaks.

Mexico is a Catholic country and the religious instinct of the Mexicans is demonstrated in every place; for instance: In a little town "Cholula", there are three hundred and sixty-five churches, one for each day of the year, more churches than houses; and in Mexican City is the national basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe, one of the most magnificent churches in the New World. One of the principal riches of Mexico is silver. The Indians make of it masterpieces which are an important attraction for tourists. Humbolt, that famous German sage, said: "Mexico is a silver leaf dropped in the Ocean".

Wouldn't you like to visit Mexico? I will be very glad to see you there.

Maclovía Escalona, Junior Commercial, S.J.C.S.

"HOLY WEEK IN MEXICO"

In some towns of Mexico there are customs which have existed since the Spanish came to our country.

Most of them are curious, for instance in Zamora, a beautiful town, it is a custom on Holy Thursday for all the people to wear new clothes and to visit Seven Altars. On this day the churches ornament the principal altar with thousands and thousands of candles and white flowers, amidst which is placed a rich casket containing the Blessed Sacrament.

Another custom is that on Good Friday of going to listen to the Seven Last Words; then going to the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows to condole with her. In a little town nearby there is a custom of representing step by step the Passion of Our Lord.

Lent finishes on Holy Saturday after ten o'clock when church bells are rung and in each house an effigy of Judas usually represents some popular character is burned.

Virginia Escalona, Jr. Commercial

FATHER DAMIAN'S COLONY

Molokai, where Father Damian established his leper colony is a small rocky triangular-shaped island. The colony is surrounded on two sides by the sea; on the third side rises a cliff, nearly two thousand feet high. The people live as ordinary people; some you would never know had leprosy—others are horrible to look upon.

The leper settlement is not planned in prison-like rows. There are gardens and shrubbery and each patient lives in a small cottage either by himself or with his family. The hospital is a one-story building, tropical architecture, enclosed by rows of palm trees and engulfed by bright flowers. Within the confines of the settlement the patients are free. No one is compelled to work but most do as cowboys, fishermen, carpenters and nurses' assistants. Each patient is allotted twenty dollars a year. They are housed, fed and clothed by the government. The population of the settlement is 414. The man who now serves the spiritual needs of Father Damian's lepers is Father Dubouchet, who contracted leprosy two years after his arrival.

There is much suffering but there is spiritual calmness in this settlement. Catholic visitors inform us that they feel a sense of unworthiness at being "whole and clean" for here at the gates of this colony, lie the foothills of sacrifice and martyrdom for God.

Irene Nielson, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

"ROOM FOR ONE MORE!"

The night before last, I had a haunting nightmare. It was not a dream, for I saw only the face of an old man—with a queer expression in his eyes, which were sunk deeply in his thin face. In a sharp, piercing voice he cried, "There's room for one more! There's room for one more!" This disturbed me, but no more than other nightmares I have had.

But last night I awoke with a start, the drums of my ears ringing. All I could hear was—"There's room for one more." Silence. "There's room for one more." . . . An ugly head stirred in my imagination—"There's room for one more," croaked the death-like countenance. My shaking hand felt the beads of perspiration on my brow.

Sometime later when I was downtown, shopping in a department store in the afternoon rush. I consulted my list and moved towards the elevators. I was about to step in when I saw the face of the elevator operator.

It was white; the sunken eyes looked through me as he said, "There's room for one more!" Again. "There's room for one more!" Terrified I stepped back, and the doors of the elevator slammed shut. In the matter of minutes, there was a terrible crash. The rope of the elevator had broken! The elevator went crashing through to the bottom floor, taking with it the lives of all occupants!

Need I say how glad I was that I had waited?

Mary L. Palumbo, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

BROTHERS

Mother is always telling me how lucky I am to have a brother. I wonder! When you think of the teasing you get, I'm not sure. It starts when you're small—he takes your doll, throws it in the air and you're scared he'll break it. There was the time he did break it and you cried as though your heart would break too. But Mother and Dad said, "Never mind" that they'd buy you one but it was your brother with the money he'd been saving for that super-duper chemistry set. You really loved that doll. After that he'd still take your doll but he never threw it up in the air anymore.

When you started to school, he'd take you but that was the last you saw of him. He didn't want his gang to see you with him because they'd say he was a sissy.

When you said you were going to C.Y.O. Oh! you should have heard the fuss. "Her! She's only a kid!" But when you got there it was his friends who asked you to dance. You didn't know until later that he'd paid them all a quarter.

And then your first formal. It took two weeks to talk Mom into the dress you wanted and another two for Mom to talk Dad into it. But you got it, and then came the night of the big dance. I took hours to get ready, and when you went downstairs the family was all in the living room. They all told you that you looked lovely and you could tell by the look in your brother's eyes that they meant it. I guess maybe Mom's right, Brothers are Wonderful.

Rose Ann Roche, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

APPEARANCES

Mr. J. C. Aulchom is a character. I first noticed him about three months ago when he began to have his lunch in the small restaurant where I take my noonday snack. He opens the door and steps inside a little self-consciously. Hat in hand and head bowed, he walks slowly to the back booth almost hidden by a pillar. His meek aspect apologizes to the world for even living.

To describe him is difficult. If you take each feature separately there is nothing peculiar but together they clash. He is very tall and thin, arms hanging loosely at his sides, while his shoulders droop. Being no "quiz-kid" myself I do not think it is right to pull apart people's intelligence but he certainly looks below average.

The lunch which he orders is always the same, soup with bread broken up in it, one cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. Having eaten, he walks slowly up the aisle, hands fumbling in his pockets for the money to pay the bill.

I have watched this procedure for many months and often thought he was an office clerk living on a small wage. One day I opened a paper and to my surprise Mr. Aulchom's picture was on the first page. Hurriedly I read the caption below. Mr. J. C. Aulchom recently appointed president of the A. B. C. Candy Co. of Canada. Mr. Aulchom is one of Canada's finest and cleverest business men. "Appearances are misleading."

Marcy May, X-B, S.J.C.S.

ON THE STREETS AND FIELDS

You can rate a man's curoisity about his fellow man and the world by his attitude towards walking. I suspect that, by systematic study, it would be possible to judge a man's mental breadth and depth by examining his attitude towards walking—whether he likes to walk; where he walks; how and why.

Is it possible to walk without a stimulus to thought? I doubt it. The movement stirs the mind to action. The jolt of even the smoothest gait tends to loosen ideas, give them new proportions and arrangement.

Walkers acquire a special ownership of roads and streets and parks and fields. On foot we have time for discovery and appraisal. We see trees as well as forests, people as well as crowds. When the mood is right (and walking provides such a mood) we can see even ourselves with particular clarity. We get our feet back on the ground.

Walking lets down tension. It is your own pace. If you have set yourself a distance, you can hurry or dawdle. The decision is yours and so is the world for a little while.

Some people prefer to walk alone, aloof with their thoughts. I prefer a companion who understands the economy of worlds as well as of energy. I suspect that some who prefer the company of a dog have walked once too often with a person who kept up a continuous conversation. Such a talker is no walker, but a perambulating egotist—afraid to let the world shrink him to his proper size.

Walking gives us that sense of proportion which we need. On foot you learn how high is a hill and how long a mile. When you have walked the same road all the seasons, you know how certain is change and how gradual.

He knows most about the world who knows best that world which is within reach of his own footsteps. Not all hills and valleys, are alike, but unless a man knows his own hills and valleys, he is not likely to understand those a thousand miles away.

You can study all America, if your eyes are open and your mind is willing to reach. But first you must walk.

Mary L. Palumbo, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

MY DOG

Jip, my dog, is the size of a small horse. He is constantly walking around in a fog; and when you call him, he looks at you a minute before moving in the opposite direction. His coat, unlike him, shines like brilliant golden silk threads. He always looks as if he is dressed for formal party for he is marked with white around his neck, on his chest, paws, and on the tip of his tail. He looks better when he's clean, which is seldom, in spite of weekly baths; because as soon as he's out of the water, he rushes for the coal pile and goes to sleep. That's my dog Jip, who lives up to the old saying, "You can't be beautiful and smart too!"

Joan Bevard, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

FIRST WINTER IN CANADA

Winter in Canada seems so wonderful. I live in the West Indies where there is continuous summer and we have no snow.

The cold fresh air is refreshing, and the skiing, skating and tobogganing are lots of fun.

The Laurentians where I stayed for Christmas vacation is wonderful. The jingling of the sleighbells on the snow-covered roads, the evergreen trees on snow-covered hills, the sunshine and blue skies reflecting on the snow and the little snow-covered cottages and the little church on the hills all seemed to be like a beautiful dream.

I went long walks on the frozen lakes and I went skiing twice. The starry nights and the glittering snow, the cottages with little Christmas trees lit up with coloured lights made it picturesque. Winter in Canada is wonderful.

Janice Llanos, X-C, S.J.C.S.

WINTER

Summer is grand
But winter is better
With all sorts of sports
And the cold weather.

We trudge through the snow,
All bundled up warm,
Off to school
Then we trudge home.

We go skiing one day
Skating the next
Then sledding we go
What will we do next?

Margaret Myatt, X-C, S.J.C.S.

EASTER BONNET

Was the hat there? I rushed into the shop and breathed a sigh of relief as I saw it perched upon its stand. With the money in my perspiring hand, I asked the clerk how much it was. She answered, "Twenty-one dollars, madam." My scruples were forgotten when the salesgirl fitted the hat to my head. On arriving home, I placed the hat box in my closet. Through dinner I sat waiting for the question . . . "Where's the hat?" "How much was it?" Racing upstairs and sending a prayer to heaven I arranged the hat at a flattering angle. When father saw my hat, he forgot about the price, and remarked, "What a creation!"

Maureen Prescott, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER

She is a little girl, one year old. Her blue eyes are always twinkling and a smile plays at the corner of her dainty mouth. She is full of pep and jumps around like a small dog. Her shoulder length brown hair is curly on the ends; she has six pearly white teeth and a tiny pug nose. Usually dressed in overalls she looks most sweet in a short white dress which she wears on special occasions. She is good natured and will give her toys to her older brother if he wants them. She loves to play with cars and trucks and hates to play with dolls. If you give her one she takes it by the leg and throws it down. She, my favourite character, is my one and only baby sister.

Elisabeth Squires, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

QUALITIES I ADMIRE

Some people walk through life unknown, unloved, while others are beloved by all who know them. Have you wondered why this is so?

It is because some people have beautiful qualities that others lack. These people usually are kind, generous, loyal, honourable and are true friends. If they tell you that they will meet you at seven o'clock you know that they will be there. When you tell them a secret they will keep it. When you are in trouble they will stand by and help you if they can. Those are the friends that everybody wants.

Have you those qualities of character and, if not, what are you going to do about it?

Colleen Garvey, X-B, S.J.C.S.

LENT

Lent consists of forty fasting days, being the week days of six and a half weeks preceding Easter. The Church has instituted Lent in memory of the forty days' fast of our Blessed Lord in the desert, and as means of sanctification for she has always taught the necessity of penance for justification.

Lent is called by various names. In Latin is is "Quadragesima" (fortieth), from which we have taken the Italian "Quaresima" and the French "Careme". The English name Lent, is from the Anglo-Saxon Lencten, meaning "Spring." At masses during the Lenten season (except those in honour of Saints or on festivals) the Church's ritual is penitential. The Gloria is omitted. The Alleluias are replaced by the "Tract." Near the end of the mass is inserted a "Prayer over the People" originally intended for those who had not received Holy Communion at Mass, just as the Post-Communion was intended for those who had.

The Lenten fast and abstinence ends at noon on Holy Saturday. Penance and sorrow reach their climax on Good Friday, because on that day, Our Saviour suffered and triumph and exultation are at their height on the feast of Our Lord's Resurrection because "He hath risen from the dead, to die no more."

Denise Bruxeau, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

SAINT MARGARET — QUEEN OF SCOTLAND

Filled with the fear of God, St. Margaret brought the king, her husband, to a better life and her subjects to more Christian morals. She brought up her children with such piety that several became religious. Her charity toward her neighbour was admirable. She was called the mother of orphans.

St. Margaret was the mother of eight children, several of whom became very holy. She was loved by her subjects whom she inspired to a good life by her own lovely example. The last six months of her life were spent in intense suffering, which purified from the least stain her beautiful soul.

Margaret Gillespie, X-B, S.J.C.S.

MAT TALBOT

Mat Talbot was born in Dublin in 1856. At the age of fourteen Mat had a job at a distillery and it was there he began to drink. He lost his job and found a position in a lumber yard.

One day, after having been away from work for a week, he met his friends coming from work to see if they would buy him a drink. They didn't. His pride was hurt. For the first night in many years he came home sober and told his mother he was going to take the pledge. For sixteen years Mat's mother watched him improve spiritually. Mat lived with his sister in a rooming house. At night he slept on planks with wood for a pillow. His body was hung with chains. In the middle of the night he would pray, then go to five o'clock Mass and return for a breakfast of cocoa and bread.

It was while Mat was going to early Mass that he fell unconscious and shortly after expired in a nearby hospital.

Marion MacDonald, X-C, S.J.C.S.

DIARY

I came from England in the early days, and landed at Nova Scotia after six months of tossing in a small fishing boat.

I built a log cabin to house my wife and children. What land I had was not yet cleared. Our food was deer I had killed. The hostile Indians would peer at us from behind the brush and everywhere unseen eyes were watching my every step.

That first winter in Nova Scotia was hard, but I worked, thinking of the summer when I could plough.

In the early spring I went to Halifax to trade. On my long trip, I went most of the thirty miles on foot since the rivers were frozen. Reaching Halifax I saw cottages along the river's edge, and one small church with its spire gleaming in the sunlight. Here lived men of many professions—merchants, shopkeepers, artisans. The people were gaily and colorfully dressed and in the streets many soldiers. Canada was becoming a country.

Aileen Magee, X-D, S.J.C.S.

IN THE MORNING

I leave the house at eight o'clock to get to school at nine. I walk a block and a half and I run the other half to the street car. Just as I step on the road the driver shuts the door. The second one comes but does not stop. The third opens the door, I barely get on. The street-car starts and stops, and every one in front and behind me keeps falling on me. The lady behind me says, "Can't you stand straight?" Well, only one more stop and I get off. Thank goodness! Hermina Manz, X-C, S.J.C.S.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY

My skis are all polished
 My boots are all waxed
 My ski poles are shining
 But my patience is taxed
 My ski suit is missing
 My sister is too!
 My parents this minute
 I'm going to inform
 For my sister I'm thinking
 Had better reform:
 The day is now wasted
 My sister has come home
 And I've come to the end
 Of this woeful poem.

Lucille Rutledge, X-C, S.J.C.S.

ICHABOD CRANE

Ichabod Crane was a freak of nature. As he stood there, his face buried in a mask of furry collar, the very ground seemed to quake with fear. He was a tower of bones. He possessed a pair of piercing eyes that seemed to bore through you, set in a bald head shiny as a new dime. His glasses were hooked to a red nose and his mouth was a line of grim determination. His clothes, always too large, hung limply on his frame, and his long feet curled at the toes.

Natalie Walsh, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

THE QUEEREST PERSON!

I saw him in Montreal. He was short and fat, with a number of hairs on his upper lip, which he undoubtedly called a moustache. There were a few hairs on his head, which was shiny and bald. His bright beady eyes darted everywhere almost simultaneously. Out of the side of his mouth leaned a pipe. His clothes were barely presentable and in his hand he carried a worn hat. In his buttonhole was a huge chrysanthemum, and on his shoulder was a large Persian cat. He was the queerest person I ever saw.

Norma Williams, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

WHO IS SHE?

In the downtown department store we found ourselves in the handicraft department. My eyes fell upon what I thought to be a statue of a beautiful woman or one you might read of in a book of Arabian Nights. But the slender figure moved, with such gracefulness, as if she were walking on a cloud. She lifted a tiny delicate vase with gentleness. Her skin was a golden bronze. Her dark slightly slanted eyes shone as she flashed a pearl-white smile to a sales-girl. Her glossy black hair was tied back in a knot on the nape of her neck. Golden earrings hung from the lobes of her ears, which matched a golden necklace and pearl ring on her finger. Her garment consisted of elaborately coloured, long, filmy veils clinging loosely about her. I had seen an Indian princess.

Natalie Tamburano, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE PERSON

The person is a rather elderly lady. Her hair has gone completely grey, and she wears it quite short. She is not very tall, nor is she very stout, and she is always neatly dressed. The features of her face are quite definite. She has a pleasant face, with a kind look in her eyes, and a happy smile always. She will always comfort you when you are in need. This most attractive person is my mother.

Moyra Sullivan, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

STAGE STRUCK

Weeks before the play we practised with zeal and we knew our parts.

That morning I awoke and remembered that this day would decide my fate. The thought of it sent chills up and down my spine; my hands became clammy. I could not swallow for the lump in my throat, my knees were wobbling. I went to school but everyone else was calm and laughing and joking. Then it was my turn to go on the stage! I went out feeling very sick and all of a sudden I thought. "They aren't laughing at me, but with me!"

Teresa Welsh, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

DAWN IN SPRING

The sun like a great ball of fire peeps over the church steeple silhouetted against the dawn streaked sky. Like diamonds the dew glistens on the grass, wherein nestle the golden crocuses. Multicoloured tulips mingled with the yellow daffodils create a contrast to the budding evergreen shrubs. The trees stretch forth their arms to the warm breezes, and shoot tiny buds. The robins twitter happily, searching material to build their homes.

Down the street the whistle of the paper boy can be heard as he goes from door to door delivering the morning paper. He stops to watch the sun lift itself clear of the steeple in a blaze of glory and herald the dawn of a spring morning.

Laurel Grimsdale, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

SAINT VALENTINE

Valentine, a humble monk, sat in the garden pondering over his inefficiency.

Two other brothers could do cooking, carving and sculpturing, but Valentine? Well, Valentine could do only menial tasks.

Suddenly Valentine knew what really counted, the spirit of love behind the task. Thus he chose to do little things to make other people happy.

Valentine grew flowers in his garden. When someone was sick, he would take them a bouquet and send holy cards on feast days. The monk was happy because he knew God was with his "little things"—

"Tiny drops of water make up mighty seas."

"Many leaves form trees."

When Valentine died in 306 A.D. the crown of martyrdom was given him.

Mary Beaudoin, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

A GLORIOUS SEASON!

The glory of winter, when the ground is covered with soft snowflakes, presents a never-to-be-forgotten scene. The foliage is gone and the trees are bare, their only covering is the snow wrapped around them. The greedy squirrels are snuggled in their tree-homes eating their supply of nuts. The air is cold, and often raw. The wind whistles and howls through the bare trees and shrubs. The birds gone to the sunny south. Only the sparrows, chickadees and juncos are here.

You hear the laughter of children, for they delight to spite "Old Man Winter," get bundled up and go outside. When night comes the moon lights up the land that presents a new aspect, calm and beautiful.

Gay Adam, IX, S.J.C.S.

OUR FIRST YEAR AT S.J.C.S.

School year began at S.J.C.S. on September 10th. The newcomers at St. Joseph's (like myself) were shy but after a week we were familiar with the Chapel, the Auditorium, the Gym, the Cafeteria and the spacious grounds. Our class-room is on the second floor; and near it there is a shrine of St. Joseph which has two artistic candelabra of electric lights on each side of the statue. There is a railing in front so that you can kneel down and pray. During the first term, the first-formers raised money for the missions or the Community Chest. We had a candy sale and a fish-pond on October 28th.

We had our first reports in October, and a set of Christmas exams, so we are really "Students of S.J.C.S." Our Honour Roll shows that we have "excellent" students in our form. We are trying to live up to the high standards of our school.

Rosemarie Cutrara, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

"THE SKI PARADE"

Skiing is one of the most popular Canadian Sports. Wherever snow falls, boys, girls, men and women are found enjoying this healthful recreation. Mountain hotels remain open during winter and special ski excursions carry thousands of ski fans to the land where snow is king.

When the essentials of skiing are learned, and one can slide, stop, and turn on gentle slopes; practice gives skill to tackle steep hills. Jumping is a branch of skiing only undertaken after one has gained skill as a cross-country runner. The runner may speed down a trail at thirty miles an hour, swerving to avoid all obstacles. The jumper wearing special heavy skis makes a bee-line down the jumping hill sometimes at sixty miles per hour.

At the takeoff, he springs into the air toward the landing slope on the hillside below. The finest skis are made of hickory, which is hard, strong, tough, and gives a smooth wearing surface. Ski-boots are an essential part of a skier's equipment. These are stoutly made water-proof leather, and have square toes and stiff heavy soles to fit firmly into the bindings. A groove around the heel keeps the binding strap in place. A pair of ski poles long enough to reach the armpits are used by all skiers, to propel themselves on level ground or uphill. The poles are of bamboo or other light material. A large, ring, webbing keeps the poles from sinking into the snow. The most practical clothing is light in weight and windproof, and should be smooth on the surface so that no snow can cling to it.

Nora Bedard, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

NOVEMBER 20, 1947

As a Britisher November 20 had great significance for me—it was the date set for the marriage of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

In Great Britain preparations were being made so that the splendour of this festivity would not fall short—the dress, the honeymoon outfit, were being made in the closest secrecy, and aroused great excitement in Great Britain and abroad.

In the midst of all this excitement it was hard to try to analyse just what this great occasion meant to you in particular. At the outset it did not arouse much excitement in me, but as it drew nearer, my opinions wavered, then changed completely. Whether it was the "build-up" given in the newspapers or whether it was my patriotism I do not know, but before November 20 came around I was eagerly scanning the newspapers for detailed information concerning the wedding—the dress, the material, the design, wedding cakes.

So I was listening to the radio recording of the Wedding service in Westminster Abbey, to the crowds cheering. I could picture the route along which Her Royal Highness would travel. I wished that I could have witnessed this "spectacle of the century" and joined in the cheers of those Londoners. "Who wouldn't be a Britisher? Yes, who wouldn't?"

Katherine Kendall, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

ON SKIIS

Connie, and I, with a dozen boys and girls went skiing during the Christmas holidays. We caught the nine o'clock bus, got off at Stop 27 and trudged a half-mile to Scarboro Golf Club. We enjoyed ourselves on the biggest hill, the "Hogsback"—a steep hill with two jumps.

At noon we built a fire and enjoyed wieners and rolls, thermos bottles of cocoa and toasted marshmallows.

After our meal we felt lazy so we talked for an hour and then started for the "Willows," (summer cottages) four miles distant. We had two mishaps: Gwen broke her harness, and I, my ski-pole. When we reached the Willows, we fell into a seat at the Snack Bar and enjoyed a hamburger before the home bus arrived.

Moyra Cawkell, IX-A, C.J.S.C.

SNOW STORM

I woke up early one morning in December to find the earth covered with snow. The snow must have been three feet high. I ran down the stairs, had breakfast, and was off to school. It was wonderful trudging through the snow, but my enjoyment ended when I came to the car stop. Crowds waiting and street-cars. I waited about half-an-hour and returned home, having a few tumbles on the way. The milk-man, bread-man, and vegetable man were late. There was nothing to eat, nor to do. At five o'clock, the paper boy delivered his paper. The headline read. "Snow Storm Paralyzes City." I read: thousands stranded, cars and buses stalled, accidents numbered thirty-one.

A snow-storm does not bring enjoyment to everybody, but it does to me.

Patsy Baird, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

AN ANNUAL RETREAT

When my brothers used to have a snowball fight against other boys many a time they had to retreat for a while to reinforce themselves or to rest. Then they would begin again with renewed strength. This example can be applied to us in our fight against the forces of evil.

This necessity of a rest for reinforcement is realized in our school and every year all students spend three days with God in prayer. Some may wonder just what good a "retreat" is and how it can help anyone. Take the example of the snowball fight. If they did not withdraw from the fight for a while they would have been beaten. If we keep going along losing the battle to the devil, because we are not fully equipped to beat him, our only end can be Hell. If we stop and ask God to help us we will lead a better life.

For any of those that made the retreat it will certainly help them to keep themselves in God's grace to choose the right vocation.

Mary Madigan, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

St. Patrick was a great saint. As a boy he was a slave in Ireland and had to mind sheep. One day he decided to run away.

When he grew up, he began to teach Religion. Some mocked him and others listened. One day he was teaching the story of the three Divine Persons in one God. He picked up a clover leaf and showed them how there were three leaves on one stem, and they believed. Many people were converted.

We celebrate this feast on March 17. Some people wear shamrocks or something green, and the Irish are proud of their patron, St. Patrick.

Doreen Bell, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

THE CRIB

The crib in the convent chapel is beautiful. Every Church has a crib to help to recall what happened on the first Christmas. At the crib in St. Joseph's you can see the tiny Infant Jesus in the manger with his hands out-stretched and smiling brightly, and near Him Our Lady and St. Joseph looking down at the tiny babe. There were a few sheep, and also came the three wise men from the east to visit Him. They presented Him with gold, frankincense and myrrh. On top of the crib were the angels looking down at Him.

The crib was in the Chapel at St. Joseph's and every girl who attends St. Joseph's went to see the crib and the Infant Jesus was pleased to see every girl come in to visit Him.

Ida Calder, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

VALENTINE'S DAY

On Valentine's day we send cards to people we like. The idea originated years ago.

St. Valentine was a priest in Roman times. It was the custom to set aside a day every year for a lottery. The names of the maidens were written on paper and put in the large bowl. The young men drew the name of a maiden whom he would then marry.

St. Valentine opposed this custom and he was put in prison. While in prison he cured the blind daughter of the chief guard. The priest then asked the little girl to take the maiden's name out of the bowl and put papers with his name in. The day of the lottery the young men stepped up to pick their names and gasped in amazement when they found St. Valentine's name on the papers. The people thought it a miracle and released St. Valentine.

When you send your valentines to your friends, remember the little Roman girl who sent the first valentine.

Helene Lynch, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Bernadette was a little peasant girl who lived in France in a small town called Lourdes.

One day Bernadette was about to wade through a stream of water when she heard a noise behind her. Bernadette gazed in the direction from which the sound had come. There was a grotto hidden in the rocks, now stood a beautiful lady, clothed in white with a bright blue sash around her waist. She carried a pearl white rosary and from her head flowed a white veil. The lady spoke to Bernadette, who was frightened, but the lady motioned and Bernadette approached her. Our Lady appeared several times more to Bernadette, and Lourdes has become a place of pilgrimage.

C. Flaherty, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

SPRING

Oh spring with all your loveliness I love you so.
When you breathe, your fragrance fills the air
And gives colour to the trees that once were bare.

Your fingers seem to touch the very earth
And bring forth beauty filled with mirth,
Your colour scheme beyond compare,
Only Mother Nature could prepare.

The robin meets you on the way.
Before the snow is scarce away
And sing from dawn till break of day,
Oh spring I love you so.

Colleen Edwards, IX, S.J.C.S.

THE ROYAL WEDDING

In the cold wet streets of London, outside Westminster Abbey on November 20th, 1947, the people waited to see Princess Elizabeth, who was that morning married to Philip Mountbatten. All over the world people who listened to their radios heard the ceremony and music written for the occasion.

When the princess entered the great Abbey she walked up the aisle with her father, King George.

The princess was wearing a wedding gown of white satin with diamonds and pearls on it. She wore a veil and she had a train fifteen feet long which also had diamonds and pearls on it. Her husband wore his naval uniform.

At the wedding there were present twenty-seven kings, queens, princess and princesses, the ambassadors accredited to the court of Saint James'. The throng of nearly three thousand in the vast cathedral were humble folk invited to represent millions of people in the homeland and beyond the seas who could not in person attend.

Evelyn Pendergast, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

ST. JOSEPH

St. Joseph was of the royal family of David, but was living as a carpenter when God raised him to be the spouse of his Virgin Mother and foster father and guardian of the Incarnate Word. Joseph was just and pure; he was gentle and tender; he was prudent and a lover of silence; above all he was faithful and obedient to divine calls. When Herod sought the life of the divine Infant, and an angel told Joseph to fly into Egypt. Joseph at once obeyed. This flight exposed Joseph to many sufferings in so long a journey with a little babe and a tender virgin, the greater part being through deserts and among strangers; yet he alleged no excuses. He died in the arms of Mary and Jesus.

Louise Genest, IX, S.J.C.S.

OUR PATRON

St. Joseph, the model of all who labour
Is patron saint of our land.
When we ask him for a special favour
He gives us a great helping hand.

On earth he worked in his shop all day
While Mary taught little Jesus to pray.
He worked by the hour to earn for their keep
Then when night came weary and tired, he would sleep.

We turn to him as the patron of school
And try to keep bright the golden rule,
For he was most faithful, prudent and chaste,
Let us pray to him now in the cares that we face.

Eleanor Manz, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

ST. BRIGID

St. Brigid was born about 435. Her father was a wealthy man and a number of kings and princes wanted to marry her. She asked God to take away her beauty as she did not want to disobey her father's wishes to marry. Her dazzling beauty left her and her father allowed her to consecrate her life to God.

She went to a small place in Kildare where she wanted to establish convents and asked a man for some land. He consented to give her as much land as her cloak would cover. Brigid's cloak kept going out farther and farther. Her first convent and church were built in Kildare and the city of Kildare was built up around them.

Brigid was interested in the youth. Girls and boys went to her for advice.

She established convents all over Ireland and is buried in Downpatrick and in the same grave as St. Patrick.

Carmelita Lawlor, IX, C.J.C.S.

ST. JOSEPH

All hail to St. Joseph! Yes, to-day is the feast of St. Joseph, the patron saint of our school. We honour this saint because he was the spouse of the Mother of God. Saint Joseph is a great saint, the model of workmen. In Nazareth he worked as a poor carpenter and protected Mary and Jesus. When Jesus grew older He worked in the workshop of his foster-father. Saint Joseph died in the arms of Mary and Jesus and he is the patron of a happy death.

We should cultivate devotion to Saint Joseph, and pray to him frequently to remember us throughout life and be with us at the hour of death.

Helen Hinch, IX, S.J.C.S.

WINTER SPLENDOR

As I walked I beheld the beauty of winter. Over the earth was spread a white coverlet. The snow was crisp and it sparkled and twinkled. The moon shone down so that it looked as if a million stars had fallen from the sky on the snow. The sky was lighted up with stars, sparkling like diamonds. As the rays of the moon fell the snow twinkled and blinked.

No one could make such beauty, except God, the source of all beauty.

Louise Graff, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

THE READING OF THE MARKS

Friday was a busy day in IX-C preparing for the reading of the marks.

Two chairs were brought up to the front of the room, for Sister Superior and Sister St. Stephen.

We did not know what time the Sisters would come to our room, so a girl was appointed to find our class teacher when they arrived.

After an hour there was a low rap on our door; inside the room low murmurs of excitement.

In another minute the Sisters were seated. You wonder if they will ever come to your name. Finally it is called and you will not be nervous next time.

Loretto McCarthy, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

SPRING FEVER

Spring Fever is coming round again. You get that old lazy and tired feeling. You can just picture it how it will be in a few months. The snow will lose its whiteness. Raindrops will appear on the horizon. Birds will perch on your window bursting with joyful song. And you are sitting by the window, loafing, daydreaming. This year spring fever will be more "feverish" than ever 'cause its leap year.

Sylvia Vlecko, IX, S.J.C.S.

SPRING FLOWERS

Wandering through the woods in spring we behold nature at its best. Soft greens with clumps of spring flowers here and there. The first thing that catches our eye is the soft velvety pussy willow, which blow back and forth in the breeze.

In May large white trilliums fill the woods with their starry blossoms.

Dutchman's breeches appear in rocky clefts in April.

Bloodroot with its pretty white blossoms derives its name from the crimson juice which flows from its rootstock when picked.

Geraldine McCurdy, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

EXAM TIME

I shall never forget the English literature exam. I sat in the front seat, my hands sweating, my head spinning as I tried to think of the description of Orlando. I could have skipped the question but I could feel the nearness of Sister waiting for me to write the answer. I started to rattle my brain "Who was he?" "Who was he? O Holy Mary Mother of God, help me in this moment of my forgetfulness." I caught Sister's eyes, quickly I picked up my pen and began writing. The bell soon rang. I folded my paper with hands trembling, and walked out with a certainty that I flunked.

Barbara Taylor, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

SPRING FEVER

Webster says "spring is one of the four seasons when plants begin to grow." but to each heart it is more than that. It is the awakening from the long winter. The snow is melted by the sunlight, the birds throw their sweet voices to the heavens. The trees are dressing themselves in green and black, and the first flower peeps its head timidly, then boldly reaches up, encouraged by the warm rays. April showers drench the thirsty plants, and in every heart is a joyous feeling of gratitude to Him who made all.

Natalie Walsh, IX-E, C.J.C.S.

ASH WEDNESDAY

On Ash Wednesday blessed ashes are placed on the foreheads of the faithful in the sign of a cross with these words, "Remember man, thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return."

Ashes express the perishableness of all human things. They remind us of our death and the need of Penance and Contrition. The ashes used are obtained by burning blessed palms blessed the previous Palm Sunday.

On Ash Wednesday the majority resolve to strive for perfection and deprive themselves of luxuries.

Pamela MacLachlan, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

THE GIRL GUIDES

The Girl Guides were formed by Lord Baden-Powell and his sister Agnes. When at a Boy Scout Rally in London, girls were seen in long skirts and carrying knapsacks, Lord Baden-Powell asked who they were and was told they had organized themselves as their brothers were. There were over three thousand of them. They got their equipment from Scout headquarters, signing their initials instead of their full names.

There are Girl Guides in twenty-two countries and there are six countries applying for membership in the World Association. The Girl Guides own a Chalet in Switzerland which is the home of all Guides. Girls from all countries are welcomed with equal warmth.

The Girl Guides are doing a wonderful work.

Rita Anne Moriarty, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE NEW LOOK

The main question of many a discussion seems to be, "Do you like the New Look?"

From the male sex it is a definite "No" but the female sex have taken to the style, which grandmother wore.

It is funny how just out of a blue sky there appeared long skirts and dresses, black stockings, and so on.

Before, in about 1944, a well-dressed woman would wear a tailored suit, light coloured stockings with a hem-line just about an inch and a half below the knee. But to-day the best-dressed women wears, (in a man's opinion), 1. Some crazy thing they call a hat; 2. Dresses down to their ankles; 3. Black stockings (ugh); 4. Shoes with a four-inch heel.

These fashions are here to stay and there's really not much one can do about it.

Margaret McDonough, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

WINTER

Winter is in my opinion one of the happiest seasons of the year.

Winter means Christmas, Christmas means joy, that is of giving and receiving gifts. After Christmas we welcome the New Year. Again celebrations and happiness. During the winter holidays we find many things of interest to keep from the temptations of the devil. We are able to skate almost (everyone) every day and if younger, find enjoyment in the snow.

Holidays over we once again trudge over the long school term. But one morning when we awaken a snowfall of great depth has covered the ground. This makes it impossible for us to reach school on time or not at all. Snow comes as a welcome boon, giving the students a respite from school.

So I welcome winter wholeheartedly.

Jeanette Platt, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

AT TWENTY-FIVE

Let me take you in imagination over nine years to the future.

I am connected with the United Nations Security Council, representing the Canadian Government. My position has taken me to Moscow, Paris, Rome and Vienna, and demands I wear distinctive clothing. My plane fare and hotel expenses are defrayed by the Government.

I have other interests too. I have acquired perfection in swimming, own a saddle horse, and skiing, skating and dancing still fascinate me. At twenty-five I am what I dreamed to be when I was a school girl.

Iona Salmon, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

A LIBRARY?

I have been told the best way to knowledge is to read, to think and to converse with people well informed. If this be so, I have only one third of the knowledge I should have, for I neither read nor think. Collecting books does not appeal to me. I have never had even the nucleus of a library; no one ever bought me any books, and I never purchased any.

I am far from being a bookworm but my case, I am informed, is not hopeless. I have resolved as a beginning, to visit the Public Library—and who knows what mental self-improvement may be brought about?

Evelyn Ash, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

FRIENDS

True friends are like rubies, precious and rare: precious, for in moments happy or sad, they will share in our joy or encourage us in our grief, but, like rubies, these friends are as rare.

There are friends like autumn leaves, blustering and short-lived. Where are they when the soul is depressed and in need of consolation? We seek them in vain, for their passage in our life has been like the leaves of autumn, transient and fast-fleeting.

Anne Zitko, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

WISHING

I wish I were the little man
Who colours all the leaves,
I'd dip my brushes in the pan
And then roll up my sleeves.
For painting leaves is truly gay
In red and orange and gold;
Then I'd produce a gallant spray
Of colours, all untold.

Barbara Robinson, Grade 9,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.

YOUTHFUL FASCINATION

As a little girl, I was fascinated by the junk man. When I saw him down the lane in his old cart, I was terrified and curious. He was shabbily-dressed and I besieged my mother with questions.

Hearing of his trade, a childish desire seized me—to sell him something. Running into the lane, I called him. Then I dashed into our yard and brought out my doll buggy to sell. He looked upon me with a smile and asked me if I really wanted him to take it away. I thought how lost I would be without it and answered: "No!"

He talked to me a few moments, and from then on, when I heard his call down our lane, I always greeted him with "Hello!"

Frances Strain, Grade XI,

St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

FASCINATED

He fascinated me. I watched him strut across the chicken-run, scratching in search of food and picking up his find with a swift jogged movement.

He was an ugly bird. His cocked head was fanned by a pale-orange cone. One eye was out and the other half closed. A long white neck jerked clumsily backward and forwards when he gave his high-pitched, squeeking crow. His lean body was supported by long, swarthy legs and wide wrinkled feet. In spite of his ugliness, I liked him and determined to make friends.

I entered the chicken-run. He eyed me cautiously. I stepped back; then he gave a loud squeeking crow and went after me. I was out in a flash, banging the gate after me! Another quick glance at the old rooster; I knew that I would never want to see him again—my fascination was gone forever!

Elsie Sankewicy, Grade XI,

St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

CHANGE

I have had many sudden changes of scenery in 1947. I lived all my life in the Omineca District of the lovely sunsets and sunrises of low mountains, and of lakes of various shapes. The finest views are from Lejac or from the top of the mountains from where the countryside is green carpet with the lakes and rivers woven like silver ribbons through it. From this beauty spot I was suddenly brought to Bulkley Valley, a district of high mountains, and canyons with mad roaring rivers. The mountains green at the bottom, are topped in white-capped peaks and silver streams (really mountain torrents) dash down their sides.

I am now at the coast; the mountains are low again, and the sunsets over the Prince Rupert Harbour are gorgeous.

The Omineca District, is one district of silent, peaceful beauty; the Bulkley Valley District has a fierce majestic grandeur and the coast is the lovely weeping beauty.

Bernadette George, Grade X,

Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

FRIENDS I NEVER MISS

I am sure every family has friends I would never miss. We have. These friends come just in time for dinner, and since they only come once in a long while are prepared to remain until 11.30 p.m. They were "only going to stay a few minutes," just "dropped me to see how all were, etc."

Then there are those well-meaning friends who come to show you the new baby, but who bring the whole family! So, after three hours of babies howling, youngsters yelling and children's squabbling they leave. But "Baby Tommy really is an angel," and the little girls are "so cute." Oh, well it is all over except the cleaning! But they are friends I would never miss!

Bernard Charpentier, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

SPORTS IN PRINCE RUPERT

Spring is the beginning of the picnic season. There are hikes up the highway; and hikes up the mountain behind our city—only a short climb but the winding trail and the view from the mountain top makes it worth while. From one spot you see our city along the water's edge; on the other side directly opposite a little town—Port Edward.

In the summer you may cruise or you may go swimming in the many inland salt water lakes connected with the main harbour.

During the long summer evenings you may watch a baseball game or softball game, or motor to the interior.

Autumn is much the same as summer.

Winter comes with basketball, boxing and indoor lacrosse. In our Civic Centre, you will find billiards, pool, table tennis, bowling, gymnastics badminton, and volley ball.

The weather is never very cold, so our skiing is done atop our mountain about two or three months of every year.

Gordon Sharron, Grade X,
Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

FISH PATROL ON B.C. COAST

Laredo Inlet where I was engineer on a Fishery Patrol boat is an excellent seining grounds twenty-four miles long, with many fish creeks running into it where fish spawn.

About four o'clock in the morning fishermen set their nets and get the fish in large schools.

At four o'clock we started patrol work from one end of the Inlet to the other. Up the Inlet we take down the names of the boats we pass, and on our way back find out how much fish they have caught.

Our real job is to see that no boat fishes inside the boundary. If a boat is caught inside the boundary with the seine in the water, the boat and crew are taken to court in Rupert.

The Indians born and brought up on boats know every trick in fishing.

My job on the boat was to cook and keep the engine cleaned. I also ran the boat. I hardly had any time to myself except when we dropped anchor at ten o'clock.

Before dropping anchor we made our rounds and saw how many boats were in the Inlet. After a cup of coffee and cake, the Skipper rolled into his bunk without taking off any clothes. I washed the cups, turned on the mast light, set the alarm, rolled into my bunk and said my prayers; before finishing them I would be asleep. This work I did for three months and next year I went to work for the Department of Fisheries again.

Kenneth Bourgeault, Grade Ten
Annunciation High School,
Prince Rupert, B.C.

TREES

Often people do not realize the value of trees. A seed is sown and from it grows a tree. How long or how short the period of growth? People do not think; if they did the breaking off of limbs of trees that injure the plant, and fires caused by cigarette butts would be prevented by knowledge of the part it plays in our lives.

The best example of their uses is in industry. Essential products are manufactured — beds, tables, chairs and even matches — all are products of wood. Trees yield fruit. Fruit trees bring forth peaches, apples, plums and pears. Nut trees produce nuts.

Not only are trees useful, but they are beautiful. In springtime sprays of blossoms are followed by rich green leaves that shade our homes. In autumn, the trees are arrayed in glorious golds, reds and auburns. Winter sprays their naked forms with a mantle of delicate snow, glistening at the slightest vibration. We must try to preserve such beauty.

Starr Linycia, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

HERALDS OF SPRING

It is wonderful to see Spring in the buds on every tree. Our earliest herald is the Robin from the south. Other dear old feathered friends liven the Spring atmosphere and stimulate the neighborhood to activity. The chickadees, our winter birds, chatter to one another while picking insects from shrubs and trees. Later smaller birds like the ruby-crested kinglet and the brown wrens come to our warm country. Wild flowers are blossoming after their long winter's nap. The flower gardens in parks and in our backyards are being prepared for the seeds and bulbs.

Springtime makes one feel glad to be in God's beautiful world.

Rita Rose Melady, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

BEAUTY SPOT

My garden is just a large window box but I am proud of it. I painted the box myself and then I planted pansies, asters and carnations. It was ages before the flowers bloomed but when they did it was a thrill. Although it is a small garden, it took time to make it and it takes care to keep it growing and I am proud of it.

M. Campbell, Grade VIII, S.J.C.S.

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Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXVII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1948

No. 2

EDITORIAL

By REVEREND V. F. KIENBERGER, O. P.

THE Blessed Christ had called Himself the Son of God. He was genuinely sincere when He claimed for Himself the same Divine Nature as His Father. To the Pharisees He affirmed, "I tell you, and you do not believe. The works that I do in the name of my Father, these bear witness concerning me. But you do not believe because you are not of my sheep . . . I and the Father are one." (St. John, X, 25-30). The disciples were daily witnesses of the Divine Son's devotion to His Eternal Father. He had come to call men back to the Father's love, then restore their heritage in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to teach them to walk the narrow way leading to Eternal Life. All His works proclaimed the glory of His Father. He had told His own, "You are already clean because of the word I have spoken to you. Abide in me, and I in you, without me you can do nothing . . . If you abide in me, and if my words abide in you, ask whatever you will and it shall be done to you. In this is my Father glorified, that you may bear very much fruit, and become my disciples. As the Father has loved me, I also have loved you." (St. John, XV, 4-9).

The disciples were witnesses of the mistrust of the Jews for their Master. They were not too dull of intellect to comprehend the reason why the Pharisees hated Him, and why so many of their blinded followers turned away from Him. The Jews persecuted the Blessed Christ because He healed on the Sabbath. On a certain holy day Jesus had cured a man at the Pool of Bethesda who had suffered thirty-eight years. Jesus defended His act, saying, "My Father works

even until now, and I work." This then is why the Jews were seeking the more to put Him to death: because He was not only breaking the Sabbath, but was also calling God His own Father, making Himself equal to God. (St. John, V, 18).

Christ's hearers could not mistake His meaning when He referred to Himself as the Son of God. He used that title in the strict full sense of those hallowed words. This declaration of the Master was accepted by His followers as the truth. To their fickle minds it was hard saying; it was a strange doctrine. It was not easy for the Master to train their untutored minds; it was difficult to win their stubborn intellects to assent to this fundamental truth. He had finally to die and rise glorious from the tomb before they would believe. Even His good example and His miracles seemed lost on those who were so closely associated with Him.

Christ "knew what was in man" (St. John, 2-25). He pitied the Twelve who were so slow to believe in Him. Yet He rejoiced when they gave Him their love, and made protestation of their loyalty, as when Peter answered the Master's wistful question, "Simon, son of John, dost thou love me more than these do?" by an attestation of faith, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love Thee." (St. John XXI, 15-17).

After the Resurrection when Mary Magdalene brought the great tidings that the Risen Saviour was alive and had been seen by her, those who had been with Him "Did not believe it" (St. Mark, XVI, 11). When Cleophas and his companion recognized their Master in the breaking of the bread in an inn on their road to Emmaus, they hurried to acquaint the Apostles of the apparition. Saint Mark sadly wrote, "And they took word to the rest, and even then they did not believe." (St. Mark, XVI, 23).

History will ever recall the incredulity of Thomas, one of the Twelve. When the other disciples had seen the Risen Christ and had believed that it was truly the Master, he still persisted in his doubt saying stoutly, "I will not believe!" Then when the Saviour appeared eight days later to the group which

included Thomas, his profession of faith in the Risen Lord was as sublime as his unbelief had been unworthy. The doubting Thomas cried, "My Lord and My God!" (St. John, XX, 25).

After the Ascension the mournful thoughts that swept over the Apostles' memories were regrets that they had been so slow to comprehend His Divine Sonship and the reality of the pivotal doctrine of faith-belief in the Resurrection. Loneliness pervaded their hearts but the Master had promised not to leave them orphans. Moreover, He had confided in them, promising them Divine aid, "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you shall be witnesses for me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the very ends of the earth." (Acts I, 8).

Henceforth they were to be witnesses of the Gospel, carrying its message to the four corners of an unbelieving world, the Master's promise to send them the Paraclete strengthened their frightened souls. Courage would never fail them to face with equanimity the trials which would frequently recur.

We who love the Lord Jesus and the Church He founded must fully realize the responsibility of our vocation to be a witness unto Him unto edification. Those outside the Church judge the Blessed Christ by us who call ourselves Christians; they judge the Church by us who call ourselves Catholics. Illogical though it is: it is a fact of human experience. It is our duty to radiate Christ. We are "other Christs" reflecting the light of holiness to those who know not Christ. We are the magnets drawing pagans to love the Christ-life by reason of the fact that we live merrily in Christ, as St. Thomas More lived. We are the witnesses of the serenity of the Lord Jesus Who, when He was mocked, calmly prayed for His torturers. We are His apostles, practising the works of charity on behalf of the outcast, the sinner, the desolate. Today the Lord has given us the same mandate of being a witness unto Him as He did in the long ago, when He spoke to Ananias of Paul: "This man is chosen vessel to me, to carry my name among nations and kings and the children of Israel. For I will show him how much he must suffer for my name!" (Acts, IX, 16).

BLESSED BROTHER BENILDUS, F.S.C.*

By REVEREND BROTHER SIMON, F. S. C., LL. D.

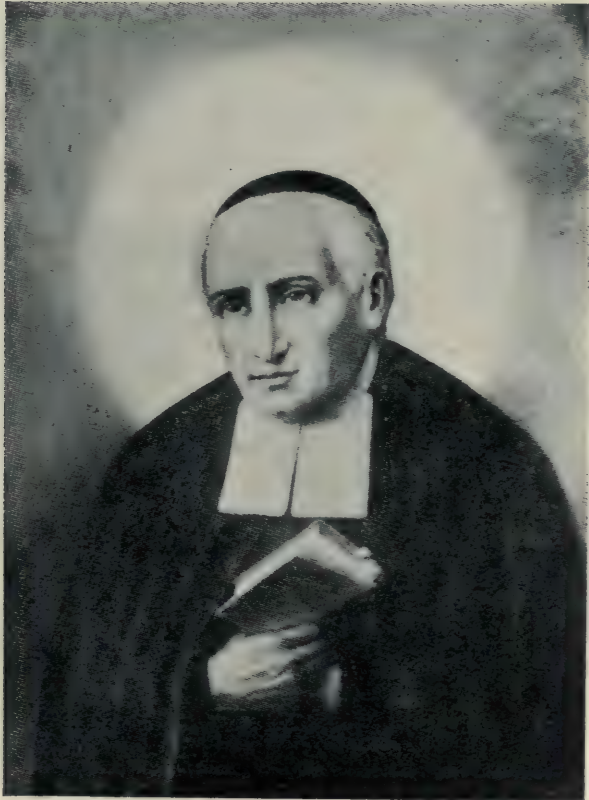
WHEN, in 1926, Blessed Brother Solomon, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was beatified by Pope Pius XI, history was made. He was the first member of any Congregation of teaching Brothers ever raised to the altars of the Church.

Now, another worthy son of St. John Baptist De La Salle has just been beatified by Pope Pius XII, with all the pomp and ceremony usual on such occasions at the centre of Christendom. But there is a notable difference in the careers of these two religious teachers.

Blessed Brother Solomon taught classes, chiefly in high schools and colleges, for several years, but, for the last five years of his much-disturbed life, he was engaged mainly in administrative and secretarial work as Secretary General of his Order. Then came the French Revolution, and he was imprisoned with a number of Bishops and clergy in the Carmes prison in Paris. There they were all cruelly massacred for the Faith — a glorious ending for a rather conspicuous figure in the persecuted French Church.

But Brother Benildus had not the glory of a bloody martyrdom. His was the slow, monotonous martyrdom of some forty years amidst the obscure, humdrum, daily work of the classroom. Pope Pius XI aptly called it "the terrible daily grind." As superior, principal and teacher in the grade school of a small French town, Brother Benildus met all the usual problems of school teaching and administration. In this humble task, he attained to a high degree of sanctity, and may well be regarded as the model and patron of modern school teachers.

*Beatified by Pope Pius XII, April 4th, 1948.



BLESSED BENILDUS

CHILDHOOD AND VOCATION

Peter Romancon, the future Brother Benildus, the second son of a fairly prosperous farmer, was born at Thuret, in the diocese of Clermont (Haute Loire), France, on June 13, 1805. His was a thoroughly Christian family. His mother, an especially saintly woman, saw to it that the boy was brought up in the love and practice of his religion.

One day, when he was about twelve years old, Peter accompanied his father on a business trip to the neighboring town of Clermont-Ferrand and there had his first sight of Christian Brothers. Seeing two men in long black robes and white rabats walking in the street, the boy, with the usual childish curiosity, enquired who the strange men were. "They are Brothers," replied his father indifferently, "who, for the love of God, spend their lives teaching little boys." These words so impressed Peter's mind that he never forgot them, and he kept thinking: "I would like to do that myself."

Shortly after this, Peter made his First Communion and was then sent to a school recently opened by the Christian Brothers at Riom, not far from his home. Here for the first time he came in direct contact with the sons of Saint De La Salle. Their kindly and devoted interest in their pupils, as well as their piety and zeal, increased his desire to join them and become a religious teacher.

At first the boy met with some opposition to his plans from his father, who had counted upon his help on the farm, and he was unable to leave home as soon as he had intended. But, eventually, his fervent prayers and fixed determination won the day, and he applied for admission as a postulant to the Christian Brothers' Novitiate at Clermont.

In September, 1820, after a short postulancy, Peter Romancon was clothed in the holy habit of the Teacher-Saint and received the name Brother Benildus — a name he was destined to make glorious by a life of heroic virtue, devoted to the glory of God and the cause of Christian Education.

AN APOSTLE OF YOUTH

After the usual period of religious and professional training, Brother Benildus began his teaching career in his old school at Riom, where he was still remembered as a particularly bright and industrious student. He taught the primary class there with such remarkable success that he soon acquired a reputation as a teacher. His influence over his young pupils was such that it extended to their homes, and "what Brother said" had to be respected as well at home as in school. The young teacher was so happy at his work that, in later years, he confessed to a friend: "I would have willingly spent my whole life in the primary class, if the superiors had so wished."

He later taught at Moulins, Limoges, Aurillac, and Clermont. Such was the ability he displayed, that, in spite of his repugnance for positions of authority, he was appointed Director of a school at Billom. Through all his successful labors, he never lost sight of his holy Founder's words that "the school is a perpetual mission, and all teaching that is based upon the holy Gospel has no other aim in view than the saving of souls."

THE TEACHER MAKES THE SCHOOL

When, in 1841, the authorities of Saugues, the county-town of the district around Le Puy, asked for the Christian Brothers for their school, Brother Benildus was named superior of the new foundation and principal of the school.

Saugues (Haute Loire) is the typical country town of small shop-keepers, tradesmen, and retired farmers, having a fairly thriving trade with the prosperous farmers of the surrounding country. But the youth of the town had been rather neglected and were somewhat out-of-hand. To remedy this condition, the clergy and the city fathers had appealed to the Christian Brothers.

It was at the beginning of the school-year, September 21, 1841, that Brother Benildus and his little community arrived. Naturally, it was an event for the town. But the newcomers received a rather cool welcome. With a small town

smugness and insularity, the inhabitants thought the new principal too small and insignificant a personage for their school, probably someone that no one else wanted. Little they knew that kind Providence had sent them a saint, a scholar, and highly successful teacher, who was to bring renown to the locality.

In fact, it was not long before the school at Saugues was ranked among the best in the department. The influence of the new principal was nothing short of tremendous. Order and discipline were now perfect and, withal, a happy family spirit that radiated everywhere. Parents as well as children were affected by it. People followed the saintly Brother to the church to watch him pray; they wanted to attend the Mass he attended, so greatly were they impressed by his presence and example.

The children flocked around him in the streets and had to be forbidden to interrupt his walks and his prayers. He imparted to them an interest in study and in self-improvement that they had never known before. He organized their sports, games and leisure moments, so that everything might have its proper educational and social value. "We have never had such a teacher," was the verdict of the town.

For a time Brother Benildus even conducted adult night classes for men who sought to continue and improve their education under this popular and capable teacher, but, out of consideration for the health and comfort of the Brothers, he was obliged to discontinue them.

FROM THE SCHOOL TO THE CHURCH

Brother Benildus established the custom of concluding the annual Prize Day program with a church parade. A procession was formed, led by the Town Band followed by the graduates with their diplomas, then the entire school body. They went to the parish church where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings. This was one of the biggest events of the year. Soon practically the whole population turned out for the procession to the church. Like

Savonarola in Florence, the zealous Brother succeeded in bringing the whole town to the foot of the altar.

Prophetically the parish priest remarked: "You will see that some day Brother Benildus will be canonized and, after his death, he will shower graces upon those who invoke him."

In later years, Rev. Abbé Fabre, another priest of the parish, affirmed that the great number of boys, who had been under the direction of this saintly teacher during his long years at Saugues, had practically all remained fervent and practicing Catholics. The fact that the faith was kept flourishing in the town, he added, was largely due to Brother Benildus.

For twenty years Brother Benildus carried on cheerfully, tirelessly and efficiently his apostolate among the youth of Saugues. "The apostolate is my life-purpose," he wrote. "If, through my fault, the children do not become better, my life will be in vain. If I die while teaching catechism, I shall die engaged in my true mission."

The effect of his labors is further shown by the number of priestly and religious vocations from Saugues. Seven years after his death there were no fewer than 245 Christian Brothers and many priests from this town alone.

With all this apostolic activity, the holy Brother was a model religious, unfailingly performing with fervor and regularity his daily spiritual exercises. Indeed, it was through this admirable fidelity that his spiritual life and unflagging zeal were maintained at a degree of heroism.

THE END OF A FULL LIFE

Brother Benildus had often said: "I would like to die while fulfilling a point of my Rule or while teaching catechism," and, indeed, his strenuous life was now drawing to a close. He died the death of a saint at the scene of his labors, on August 13, 1862. He was 57 years of age and had spent 40 years in the religious life. His last words were: "Oh, how good it is to die in our holy state!"

His funeral at Saugues was a great public demonstration of affectionate regard and deep grief at the loss of a great

apostle of youth and religious leader. The entire population regarded him as a saint. Police guards had to protect his remains from the eager greed of relic-seekers.

After his burial, his grave became a place of pilgrimage and many were the extraordinary favors and cures reported to have been obtained through the holy Brother's intercession. The touch of his crucifix was especially rewarded by marvelous cures.

The Cause of Brother Benildus' Canonization was introduced at Rome in 1903, and, in 1928, Pope Pius XI declared that he had practised virtue to an heroic degree. Following the official recognition of two undoubted miracles: the instantaneous cure of two Spanish Brothers, whose cases had been pronounced incurable by medical experts, and for whom novenas had been offered to Venerable Brother Benildus, the Decree for his Beatification was promulgated by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in February, 1947.

The ceremony of Beatification took place in St. Peter's Basilica at Rome, on Low Sunday, April 4, 1948, in the presence of the Holy Father and before one of the largest crowds assembled in the great church since the War. His Holiness Pope Pius XII then solemnly declared this humble and zealous Christian Brother worthy of the veneration and imitation of the faithful.

BLESSED BROTHER BENILDUS, PRAY FOR US!

Happy is the man who loves his neighbour equally well, when he is absent and when he is present, and who never says a word behind his back that he could not with charity say before his face:

Ave Maria

ST. BONIFACE CATHEDRAL

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF THE WEST

By HIS EXCELLENCY,

THE MOST REVEREND GEORGES CABANA

A condensation of a causerie given over the Radio CKSB, St. Boniface, by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Georges Cabana, Archbishop Coadjutor of St. Boniface.

“**F**RANCE,” wrote the English Historian, Gibbon, “was made fragment by fragment through the hands of its bishops.” It would seem this remark is appropriate to our diocese whose history may be fittingly divided into five large periods, which I shall follow, in summarizing the history of the diocese of St. Boniface erected on June 4, 1847.

1. Bishop Joseph-Norbert Provencher, 1847-1853**LA VERENDRYE AND THE JESUITS**

La Vérendrye the great uncle, on the mother's side of Bishop Taché, is the discoverer of the Canadian West and to this explorer we owe the arrival of four Jesuits in the West: Fathers Mésaiger and Aulneau in 1743, Father Coquart, who celebrated the first mass on the sands of the Red River and Father de la Morinie at Fort La Reine (Portage La Prairie) where he spent the winter.

RELIGION—CORNER STONE OF THE NEW COUNTRY

It was only in 1818 that two priests, the abbés Provencher and Dumoulin were sent by Msgr. Plessis, Bishop of Quebec, at the request of Lord Selkirk, who had colonists come from Europe by way of Hudson Bay for his lands on the Red River. Father Charles Bourke accompanied him, but he did not come as far as here, because he returned to Ireland by the first boat.

The governor of the new born colony, Miles McDonnell, had strongly urged Msgr. Plessis to obtain missionaries be-

cause, said he, "there is not any stability in the government of States or of Kingdoms, unless religion be the corner-stone."



Cathedral of St. Boniface, St. Boniface, Manitoba

62 DAYS BY CANOE WITH 150 PORTAGES

The abbé Norbert Provencher, born at Nicolet, February 12, 1787, was ordained on December 21, 1811. When he accepted the ministry of the Upper Countries (Pays d'en Haut) the Bishop of Quebec named him Vicar General and gave him abbé Dumoulin to assist him.

After a voyage of 62 days by canoe, our missionaries disembarked at their destination, on the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16, 1818. The Governor offered them Hospitality at Fort Douglas, where now stands the Canadian Pacific station of Winnipeg and they remained for the construction of a chapel-house of 50 feet by 30, which was finished about the end of October. However the absolute poverty and destitution throughout the Red River forced many of the settlers to go and live at Pembina. The only food was sundried bison meat and boiled fish. There was neither bread nor milk; the cows, imported by the North West Company and bought by Selkirk's colony, died, with the exception of four; in 1818, 1819 and 1820 clouds of grasshoppers destroyed the harvest; in 1821 the mice ravaged the crops.

But the abbés Provencher and Dumoulin were not disheartened. They baptized many children and adults; they taught catechism and preached; they revalidated and regularized a large number of marriages and opened a school, St. Boniface College.

THE BISHOP OF JULIOPOLIS (1882)

The abbé Destroismaisons arrived August 7, 1820, with a seminarian the abbé Sauv  who took charge of the school. This allowed abb  Provencher to return to Lower Canada where Msgr. Plessis wished to give him his papal bulls of nomination as Bishop of Juliopolis. The ceremony took place at Three Rivers in May 1822. He was the first Bishop consecrated in Canada by three Bishops. On August 7 of the same year, he came back to St. Boniface accompanied by the abb  Harper who became the first ordained priest of the Red River.

NOTABLE ASSOCIATES

A dozen secular priests came to assist Msgr. Provencher during his episcopate. Two remained but a short while at St. Boniface before being appointed to the west: Msgr. Norbert Blanchet to Oregon; Msgr. Modeste Demers to Victoria. The abb  La Fl che having refused to be Msgr. Provencher's coad-

jutor on account of an infirmity, became later, bishop of Three Rivers.

The abbé Darveau, considered a martyr by many, whose bones are buried in the crypt of our cathedral, was killed by Indians of Winnipegosis in 1844. The abbés Destroismaisons, Boucher, Poiré, Belcourt, Thibault, Mayrand and Bourassa returned to the East after ministries of varied lengths. The abbé Lacombe became an Oblate.

THE GREY NUNS (1844)

Msgr. Provencher realized the necessity of a community of women for his vicariate, and through his friend Msgr. Bourget, bishop of Montreal, he obtained Grey Nuns, who arrived at Red River in 1844, having travelled 59 days by canoe. According to the needs, they became teachers, nurses, doctors, farmerettes, gardeners, weavers and seamstresses.

OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE

The diocesan clergy did not increase in proportion to the population so the bishop of the North-West had recourse to the Oblate Fathers who had recently come to Montreal and Father Aubert and a sub-deacon, Brother Taché, arrived in 1845. Msgr. Provencher, a man of six feet four inches, was almost disappointed at the sight of the novice so young and frail but his first impression was not lasting, because five years later he asked the young Father to be his coadjutor and Msgr. de Mazenod consecrated him at Viviers on November 23, 1851.

Msgr. Provencher then thought that he could die in peace; his work would not perish. Owing to Msgr. Tache's nomination, the Oblates were to settle in the west, although their Superior threatened to recall them. With Msgr. Taché, they were to open in Canada a larger territory than many empires.

FIRST DIOCESE OF THE WEST—ST. BONIFACE (1847)

On June 4, 1847, His Holiness Pope Pius IX canonically erected the first diocese of the West—the diocese of St. Boniface which has played a role of prime importance in the progress of the Church, in the Canadian West.

On June 7, 1853, Msgr. Provencher went to receive a well-earned reward. He had exercised an influence over the destiny of the Church of Canada, such as we have seldom seen. He was a very discreet counsellor; his second cathedral had been finished many years before, and in a diocese of 1520 by 1300 miles there were at least eleven Grey Nuns, four secular priests and seven Oblate fathers. On the outskirts of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers 1,100 Catholics had settled on farms, and in twenty years, 4,309 Indians had been baptized.

II. Msgr. Alexandre Antonin Taché, First Archbishop 1852 - 1894

Such was the territory which Msgr. Taché inherited. A kinsman of Madeline de Verchères and Reverend Mother d'Youville, he was endowed with courage, a great spirit of faith, a superior intelligence and excelled in all the domains of human knowledge. The Indian missions of Ile-a-la-Crosse, Lake Caribou, Athabaska, Lac la Biche, Great Slave Lake, Fort Hope and Fort Peel witnessed his sufferings and his zeal. Judge Prendergast affirmed that there was not a cleverer conversationalist than Bishop Taché.

CONQUEST OF THE WEST—APOSTOLIC VICARIATES

Msgr. Taché knew that the evangelization of the country would benefit if his immense diocese were divided. A coadjutor was given to him—Msgr. Grandin, who later became the first bishop of St. Albert which later was transferred to Edmonton under Msgr. Legal.(1)

In 1862 Msgr. Faraud became the first apostolic vicar of Athabaska-Mackenzie; in 1863 Msgr. d'Hervonez of British Columbia; in 1890 Msgr. Durieu, of Westminster, now called Vancouver.

MSGR. TACHE AS STATESMAN

Msgr. Taché was also interested in the government of the country and was one of its members for a time as well as one of the founders of the University of Manitoba, 1877. His

influence over the faithful was very great, particularly over the Métis (Half-Breeds) for whom he had special affection. The Canadian Government knew this and recalled him hurriedly from the Vatican Council when difficulties occurred in the Red River. Doubtless such trouble would have been avoided, had the rulers listened to his counsels. Historians state that his intervention maintained the allegiance to the British in the Western Provinces.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP

Nothing escaped Msgr. Taché's vigilance when he became Archbishop in 1871. The far-off missions were always the object of his utmost care and for a long time he personally attended to the transportation of necessities of the missionaries. He also opened other parishes and occupied himself with recruitments among the clergy.

THE BELLS OF ST. BONIFACE

The destruction by fire of the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace in 1860, obliged Msgr. Taché to take up again a beggar's staff, to rebuild. After the fire he sent back to England the three bells which Msgr. Provencher had bought from the donations of his friends in the East. Msgr. Mears repaired them and they crossed the ocean five times. The American poet, Whittier, sang of them in his poem: "The Red River Voyageur".

FIRST PROVINCIAL COUNCIL

Among the important acts during Msgr. Taché's episcopate, was the PROVINCIAL COUNCIL at St. Boniface in 1889. In his struggle for the schools everyone was aware of his tenacity mingled with meekness. His last years were darkened by unfettered fanaticism against religion and the French language, by an immigration of non-Catholics, and by a sickness which made every journey exceedingly painful. Msgr. Taché died at Taché Home, on June 22, 1894, after long years of suffering patiently endured.

A DESERT WHICH BLOOMED

On his arrival in the West he had found a desert; at his death many dioceses and Vicariates had replaced this vacant land. The diocese of St. Boniface comprised 45 parishes, about 21 diocesan priests, 62 Fathers, (Oblates, Jesuits, Regular Canons), 11 religious brothers, approximately 75 religious and a population of 20,571 Catholics, a classical college directed by the Jesuits, 3 schools kept by brothers, 7 by religious, 44 by lay teachers; there were, furthermore, 15 Indian schools. The diocese had also an orphanage, an Old Folks Home and a hospital.

A GREAT MAN AND A SAINT

Msgr. Taché was praised by church and state. Bishop Ireland considered him one of the three great men of his time, with Leo XIII and Gladstone. A few weeks ago we exhumed his remains to convey them to the Bishops' chapel, where you would like to come on a pilgrimage to the tomb of our Bishop—Founders of the diocese. The body of Msgr. Taché is still intact as found in 1909. A Grey Nun witnessed the removal in 1909 and stated that he was not changed and that his vestments were like new.

WE WILL KEEP OUR SCHOOLS

Msgr. Adelard Langevin consecrated the second archbishop of St. Boniface on March 19, 1895, was born at St. Isidore of Laprairie, on August 23, 1855, and entered the Oblates after having studied with the Sulpicians. Divine Providence prepared him at Ottawa and at Winnipeg for his episcopate; gifted with zeal and an ardent temperament, Msgr. Langevin set immediately to work, employing in the cause of the schools his great oratorical talent. "We will keep our schools", said he, "even if we have to beg in Europe the money necessary to keep them."

IN THE SERVICE OF THE UKRANIANS

His diocese comprised a large portion of Ontario, Manitoba and the part of Saskatchewan at the south of the diocese

of Prince-Albert. Colonists of all nationalities were brought in. The UKRAINIANS whom we did not believe were Catholics, came in great numbers, and Monseigneur tried to procure a Latin priest for them. The abbé J. Adonias Sabourin, parish-priest of St. Pierre, is one of the numerous Latin priests who passed over to the Ruthenian rite during many years. The diocese of St. Boniface spent large sums of money to aid the new-comers, who were poor and Msgr. Langevin opened new parishes at an average of four each year.

PRIESTS AND NUNS AT WORK

Communities of both men and women offered assistance to the clergy. Over fifty years ago, the Grey Nuns, surcharged with hospitals, ceded the convent of St. Boniface to the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. The Daughters of the Cross, the Sisters of the Missions, the Sisters of the Holy Family, the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Sisters of Mercy, the Ursulines, the Carmelites brought precious aid to the diocese, as well as the St. Viateur clergy, the Redemptorist Fathers and the Fathers of La Salette. Msgr. Langevin founded the community of the Oblate Sisters and he accepted the Canoness Sisters of the Five Wounds.

A MAJESTIC CATHEDRAL

As the Cathedral had become too small, he decided to build a larger one. This beautiful cathedral built in Roman Byzantine Style, the largest of the West, is ours; we wish to consecrate it, during this centenary year, if the requisite conditions of Canon-Law can be fulfilled.

Then towards the east, he had an Apostolic Seminary School constructed to prepare many priests for the Western Dioceses.

PUBLICATIONS

Msgr. Langevin understood the work of publication and founded a centre where four newspapers were printed in French, English, Polish and Ukrainian.

Msgr. Langevin did not know how to spare himself. His

long journeys and his apostolic labour wore him out quickly and on June 15, 1915, he died at the Hotel Dieu of Montreal. His funeral took place at St. Boniface where he reposes in the Bishops' crypt.

MSGR. ARTHUR BELIVEAU (1915)

In December 1915, His Excellency Archbishop Beliveau, who had been the auxiliary of Msgr. Langevin and parish-priest of the cathedral since 1912, was named third archbishop of St. Boniface.

In 1915 Regina and Winnipeg became archdioceses. St. Boniface archdiocese with Keewatin as suffragan, remained with an extensive but only slightly peopled territory.

SCHOOL LAW

The school law of 1916 seriously affected our Catholics. Instead of abandoning the struggle, Msgr. Beliveau decided with his clergy and his faithful to re-claim and take back the rights which the Government wanted to take away. The Association of Education was founded with the approbation of the Bishops of St. Boniface and Winnipeg. For thirty-one years it has largely contributed to maintain our position and to prevent the disappearance of religion and the French language.

A CLEAR SIGHTED BISHOP

Nearly all the parishes were rural and they had to be strengthened. Msgr. Beliveau became the apostle of mixed farming, especially the production of milk. All the reports of his pastoral visits were concentrated on that subject. Our farmers listened to him and he contributed to give stability to the farmers of Manitoba and prevented disappointments which others underwent in the neighboring provinces.

After the fire of 1922 the Bishop assured the survival of our College in ceding the little Seminary to the Jesuits. Msgr. Beliveau saw the depression coming and he saved the diocese from a financial crisis by selling and abandoning property on account of too burdensome taxes.

MSGR. EMILE YELLE

Much worry and heavy work ruined his health and doubtless caused the partial paralysis which struck him and obliged him to confide the administration to some one younger. Msgr. Jubinville, his vicar-general, filled the charge of parish priest of the cathedral and administrator until in 1933 Msgr. Yelle, the first Sulpician to occupy such a charge in the West, took over. Msgr. Yelle preached, catechized "in season and out of season" during his pastoral visits. He held the first diocesan synod to codify the ecclesiastical law.

During the greater part of the three last years which he spent at St. Boniface sickness kept him at the hospital. Despite impaired health, he obtained new communities, established new parishes, especially in the Polish centres, and was interested in problems material, spiritual and intellectual. He worked out a plan for the teaching of catechism, for Catholic Action and his auxiliary works. Sickness forced him to resign the coadjutorship of St. Boniface.

He patiently accepted his sickness at the Hotel-Dieu of Montreal and died in 1941.

AFTER A CENTURY 1847-1947

In the Latin rite the diocese now has a Catholic population of nearly 56,000. We have 170 diocesan priests and religious, 62 religious brothers and 785 Sisters and novices. There are two cloistered communities—the Trappist Fathers and the Sisters of the Precious Blood. The diocese has a major seminary under the Oblate Fathers in which about twenty seminarians from our dioceses are preparing for the priesthood.

On January 10, 1947, our closed retreat house, enlarged and embellished, opened its doors anew. Our classical diocesan college, under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers and the Oblate Fathers, Juniorate, have numerous talented pupils.

In May, 1946, our middle-sized Agricultural School patronized by the Association of Education opened with thirty pupils, and despite the threatening of "Larger Units", our schools

are going ahead. Our well organized hospitals and Old Folks Homes are already too small.

THE DARK SIDE

There is, however, the dark side of the picture. Our young people do not settle themselves on farms, our free professional men, our industries, our business men are not numerous enough. Our French Canadians are menaced, as well as their Catholic brethren of other nationalities. Our societies should unite to solve this vital problem for the future. Here, we have to contend with the problem of colonization, not so much by bringing out immigrants but rather by keeping men on the farms.

With sorrow we see that the sacerdotal and religious vocations are not sufficient for the needs of the diocese. We have to count on the help of others, whereas we would like to have a surplus to help others.

ST. BONIFACE DIOCESAN MISSIONS

If we have fine parishes yet certain parts of the diocese remain as missions. There are what I shall call White missions and the Indian Missions.

These latter are mostly in the Ontario part of the diocese where there are but seven organized parishes, and in the Manitoba part situated not far north of Selkirk, Beausejour, and Ladywood; and in the southern part, along the American frontier about seventy-five miles to the east of the province of Ontario.

There are a few thousand Catholics of all nationalities who earn their living by hunting, fishing, or cutting wood. The missionary celebrates mass either in the chapels or in our Catholic houses. The Oblate Missionaries, the Grey Nuns, the Oblate Sisters, the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Hyacinth, look after our four Indian schools of the Sauteux tribe.

In each place the Oblates have many reserves to visit and they are often very far from each other. The means of con-

veyance is usually by canoe, snow-shoes, the dog-team; sometimes by air-plane and automobile.

AN APOSTOLIC EXCURSION AS THE SNOW FLIES

Last January I made an excursion with the Provincial of the Oblate Fathers of Manitoba, Father Lavigne and my secretary, Father Bédard. We intended to travel from Lac-du-Bonnet by sea plane but the storm and snow drifts retarded the flight from Friday until Sunday forenoon about 11 o'clock. They expected us at the end of the week at Little Grand Rapid, situated on the Bloodvein River.

PASTORAL VISIT

Father de Grandpré, O.M.I., had his brother cook and teacher prepare a hot and delicious meal which we relished in the only apartment of his presbytery. Most of the Indians sat on the floor and watched how an archbishop and a provincial eat. During that time confessions were heard in the church and the final instructions were given to the thirty who were to be confirmed. Then I hastened with Father de Grandpré to a sick man, whom I confirmed in his hut, which was exposed to the wind on all sides.

We walked back hurriedly to go by plane to Berens River before the setting of the sun. It was cold, 28° below zero. The pilot set his motors going, but the batteries would not work. Fortunately a good Catholic and agent of the Hudson Bay Company offered us hospitality for the night. With his Delco Generator the batteries were charged. Although the noise was very near my bed I slept soundly till the next morning when he was able to start out again at half-past seven and admire the beautiful northern sunrise.

PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION

Our good angels had protected us by keeping us at Little Grand Rapid, otherwise we would have arrived at Berens River at night, in deep snowdrifts and the landing would have been very dangerous. I understood more than ever that Divine Providence protects missionaries in a special manner.

We had time to say our masses. I confirmed more than two dozen adults and children. The school children had prepared an interesting concert. The Oblate Fathers and the Grey Nuns were happy to receive the only visitors whom they would see for the whole winter.

We were obliged to leave Berens River to reach Bloodvein for half-past one, in the afternoon.

AN ABRUPT CEREMONY

Father Gauthier had given up hope of seeing us; his church had not been heated. At the sight of the sea-plane, all the Indians went to the church. Our landing was very difficult on account of the snow banks and we had to keep on our caps, overcoats and gloves in the church so we would not freeze. The pilot wanted to leave in an hour to reach Lac-du-Bonnet before dark. My secretary was the only one who had his foot frozen. Once arrived at Lac-du-Bonnet, he was able to thaw it out by running bare-foot in the snow. At half-past seven we were back from the northern regions; we took two days to complete the journey which had we travelled by canoe, would have taken many weeks.

THE WHITE MISSIONS

From certain points of view, the White missions are often the more difficult. The priests suffer more from loneliness. The distance to travel is great, the roads impassable. However the priests perform the tasks which the Ordinary has confided to them. Their salary is often insufficient to pay their expenses, yet our priests have grown grey in the service and have founded and organized the fine parishes which they now direct.

PIONEERS LIKE THOSE OF FORMER DAYS

We do not use horses as in by-gone days but go by automobile, truck, train, airplane, canoe and even by foot. Sometimes one must shovel, walk in the mud, in the water and in the snow.

About a year ago, I went to Steep Rock Lake Mine, near Atikshan, where the iron mines are perhaps the richest in Canada. I confirmed about seven persons there, and accompanied by Father Belanger, I visited the Catholics in their homes. The superintendent of the C.N.R. allowed us to travel in a merchandise train composed of a hundred and twenty empty cars. We were tossed roughly about in the "caboose" and arrived at Mine Centre at midnight. The conductor of the train, Mr. Desmarais, had named me conductor of the merchandise train for the trip.

The Sisters had prepared about twenty children to be confirmed the next morning but many parents refused to send their children because Mass was celebrated in the school and there was not any photographer to take a picture of those confirmed after the ceremony. Only four were confirmed.

WONDERFUL EXPANSION, MARVELOUS FRUITFULNESS

When St. Boniface was erected as a diocese on June 4, 1847, it comprised the territory which stretches along the frontier of the United States to the North Pole, all the land which stretches to the west as far as the Pacific Ocean. In the last hundred years, the Holy See has established 5 archdioceses: St. Boniface, Vancouver, Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg; 6 dioceses: Victoria, in 1846; Prince Albert, erected as an apostolic vicariate in 1890, became a diocese in 1907; Calgary, 1912; Gravelbourg in 1930; Saskatoon in 1933; Nelson in 1936; Kamloops in 1946. There are now six Apostolic Vicariates: Keewatin, erected in 1910 and Hudson Bay in 1931; those apostolic vicariates are suffragans of St. Boniface. Athabaska-Mackenzie was erected in 1862 and was subdivided. We have the vicariates of Mackenzie and Grouard. Prince Rupert was erected in 1916 and White Horse in 1936.

We count, moreover, in Saskatchewan an abbey. Nullius comprises all the German colony, north of Saskatchewan with fourteen parishes. The Ordinary who is the mitred abbot of Muenster has the power of a bishop without being one.

We also have an exarchats for the Ukrainian Catholics

(Ruthenians); of Canada, with Msgr. Ladyka as bishop and exarch and Msgr. Savaryn as bishop of Western Canada.

There are 589,337 Catholics in the West, whereas in 1847 they numbered about 3,000. Here are the figures taken from "Ecclesiastical Canada" (Canada ecclesiastique): 672 parishes with resident parish priest, 805 chapels (for officiating) without resident priest; 7 archbishops, 14 bishops and a mitred abbot; 625 diocesan priests, 809 regular priests, more than 80 seminarians with three large seminaries: St. Boniface, Regina and Edmonton; 162 religious brothers, 3,164 nuns, 15 colleges, 148 convents, 17 houses for religious formation, 99 hospitals, shelters and orphanages, 25 Indian schools. The Catholic Church of the West has thus developed rapidly and its present organization gives great hopes for the future.

It is said that St. Anthony of Padua is specially invoked to recover lost articles because he entered the Order of St. Francis under the name of Anthony instead of Fernandez, in order to conceal himself from his friends. And because of this, he who wished not to be found for the glory of God, received the gift that through his intercession lost articles should be recovered.

PLACE GOD OCCUPIES

Love of Country and God — Victory Through God

By REVEREND JAMES R. COX, Ph. D.

THE place God occupies in the scheme of things and the necessity for reading the things of God is more urgent than ever in the history of mankind. A return to God is the first step toward peace with victory and ultimate universal justice.

Man the mighty, who found himself able to send his voice in waves around the world, who could hurl destruction from the sky or spew it from the sea, who could smash the atom, on the indivisibility of which he had for years built a materialistic philosophy, man the mighty, who cannot, however, avoid a common cold, came to deem himself so strong that he could run away from God and has tried to do it.

Now in the headlong rush of nations to disaster, in the miasmatic vapors of despair, in the oozing, swampy soil of blood and carnage, man is learning once more that he cannot stand alone. He needs God — he realizes there were never any better rules given for the peace, happiness and prosperity of the world than the ten commandments given to Moses on Mt. Sinai. All mankind believes in these ten.

We are fearful about trifles, such as ease, luxury, and material things upon which we sometimes foolishly stake our all but the good things we have enjoyed in the United States of America and Canada are the result of the faith of our founding fathers who made the things of God paramount, who braved the wild ocean in frail sailing ships, braved the Indians, the primeval forests, conquered all and have given us a nation, mind you, under God, of forty-eight States and more than one thousand large cities. Our fathers believed they could and they did establish homes, churches, schools, and courts of law that guarantee life, liberty, and the pursuit of

happiness to every individual irrespective of race, color, or religion. Nothing like this phenomenal development during three hundred years has ever been known in the history of mankind. Belief in the power of God has given us all these good things. The Faith of Our Fathers has surely given us a rich heritage of religion that we must pass along to generations yet unborn in all the world.

It is only when our courage is strengthened by the strength of Him who seeks a spiritual rule over men's hearts that we can valiantly face those who threaten to deprive us of the unalienable rights with which God has endowed us. It can only be by a recognition of spiritual values that we will have the patience to suffer defeats and reverses and perseveringly say: "We have only begun to fight." Those who believe in God are they who fight for the better and nobler spiritual values and are never discouraged by victories of the forces of evil, for: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The forces of Good, of Religion, recognize the dignity of man, the sanctity of family life, the necessity of religion, the demands of patriotism and that these must be more than convenient tools of the orator. They must be fought for on every front against the world, the flesh and the devil, a vicious trinity that never sleeps. If religious principles constitute the foundation and trunk of the tree of our Republic, then they are the things being attacked today. They must be revitalized not by empty gestures nor by word of mouth but by the moral activities of the lives of citizens. America will be stronger and more courageous when the truths of God are sincerely and honestly recognized and practised as the justice of our cause.

What is happening in America today? You know just as well as I do. The Communists are sowing the seeds of hate and racial division; above all hatred of God and religion everywhere. They have very carefully worked out a program so that they could get into the schools with their own system. After they tried it in Russia they had to put a stop to it

because juvenile crime became a menace even to the existence of Communism! Then they came to some of our American universities and professors tried and are trying it in the U.S.A.

We will rue the day we permitted such asinine educators to adopt the Russian for the American system. The churches must present a united front and fight this "stuff" no matter where it raises its ugly head. These Communists are against everything but themselves! They are usually fluent talkers with money-filled pockets from campaign chests, without truth to present, with "slurs" against everything right and with the old slogan "divide the wealth and give everyone some." They have never given anybody anything.

Look at England today! The result of the so-called Socialist Labor Government, but really a Communist ruling class. The greatest and best field for communist propaganda has been among the laboring men! Poor worker! He has always been despoiled, cheated, and used by unscrupulous so-called leaders for their own advancement. These so-called leaders cry out "Gestapo methods" at every attempt of law and order to control them, but it is not Gestapo methods when they try to silence even the ministers of the Gospel when in the face of falsehood and gangsterism they plead for justice and right! We believe as Catholics in human rights above all else but we also respect property rights and private property because we know that without respect for both, there can result only one thing.. chaos and bankruptcy as in the England of 1947.

Summarizing the catholic creed for capital and labor, Cardinal Spellman said: "In his great goodness, God quickened the earth with riches for man's use, not for his abuse; for his rise, not for his ruin, and labor and capital can reap the rewards of God's goodness only if labor unstintingly produces with the skills which God has so abundantly endowed it and capital unsparingly distributes the produce of labor for all men's welfare.

"Labor has the right and duty to expand its service and usefulness to the social body and to progress through orderly

processes. Capital too, has its right and duty to increase its usefulness to society through free enterprise, fair competition and reasonable profits. Thus may labor and capital together glorify God in this fair land bequeathed to man, fulfilling their debt to God and their duty to relieve man's needy estate.

"God has gifted man with brawn and brain, with the good rich earth and the fruits thereof, opening before him widening avenues for service to all mankind. Possessed of these gifts, it is the sacred duty of labor and capital faithfully to remain the repository and stronghold of God's trust, rendering unselfish service to society, service which can prosper and endure only by steady production and fulsome distribution."

Declaring the whole future of the world depended on those who work with their hands, Cardinal Griffin emphasized that a workman was an individual human being and was not to be regarded as "a well-groomed though noble and skillful animal."

"Man has a God-given right to lead a truly human life because he is a human person," the British Cardinal avowed. "But, he can't do this unless he has what I have called a decent sufficiency. He works with others, co-operates with others, to secure it more easily. That is why a decent sufficiency for all is a first charge upon industrial endeavor.

"Once this truth is recognized it becomes clear that co-operation is the only way in which free and responsible human beings can attain this. Co-operation implies that free and responsible human beings can attain this. Co-operation implies that free men act together responsibly to solve their common problems. Freedom without responsibility leads to the ravages of extreme individualism and the economic enslavement of the workers. The curtailment of freedom and the removal of individual responsibility in the interest of efficiency lead to the servile state and to the political enslavement of the masses."

Cardinal McGuigan emphasized that the Catholic creed held that the good of the whole community, not of any section,

determined what was right and what was wrong in social policy.

"The common good," he said, "composed chiefly of working men drawn from the highly industrialized requires a fair wage, but it also requires that the worker shall do a fair day's work, and, if he does less than that, he may be unjustly injuring his employer, and most certainly he will be injuring the community by causing high prices and holding back the supply of goods needed by the people.

"If certain groups of workers use the monopolistic power given them by their organization to extort excess wages, they are exploiting the people and their fellow workers."

A great statesman and profound thinker, nurtured in the true spirit of America, called our attention to the comparative insignificance of the material things we have to neglect of the spiritual. Many decades ago Daniel Webster said: "Other misfortunes may be borne and their effects overcome. It were but a trifle even if the walls of yonder capital were to crumble if its lofty pillars should fall and its gorgeous decorations be covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who can reconstruct the roots of demolished culture? Who can frame together the skillful architecture which unites love of country with love of God, respect for the dignity of man with social rights. Indeed, if these columns fall, they may never be raised again."

Devout people in America recognize religion as the last ditch defender of everything human, for it views man as a child of God, made after His image, and because of the supernatural nature grafted on him a future citizen of the kingdom of heaven. Religion looks upon marriage and family life as the fulfillment of an ordination implanted in human nature by the Creator and budding forth in a love that binds hand and heart of man and woman until death. It is religion that becomes the safeguard of sound government, for the same obligation which binds us to the God of all, also binds us to other principles of our being, namely parents, neighbours and country. Religion never permits patriotism to be

confused with maudlin sentimentality of mere feelings but insists that patriotism is a demand of justice we owe to our Creator. God first gave His culture to the world through His chosen people, the Jews. They gave us the Old Testament, they gave us Christ, they gave us Mary, His Blessed and Immaculate Mother, they gave us the twelve Apostles who preached the new Dispensation to the uttermost parts of the earth. America heard through our foundling fathers the teachings of Justice-Mercy, and universal love contained in the two commandments that sum up the ten: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul and with thy whole mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first and the greatest commandment and the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Though early America was predominantly Protestant this majority group granted to all the right to practice their religion according to the dictates of their conscience because they believed under God every man is born equal with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. God bless all of these my brothers in God.

The defense of the things given us by our fathers in God can never be accomplished by the weakling, but by those of stout hearts, hearts made stout because linked to God.

Victory in time and eternity depends on placing first things first; which means the pledge of our lives to the Lord of Hosts, the Light of the World, the Hope of the World, our Eternal God. To our Nation which God has blessed and which can only hope for perpetuity by accepting His guidance and direction as well as the outstretched hand of His severity, we pledge our undying loyalty. Victory without God would be but a shell containing the seeds of defeat; by placing ourselves in the light of the truth which is God, we can never lose!

Unless victory rests on the sound foundation of the religious concept of man and God and a moral order, it is only a flimsy super structure that is bound to topple when adverse winds blow strongly. Let each and everyone of us, wherever,

however, and whoever, we may be, pray to God in our own way, as our mothers taught us to pray, that we may be loyal to God with the Faith of Our Fathers.

If we, all, rich man, poor man, beggar man, hobo, each individually watch and pray and keep close to God as our great president Lincoln told us we must do, we will not be compelled to wonder if God is with us. He will be! Go to your churches, your synagogues. Take example from the Pilgrims of old who went to Church in the cold primeval forest through a gauntlet of hostile Indians, with guns on their shoulders to protect their family brood. When you feel you cannot stand much more of depressing war news, when your hearts are sick and broken because of partings from loved ones who are leaving you for distant shores to fight to preserve God given privileges. PRAY!

The world has gone mad, but God is still doing business at the same old stand—still creating new life, still bringing the dead things in the earth back to a new birth, still welcoming home the prodigal son and daughter though their sins be as scarlet and as numerous as the sands of the sea. See this miracle of beauty made by God round about us that you have forgotten and then remember that we, too, are God's children, and that our time for a new and better life is slowly but surely coming in this land of ours. It must come! It is God's law for those who follow Him.

Only by God, for God and of God have all blessings come to the world in the past and only in the same way will the future of mankind be secure. Let us pray that it may be so!

If radio's slim fingers can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over a continent or sea,
If the petalled notes of a violin are blown across a mountain
or a city's din,
If songs like crimson roses, are culled from thin blue air,
Why should mortals wonder, if God hears prayer!

DIVIDENDS OF A CAREER

By T. J. McELLIGOTT

“OH, DERMOT, I’m so glad to see you!” Ann Howard spoke impulsively as the tall, sun-browned young man came up the steps. “Did you know I was going away?”

“Going away?” the visitor exclaimed as he stopped short.

“To the university,” she explained.

The young man’s face changed. “The university?” Then he smiled, “you are joking.”

Ann shook her head decidedly. “Didn’t I tell you I was thinking about it?”

“Oh, thinking about it,” swift relief in his tone. “We’ll have to try to keep you from thinking about it too much.”

But the girl turned away and took a seat in the sunny corner of the porch. It was Rosary Sunday, and Dermot Egan had stepped in, he on his way to High Mass, starting early to give himself time for a little visit.

“Thinking about it for a long time, I mean and just this morning mother has promised to let me go. Mr. West and Miss McHugh think I have talent to take a course in architecture.”

“Architecture!” Dermott interrupted. “That’s a man’s work, Ann; what do you want with that?”

Ann flushed. “Man’s work!” “There’s no such thing as man’s work any more. Women will soon be in every field of endeavour—and they have a right there!”

“No doubt,” he conceded dryly. “But what I can’t understand is why they want the right.”

“We have to earn our living, don’t we?” Ann flashed back. “Why deny wider opportunities?”

“You don’t have to earn your living,” the young man stated bluntly.

“Why not?” asked Ann in surprise.

“Because”—Dermot’s face went very pale—“I am ready to earn it for you. Ann”—as she did not speak. The girl shrank from the hand he stretched towards her.

"Don't Dermot!" She, too, had grown pale. "I—I didn't want you to say this."

His voice was quiet. "Isn't it—any use?"

She shook her head without looking at him. "I have made up my mind to have a career."

"A career? I thought—marriage used to be a career," regarding the downcast face wistfully.

Ann shrugged her shoulders. "In our grandmother's day, maybe. Then there was nothing else for a girl to do—that is if she didn't have a vocation—to religious life but to get married - - -"

"And a good thing that was," said Dermot heartily.

"Oh I don't know. Marriage isn't everything."

"It's a large part of life," sententiously from the man.

"Not to-day," was the girl's retort. "There are a million things a girl can do if she doesn't want to get married."

"But why doesn't she want to get married?" I'd like to know!" There was exasperation in Dermot's tone.

Ann smiled. "The girl of to-day does want to get married," she admitted, "But she wants to take her time about it—she has so many interests that marriage is a secondary matter.

"Oh," was the enlightened response. "Time—is that it? "I could wait, Ann - - -"

The girl's lips trembled. "No, Dermot," she answered in a low tone, "that isn't it. Oh," rising nervously, "you couldn't understand. I want to make something of myself to be somebody - - -"

"To be somebody," slowly "I see. As Dermot Egan's wife," a painful smile contorting his lips, "you wouldn't be—much of anybody, would you?"

A hot, shamed look flooded the girl's face, but she looked at him bravely.

"I'd be a carpenter's wife," she said.

A steely look hardened the man's blue eyes. "And the wife of an honest man. Don't forget that," he countered sharply. Ann sensed the pain she had inflicted.

"Forgive me, Dermot," she begged penitently. "I didn't mean to hurt you; but we have talked of this before and you know my views. If you haven't any ambition - -"

"Ambition!" Dermot exclaimed explosively. "What do you know of my ambition? Do you think I would have stopped school had not my father needed help. Even I have my ambitions," significantly. "Some day," eyeing the girl impressively and a little defiantly, "I'm going to be the best builder in this part of the country."

"Ah", Ann murmured gaily, relieved at the change in his tone. "Then you shall have me to do your decorating. I'm going to specialize in interior decoration."

A grim smile released his set lips. "Strange, Ann", he said, "that we should both have been thinking of a career for you. Yours has study, freedom, travel, glory perhaps, and a beautiful house to decorate." He leaned forward, "mine had a house too"—every word he brought out was painful and Ann felt her lips trembling—"not a big house at first, but beautiful, too . . . because love was there . . . Life and love. Not enough for a career, Ann?" glancing quietly at the girl, whose eyes were filled with pain. She could not speak, and mistaking her silence, he stood up.

"Good-bye", he said quickly. "I must be off."

"Dermot!" She thought she had spoken, but it was only an inarticulate sob. He was gone.

Ann's career proved highly satisfactory. She spent five happy years at the university, returning to her home at rare intervals. Then, after another year in Paris she was launched into a work in which she achieved success from the first. During her second year of work she went home in a disturbed frame of mind; her sister, Deirdre, was going to be married, her mother wrote, to Jim Woods. Did Ann remember him? He was a clerk, and an excellent young man, and they were to live quite near.

Ann dropped the letter. "Deirdre married! That baby," her tone was full of dismay. "What can mother be thinking

of? I shall have to go home and put some sense in their heads."

This proved to be easier said than done. She asked her mother, if it might not be possible that Deirdre was making a mistake in getting married so young, to a clerk with small prospects?"

Her mother assured her, "his prospects are all right, and he is devoted to Deirdre—that is the main thing."

Ann tried to keep the exasperation out of her voice. "Mother," she said, "Nowadays, it takes more than mere devotion to keep a house going."

"Ah, my dear," Mrs. Howard responded quickly, "no house can be kept going without 'mere devotion', as you call it. "I wish - - -" she began, but noticing the clouds on Ann's brow, she changed to the subject of Deirdre's trousseau.

Ann slipped away mortified to find how little weight her views had with her mother. She was not so sure about speaking with Deirdre. The child was so happy it might upset her; still - - -

"You are so young to get married, Deirde," she ventured one day. "I wonder you didn't think you needed more education."

Deirdre glanced at her, then laughed aloud. "Don't worry about me Ann, dear," she said sobering quickly. "—I haven't ambitions as you had. I'd hate to face the world as you are doing—not but that you are wonderful and we're proud of you," she interjected. "We all have our vocations, Mine - - -," a sweetly serious look came over the young face—"Mine you know is the home."

Ann looked back into the clear, frank eyes, impressed in spite of herself. "I believe you are going to be very happy, dear," she said, kissing Deirdre tenderly.

The years flew quickly by. Ann loved her work and her friends. As the years wore on she was forced to admit that though she was not tired of her work, it had lost its savour, and after her mother's death life became empty. Disquietudes

seized her, attacks of loneliness, and nothing she accomplished seemed worth while. Her limitless ambition was fading and leaving nothing in its stead.

When her loneliness became more oppressive it became Ann's habit to take a flying trip for a couple of weeks with Deirdre and her children in the old home. On one of these visits she met for the first time in eighteen years, the lover of her girlhood.

Dermot Egan had more than fulfilled the ambitions of his youth.

After his father's death he had gone to London where he had acquired a reputation as a builder, and had amassed a fortune, but he had never married. In the years that followed his exit from the Howard's house he had been too busy, to think of matrimony; and when he began to amass money he soon became completely engrossed in it. He was fully cognizant that the highest happiness had not come to him, but the pleasant optimism of a good nature sound to the core, had influenced him to find what pleasure he could by the way.

The sunshine of a soft October day was filling the streets of his native town, as Dermot Egan sauntered along. Every garden was filled with the bright flowers peace began to lay new.

"I used to know this street well," he thought. "I'll have to take a look at the Howard's house as I pass. I wonder", idly, "what has become of Ann?"

The familiar street opened the flood-gates of memory. He was young Dermot Egan again on his way to Howard's where Ann would be waiting to tease and torment him. Out of the past, came a keen pain. With a shrug of regret and irritation he looked up. He was in front of Howard's and a trim figure in a tweed costume was coming down the steps. Their eyes met.

"Ann!" He stopped involuntarily. "It is Ann, isn't it?"

The young woman glanced at him uncertainly. Then, "I do believe it is Dermot Egan!" she exclaimed. "Pardon me," she said laughingly, "I should have said Mr. Egan."

"Oh, no," he demurred, as they shook hands. "I haven't lost the Dermot. And you," somewhat awkwardly, "are you still Ann Howard?"

"Still Ann Howard," she smiled. "I'm home on a visit with Deirdre, and at present I'm on my way to High Mass. This is Rosary Sunday, you know."

"That's where I'm bound for," he announced. "I motored from home this morning to hear a friend of mine, who is to preach at St. Dominic's to-day."

Animated conversation caused the short distance to the church to seem briefer and the fragrance of old times filled their memories as they sat side by side in the church. The Dominican friar who preached the sermon could have had no idea that every word sank with a peculiar significance into Ann Howard's heart. He spoke on the home, on the mother as its corner stone and of the Mother of God, Mary. He referred to the humble duties which filled her life, the daily round of simple tasks, made sweet by love.

"They are what sweeten life," he said, "the little familiar humble tasks of the home, not great things, not large endeavour. Insignificant as they are thought to be by women enamoured of the modern trend, their alchemy is yet such as to transmute the sordid actualities of life into a glory of real contentment."

Ann found herself listening with intentness. It was no new doctrine - - -. But to-day it had a new appeal. "A fine sermon," they agreed on the way home.

Dermot Egan found his way to Ann's home that afternoon, and he found his thoughts going back to the day when he had gone out of this house with despair in his heart. Well, the years had been kind to Ann. "And not too bad to me either," he reflected comfortably.

"And you never got tired of your career?" he inquired, as they stood in the garden. "It is interesting work."

"Oh, yes," indifferently, "but it gets monotonous like all work."

"Still, the joy of success—that never palls, does it?" he said quietly.

"Success!" she repeated the word. Then she laughed. "One effort is successful in my work until the next one comes. I have succeeded and I have enjoyed the success, but I have missed something in life—I don't quite know what."

"Ah," he said, glancing up at her quickly, "a career isn't so satisfying after all?"

Ann was recalled sharply to herself. "Oh!" she returned quickly, "don't think I do not enjoy my work. I do, but every one gets tired sometimes - -"

"Yes," the man interrupted quietly, "especially if they happen to have missed the best in life."

Ann felt a queer contraction at her heart. "And you think I have?"

"I know you have," he stated plainly. "I know it, because I have missed it, too."

"But you could have—you could have—" she began defensively.

"Oh, of course," he said negligently, "but I never did. I'm not blaming you. But the fact remains that between us we managed to shatter the vase which held the perfume of life's best happiness."

Ann was looking down. The pungent scent of the vine which shaded the porch recalled irresistibly the girl who sat beneath it eighteen years ago, refusing a happiness which she had since sought vainly in other channels.

"Shattered?" she said at last, from the depths of her reverie. "Yes, broken into fragments."

She looked up smiling a little. Something in her companion shook her composure. It was a long moment before he spoke, and there was a tremor in the even tones

"Shall we gather up the fragments, Ann?" he asked very gently.

Her answer was slow in coming. Then, "We might try," she murmured, yielding to him a hand that trembled.

“MOSES’ HANDS WERE HEAVY”

By REVEREND ALPHONSUS M. GALLIGAN, O. Carm.

EXODUS is a wonderful book. Just a few words of the Sacred Writer can paint an inspiring picture. Take the scene where Aaron and Hur helped Moses to hold up his hand in prayer, and supported him until sunset and victory over Amalec. Time has never dimmed the challenge of that event. I like to think that, at least indirectly, it has influenced men down through history, men who have held up the hands of the priest in time of war.

There are several thousand Aarons and Hurs in our country to-day. Back in civilian life for the most part, swallowed up by the welcomed anonymity of everyday routine, they have left behind them what was for so many the most absorbing job they will ever have. Unsung heroes, they — the Chaplains’ Assistants of World War II, the men who held up the arms of priests in khaki until countless unbeautiful sunsets and through a thousand hells.

Whenever I met a Holy Name man or a Knight of Columbus before the war, my immediate mental reaction was something like this: “Here is the cream of the crop. He belongs to a good outfit. He has ideals. He’s probably a solid Catholic.” That reaction has been only slightly retarded and dulled of late years. At the present time one of the most commendatory introductions to a Catholic layman I ever want to hear is, “John Smith, who was a Chaplain’s Assistant during the war.” That tells me *multum in parvo*.

When I learn that Mr. Smith held the job for over a year, it is enough to say in Army parlance, “He’s got it made.” I respect him already because I know he was a good man: he had to be. He was an exemplary man: no priest could afford to be closely associated with a character of shady morals. He had a pleasing personality: fraternizing with the men and breaking down prejudices was part of his work. He had at

least average, and more often exceptional mental ability: there was plenty of office work he had to take care of, whether the office was in a cantonment-type chapel or "in the field." He was a brave man: he drove the jeep to places never sanctioned by a Commissioner of Public Safety, and no matter where the priest went to administer the Sacraments, his reliable "Right Arm" went along. He was a trustworthy man: in the tremendous project of caring for so many souls, a great number of details and schedules had to be followed, and he was always on hand when needed.

Much has been said and written in praise of our chaplains. That our priests performed their tasks in the recent war with courage and efficiency is a recognized fact. But somehow the less glamorous contributions of their Assistants is usually overlooked. No lustre is taken from the Padre's crown by a commendation of his "alter ego."

I should like to see someday a convention, if not an actual organization of World War II Catholic Chaplains' Assistants. It would be a stimulating group, I think, because spiritual acumen was a forte of theirs. Collectively they might provide a hypodermic needle for the arm of Catholic Action. Such a convention may never be held, such an organization never formed. But wherever these men are today, be they in seminaries or "in the world" or in graves overseas, let no one forget this: we are all in their debt. No thoughtlessness of ours should go so far as to begrudge a salute of respect and gratitude to that vast, anonymous group of men who, holding up the arms of our priests, practised the spiritual and corporal works of mercy to an excellent degree. Our people owe a grateful and a frequent prayer for these boys who tried so valiantly to make war a little less like hell.



THE APOSTLE OF THE ROSARY

By FLORENCE MARTIN

MOST people who are radio fans have heard the program: "The Family Theatre" (every Saturday at 7.00 p.m. over CKLW, the Mutual Broadcasting Company), "The Joyful Hour" at Christmas and "The Triumphant Hour" at Easter. They may also know that the originator of these programs is Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C.

I had read several articles in papers and magazines about Father Peyton and heard Father Hébert, of St. Aloysius in downtown Detroit, describe him as being "a big man over six feet tall" and having "the face of a lovely boy." So when I read in the *Michigan Catholic* that he was to open the Rosary Crusade in St. Alphonsus Church, Windsor, Ontario, on April 3, in hopes of enrolling the 25,000 Catholic families of the London Diocese, I decided I'd be there.

St. Alphonsus Church is on Goyeau Street, just two blocks from the Detroit-Windsor tunnel entrance. It is an old church, nearly a century old, decorated in bright colors; the altars are old-fashioned, as are the numerous statues, but it has a homey, devotional feeling and I like to drop in whenever I am in Windsor. The stone steps leading to the front door are worn in deep hollows by the feet of dead and gone parishioners, and I'm sure chilly breezes find their way under the door in winter. The kneeling benches are not padded and the seats are spaced quite far apart, therefore you must kneel upright, not in the shape of a lazy Z as folks do over here, where the seats are crowded too close together.

Devotions, consisting of the Rosary, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, several hymns and Benediction, began at 7.45. I was rather amused by a small girl in the seat in front of me. She knelt and answered the Rosary but after about two decades her little bare knees must have been hurting, for she

took her gloves and placed one under each knee, then peeked over her shoulder to see if any one was looking.

After the Rosary and Litany were finished, the Pastor introduced Father Peyton and I thought "Father Hébert described him well." Father Peyton asked us to say just one "Hail Mary" with him that he might be directed in explaining his Mission to us. I never heard anyone talk as he did; his words came like a perfect torrent and he spoke to us for almost an hour, in his rich Irish brogue, pausing only for breath. This is a summary of his talk and in his own words as near as I can remember.

"My dear friends, I'm happy to see so many of you here tonight, and I'm sure that when our Crusaders knock on your doors and ask you to sign the pledge to say the Rosary daily, with your family, you will be glad to do so. No one knows yet why London, Ontario, diocese has been chosen but I feel sure that some time between April 25 and May 1, it will be made known to us, and London may be the means of saving the world from atheism.

I wish to tell you what it means to belong to a 'Rosary Family.' My Father and Mother from the day they were married said the Rosary together and I feel that the world today is better because of them. We nine children, as we got old enough, joined in answering the Rosary. We were poor there in our little home in Mayo, Ireland, but I'm proud of that word 'Poverty,' because we were rich in spiritual blessings while we lacked material things.

On First Friday mornings, my Mother lighted the wee lamp and we recited the Litany of the Sacred Heart, while we prepared to walk three long, mountainy miles to Mass, no matter what kind of weather. The road ran by a lake and when the wind was high the waters of the lake were over the road; then we climbed fences and crossed fields to keep dry shod, for we had no rubbers. Arriving at the Church we went to Confession before Mass, and after Mass returned home strengthened by the grace of the Sacraments.

My brother Tom and I had to leave School before finish-

ing the Grades, as my father's health had failed and we had to help our mother try to support the family. There was not much work to be found and at last when I was 19 and Tom was 21 we decided to come to the States, where three of the family had already come. I remember my last talk with my father; although I was only 19, I was as tall as I am now and my father had me kneel before him while he consecrated me to God and made me promise to always be true to God and His Holy Mother. The next morning Tom and I left home and never saw our beloved parents again. We arrived in Scranton, Pa., twenty years ago and the only work Tom could find was coal mining, so he went into the mines and I walked the streets ringing door-bells and begging for work but finding none.

At last I offered myself to God and vowed to carry on His work if it were possible for me to become a priest. My sister offered her very life to help me and so I went to school and began the long thirteen years that must elapse before Ordination. My brother, who I thought was going to marry a girl from home, talked with me one night about how wonderful a priest's life must be and the result of that talk was Tom giving up the mines and joining me at school.

Eleven years went by and with only two years between me and Ordination, I got consumption and lay month after month staring at the ceiling. The doctor said that part of my ribs would have to be removed in an attempt to prolong my life. No parents or friends were near to help me, but I had one friend who never failed me: I turned to Her then and promised that if I were spared I would spend my life spreading devotion to Her Rosary. She answered my prayers, no operation was performed, and three months later I was back in class again, but one whole year had been lost, so I made one more request and promised that I'd never ask another favour but would return thanks for the rest of my life. My request was that I might be ordained with my brother Tom,—we had started so many things together,—my prayers were heard and two days before Ordination, a cablegram from

Rome granted permission for me to be ordained with the other candidates. That was over six years ago. My brother is a missionary in New Orleans and has succeeded in making many converts, as well as reclaiming hundreds of fallen-away Catholics. My Superiors knew what my promises meant to me, so they gave me their blessing and sent me on the road. My first attempt at reviving family prayer was made in Albany, N.Y., where I taught the Rosary to the school children and asked them to get their parents to pray with them at home. It was very hard for the children to have to say, 'Father, they won't do it.' Some parents did join with their children and then I thought I could reach more by using the radio, so six years ago I had a dozen school children recite the Rosary with me over a local Albany Station.

Some time later, after a lot of effort, I was told by MBC that I could have half an hour for my program on condition: (1) that it be for all religions, as all need the grace that comes from prayers; (2) that a Hollywood actress be featured on the program; (3) that an interesting program be presented; (4) that I guarantee a certain salary for the actress. I agreed to all conditions and called Bing Crosby in Hollywood. I told him that I was a priest and what I was trying to do. He promised to help and so the 'Family Theatre' was born. Actors and actresses of all faiths have given their time and talents to make it a success. A story showing the power of prayer is dramatized and at the end we do our advertising by explaining that 'A family that prays together, stays together.' At Christmas during the Joyful Hour, several Hollywood Stars unite in reciting the Joyful Mysteries and the Story of the Nativity is told. At Easter, the Story of the Resurrection of Our Lord is told and the Glorious Mysteries recited. On "Mother's Day" another Hour will be featured. No one who lends his efforts to a good cause can help becoming better himself. Recently a Catholic actress entertained at a large dinner in her own home in Hollywood. After dinner was over she said: 'Now we will say the Rosary,' and her guests, Catholic, Jew and non-Catholic, all knelt and recited

Our Lady's Rosary. Other couples who were present have told me that they, too, decided to carry on the devotion in their own homes.

And now that I've told you a little of what it means to belong to a Rosary Family, I'm sure you will all do your best to give just ten short minutes out of the twenty-four hours to thank God for all He has done for you. Next to Mass and the Sacraments, the Rosary is the most powerful prayer. It is something you can see and hear and feel. You can draw close to Our Lady and Her Divine Son as you meditate on the Mysteries of the Rosary. Those who pray together will understand each other better and homes will be more peaceful and family life more secure. And now, God love you."

Then followed Benediction and at the end the Choir sang "Queen of the Holy Rosary."

It was 9.15 when I left the Church to return to Detroit by the tunnel bus and as we passed the crossed flags marking the Border, I did not forget to whisper a fervent "God bless Canada."

I have added Father Peyton's name to my "Roll of Honour," (those who have a permanent place in my daily prayers) that Our Lady of the Rosary may give him health and strength to continue his work. Just to-day, April 21, I heard of a popular song writer who, after listening to the "Family Theatre" was inspired to write a hymn entitled: "God Will Help Us if We Only Pray."

Love of God and love of neighbour are virtues which ripen on the same stem; they appear distinct, but they are never separate; as long as one is lacking, the other cannot come to bud.

Cardinal Hayes.

CATECHETICS IN ITALY

By REV. BROTHER SIMON, F. S. C., LL. D.

AT THIS time when social conditions in Italy are so disturbed and anti-Christian forces are so viciously at work there, it is interesting as well as consoling to learn something of the other side of the picture. The Church is far from inactive in that troubled country and, especially in recent times when less hampered by restrictions, is carrying on a vigorous campaign of Christian education.

This article deals with the active catechetical work among Italian youth carried on by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, but it may illustrate the effective work of the many teaching communities in Italy.

IMPETUS GIVEN BY POPE PIUS X

It is especially since the days of the saintly Pope Pius X., who urged clergy and teachers to instruct the faithful thoroughly in the fundamental principles of Christian doctrine, that there has been notable development and vitality in the science of catechetics in Italy. It was the same holy Pontiff who called the Brothers of the Christian Schools, "the apostles of the Catechism," reminding them of their mission in the Church, while extolling their zeal and devotedness in the fulfillment of it. This may account in some degree for the fact that the sons of Saint De La Salle in Italy have played a leading role in the modern catechetical revival.

Realizing to the full their professional responsibility in the matter of the Christian education of children, the Christian Brothers in Italy have successfully undertaken a far-reaching program of catechetics. They have made use of the most modern and practical pedagogical aids to bring the truths of our holy religion within the grasp of the child-mind, to excite in their youthful hearts a love of truth and virtue, and to strengthen their wills in the active practice of their religion.

CHIEF POINTS IN CATECHETICAL PROGRAM

The following are the chief points in the Brothers' catechetical program:

1. The publication of a bi-monthly journal of instruction and directions for teachers of Christian doctrine, called "Sussidi", containing articles on the theory and practice of school exercises, as well as various timely suggestions.

2. A number of teachers' manuals and other books of practical value in the imparting of religious knowledge.

3. Wall charts, maps, pictures, and movies, to illustrate religious lessons.

4. Committees and sub-committees of teachers to coordinate, adapt, and supplement the various parts of the program, to meet special and local conditions.

5. Organization of auxiliary catechetics among the senior students and graduates to assist in the work of instructing the younger children, especially in the rural districts and in the more congested industrial areas.

6. The holding of conventions and conferences of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

7. The establishment of a Chair of Catechetics in the Seminaries.

8. A General Superintendent of Religious Instruction in the schools of Italy.

Some 70 publications on the teaching of religion, edited by the Christian Brothers, have appeared in Italy during the past twelve years, and others are in preparation.

"THE APOSTLES OF THE CATECHISM"

Since 1929, the official Inspector General of Religious Instruction for Italy has been a Christian Brother. Rev. Brother Alessandro, F.S.C., held that post until 1940, when Rev. Brother Leone di Maria, F.S.C., the present incumbent, was appointed by the Holy See. He is also the representative of the Holy See to the Italian Ministry of Public Instruction.

Brother Leone is the author of the official text books on Catholic Action for Italian youth. They comprise a set of five

books for boys and five for girls, as well as a Teachers' Manual to accompany each book.

The course of Religion for the senior high schools is by Rev. Brother Alberto di Maria, F.S.C., and that for the junior high schools, by Rev. Brother Agilberto, F.S.C. A number of Christian Brothers are lecturers in catechetics in the major seminaries at Turin, Parma, Lucca, Vercelli, Casale, Bobbio, and Fano. The present professor of catechetics at the Seminary of Turin is Rev. Brother Alfredo, F.S.C.

The Brothers are also called upon to deliver lectures on the La Salle Catechetical Method to the various communities of religious teachers throughout Italy. During the past few years as many as 2700 of these lectures have been given by the Brothers. At a Diocesan Catechetical Week held last year at Genoa, at which His Excellency the Archbishop presided, seven different groups of religious and lay teachers were addressed by Brother Leone di Maria.

SOME NOTABLE MEETINGS

At Lanciano in the Abruzzi, a three days' convention was held recently, attended by priests, catechists, and lay teachers, under the presidency of Brother Alberto di Maria, F.S.C., the application of the latest pedagogical methods to the teaching of Catechism was discussed, and practical lessons were demonstrated for all grades.

At Biella, in the General Hospital (Ospedale Maggiore), Brother Agilberto, F.S.C., gave a series of conferences on Catechetics and Catholic Action to the Sisters and nurses. He also addressed the students at the Grand Seminary, the students at the Normal School, and the Catholic Women's League.

At Pavia, 150 teachers were given a course in catechetics, emphasizing the psychological approach, by Rev. Brother Anselmo, F.S.C., at which a number of prominent educational and government officials were present.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE CONFRATERNITY

The most notable of the Confraternities in Italy for the teaching of Christian doctrine is that founded at Turin in

1914 by Rev. Brother Teodoreto, F.S.C., and called the Association of Catechetics of the Holy Crucifix and of Mary Immaculate. It was approved and blessed by Pope Benedict XV. They form a religious society of lay people, professed with annual vows, and are affiliated with the Congregation of the Brothers of the Christian Schools somewhat like a Third Order. The members teach Catechism on Sundays and in the evening on week days. On Sundays they bring hundreds of the poorer children together for Mass and instruction, after having washed, clothed and fed them.

EXHIBITION OF CATECHETICS

A comprehensive and interesting exhibition was held last year at the Christian Brothers' Mother House in Rome. It showed all the courses, text books, methods, teachers' manuals, pedagogical aids, charts, etc., used in the Christian Brothers schools in Italy. The copy and project books of the pupils were especially admired. Essays written by high school students showed some excellent results of serious personal research.

"MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER"

The Right Rev. Msgr. Montini, acting Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Pius XII., writing recently to the Most Hon. Brother Athanasius, F.S.C., Superior General, on the part of the Holy Father, said: "His Holiness again on this occasion blesses with all his heart the Brothers of the Christian Schools and encourages them to continue to devote all their energies to their great task—the Christian education of youth—now more important than ever."



ART OFFERS VOCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

By ELEANOR SHEPHERD THOMPSON, M.A., Ph.D.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the famous American artist, William Chase, was speaking to a group of students assembled in New York's Metropolitan Museum: "Even if a student of Art fails, the pleasure from what he comes in contact with, will surely repay all and save him from being one of the people who are content to eat, drink, sleep and die."

To-day this is still a truism but it need no longer be voiced with quite such pessimistic finality. Under the changed educational and social system which has been opening new worlds to the young people of the twentieth century, in no field has opportunity become more apparent than in that of art.

Primarily there is the policy of providing special classes for children with observed artistic talent which were so signally successful in once-free Vienna, alas, no longer so! Such classes were organized in very many urban centers, throughout the Western world. Toronto has been carrying them on successfully for over a decade, and only four years ago the writer was instrumental in organizing them within the school system of one of the smaller Oklahoma cities.

The objective of such classes, however, is not vocational, nor even vocation-finding. It lies, rather, within the quoted remark of Mr. Chase. It is, perhaps, mainly to open new vistas for the talented and also for the interested children, regardless of whether or not they become artists in maturity. Without doubt, the great majority turn to other professions but often the art that has been learned in opportunity classes may prove a source of great enrichment of their lives, either through deeper appreciation of the works of the Masters, or through its becoming an avocation, a leisure-time occupation for pleasure purely.

That some of these talented children are bound to be the artists of to-morrow seems inevitable. Such has always been the case: Titian began to study art seriously at the age of

nine, Leonardo de Vinci at twelve, and Raphael was sufficiently advanced at the age of sixteen to become director of the workshop-studio of his master, Perugino.

Since some will feel within themselves that powerful stirring of hidden springs which makes an artistic career inevitable if life happiness is not to be wrecked, what can be done to give guidance and direction as these young people approach the age where they can begin professionalized study? First a choice must be made by the individual.

Three phases of art are generally considered as enjoying a possible seniority; they are architecture, sculpture and painting and usually are designated as "Fine Arts." They are emphasized in the courses offered in the so-called academic art schools (or beaux-arts) and in many liberal arts colleges. For success in these fields exceptional talent and tenacity of purpose are needed. Even the genius may have a prolonged struggle.

There are, however, other choices, and several phases of art may yield results more readily. They may be called the "lesser arts." or "applied art." Those which are related to home and clothing are of especial interest to girls and young women. They may be classed as *textile design*, *interior decoration*, *fashion illustration*, *costume design*, and *styling* which may be related to any of the four preceding. These offer employment to very many women and require talent with capacity for specialization to the point of expertness.

In textile design employment may be of several kinds: (1) designer of patterns for woven fabrics, (2) designer of prints, (3) color expert to work out a series of color harmonies for a given design, (4) technician to adapt and finish the layout. The actual designer is the creative artist and is the best paid. She works often merely in rough sketches of ideas, called *croquis*. The technicians finish these and prepare them for the machine; this also requires great expertness. There is said to be a constant shortage of workers in textile design.

In interior decoration there are two fields into which immature artists may be absorbed: the actual decorator's studio

and merchandising. In the studio a young employee may begin as a shopper, a stockroom assistant, a secretary, or a junior draftsman. Girls are not usually very satisfactory in the last of these phases; boys are preferred. When this training and preliminary employment has accomplished its aim of gaining for the youthful aspirant familiarity with conditions, fabrics and the whole "set-up" of this profession, she may "graduate" to become a full-fledged decorator, or may find her preference leads her into selling with the possibility of becoming a department store buyer, a highly remunerative occupation with pleasant work but great responsibility.

Fashion illustration is drawing for daily papers and magazines. It requires originality merely in so far as lay-out is concerned, but only great technical excellence combined with character and smartness can gain success. The artist in this field draws what is before her, giving it the ineffable touch which will sell her work.

As preparation for work in the above three technical occupations, a good general art course of from one to three years should be undertaken. After that an attempt should be made to secure employment in a studio on an apprenticeship basis, or to attend some art school that aims definitely at teaching for commercial or industrial art occupations. During the preliminary general course the student should choose options, whenever possible, that will aid with later professional training. Especially should the would-be fashion artist spend as much time as possible in the life classes, as her bread and butter will eventually depend upon ability to draw the human body rapidly, accurately, and charmingly posed in many, many, attitudes.

Costume design is a wholly creative activity in that it involves the making of original designs for dresses and other wearing apparel. For this vocation the artist must have unlimited ingenuity and sufficient skill to put her ideas on paper in such a way that they can be interpreted for the manufacturer. Almost invariably the beginner will have to start humbly, perhaps as a finisher on garments that have been designed by others. As she learns the requirements of manu-

facture she will gain experience and, in time, will move upward in the scale to become a designer. This is highly paid and very specialized work, as these persons determine what all will wear in each season.

The stylist has a double function. She acts as intermediary between the artist and the manufacturer and should have a broad educational back-ground as well as good training in art, especially design. She must very definitely, know fashion trends, good taste, and money making possibilities. Success and failure in the art industries depend, to a large extent, upon the styling of any firm's products.

For dress design the preparation should be along the same general lines as the costume illustrator's but with emphasis upon originality rather than technique. In addition it is well to have some courses in Home Economics, as history of costume, draping and even clothing construction. The stylist matures from the other technical art vocations.

These phases of technical art have been dwelt upon because of their appeal to girls and young women. Also, they all offer excellent opportunities for real success in pleasant professions.

They are only, however, a few of the art occupations which might be listed. The handicrafts yield a comfortable living as several Toronto girls have proven. They include pottery, jewelry and silversmithing, leather tooling, weaving, wood-carving, bookbinding, hand printing textiles, the making of embroideries and novelties. Some of the graphic arts constitute other possibilities, as: illustration, lettering, illuminating, ticket-writing for advertising, commercial photography of the more imaginative type. In addition there is the whole range of theatre art including scenic design and construction, costume design and construction, pageantry, marionettes, mask-making.

Several Ontario technical schools offer courses that would be adequate preparation for the above types of work, especially if that training could be supplemented by apprenticeship. The Canadian Handicrafts Guild and the Graphic Arts Association should be able to give helpful advice.

THE MIRACLE OF NICODEMUS

By M. J. LYNCH

IN THE CATHEDRAL of San Martino at Lucca, there is, in one of the side aisles, a little octagonal chapel which contains the Volto Santo, a picture of the Holy Face. The picture is held in great reverence by the people of Lucca, because it is said to have wonderful powers. It owes its existence to a miracle and came to Italy in a strange manner. The history of the Volto Santo is as follows:

At the time when Jesus was wandering through Galilee, preaching and teaching His divine doctrine, there lived at Jerusalem a man named Nicodemus. He was wealthy and one of the most prominent members of the Pharisees, but he was none of those who in self-complacency boasted of their virtues, but was conscious of his faults. When Nicodemus heard of the new prophet and his strange doctrines, he went to see Him in secret because he hoped to get from Him some surety in his searchings. The hour he spent with Jesus became one of his most cherished possessions. He was so fascinated by the new doctrine that he would have preferred to follow the Master, for he had conceived a great affection for Him. But he could not bring himself to give up his wealth and follow the Prophet in poverty, as He demanded. Thus he returned to Jerusalem full of conflicting sentiments, but with a great longing to see the Rabbi again.

Nicodemus understood the artcraft of wood-carving and had acquired some reputation from beyond the limits of Jerusalem. But since he had a keen eye and sensitive soul, his own skill did no longer satisfy him. During a visit in Greece he had seen statuary that surpassed anything he had ever seen. From that time his sole endeavour was to equal the Greek masters and find such forms as might fitly express the ideas he had conceived. No matter how hard he tried, he could not succeed in expressing his visions in wood so that

they might give testimony of his soul experience. He began to despair of his art and asked himself why others could accomplish what he could not.

In this period of despair he heard once more of the miracles of the Prophet in Galilee and the thought came to Nicodemus that He who could make the blind see and the lame walk could also give him the power for which he longed.

Then came the time for Jesus to start for Jerusalem, and there to hold His entry. When Nicodemus heard of this, His heart was full of joy that he would again meet the Rabbi. But since he belonged to the sanhedrin, he dared not search during the day but must wait until evening when no one would see him.

Nicodemus revealed his troubles to Jesus: "Master, those signs that You make, did God give them to YOU? Why does God refuse to let me work at my artcraft the way I wish? The lame follow You and You take the blindness from those who cannot see, so loose the band that chains me and give me the skill that I look for."

Jesus looked at him very earnestly and said: "We are still very far apart, my friend. If you would see the light of God, you would have to be born again."

Nicodemus was again sad, and deprived of his last hope, said, "How can an old man like me be born again?"

Christ answered: "You cannot be born again of love, but of the Holy Ghost. Behold, water springs from the heart of the mountains and flows to the valley and acts according to God's command. So must thou also."

Nicodemus went home in a reflective mood and entered into himself. He did not understand the words Jesus had spoken to him, but he knew at least that no one could help him, except himself. It was queer, although Jesus had not helped him, he could not hate Him for this. He loved Him more than ever, for His eye had broken deeply into his own, and the sound of His voice had strangely calmed him.

He resumed his carving and tried his luck. He felt that he was getting more perfect, but he still could not shape the faces that revealed themselves to him.

Then came the days when Jesus stood before the high priest and Pilate, to defend Himself and His doctrine. Nicodemus had spoken for Him in the sanhedrin, but saw that his voice meant nothing, because they were determined to destroy Him. He pondered His words that all, like himself, were born of the flesh and therefore could not comprehend His teaching. A deep feeling of despair seized him when he knew that he would be powerless to help and he locked himself in his room.

When evening had come, he could no longer stand it to remain in the house. He must go out, among men. Then he heard that Jesus of Nazareth had been crucified and his heart cried out in wild sorrow. He hastened to Calvary to do something dear to the sufferer. When he reached the spot, he found that he was too late; that Jesus was dead. They were ready to bury Him.

Nicodemus then ran back to the city and bought myrrh and aloe, as much as he could carry, not noticing the price, and carried the spices back to the grave so Jesus could be buried according to the custom of the more rich Jews.

As they laid the corpse in the grave, Nicodemus looked once more into the face of the Man he loved, and began to realize who He really was. He wept bitterly to find that his love was so weak that he had not used all his earthly good will to follow Jesus throughout the world. He saw the need of God in his work, so all his earthly thoughts left him. Then Nicodemus could do nothing else but wipe his bloody forehead and the place where the thorns had been and put his cheek to His cheek. He again looked at the holy face and could not tear himself away, such heavenly beauty he had never seen before.

When Nicodemus stood up with the men who with him had buried their Master, he was very sorrowful and became shameful in front of these men that he had only gone to Jesus at night, and so with a bleeding heart he dodged the group and left.

The next day he gave all that he owned and so made

the poor very happy. Then he felt for the first time the real happiness that comes only with compassionate help and self-sacrifice. So it was with him, he saw the world in an entirely different light and took the whole human race to his heart. So with a strange warmth he took his cedarwood and knife and began to carve the picture of Jesus that he carried with him since His burial. But despite all his efforts, that which he had seen and experienced was still stirring him too powerfully to allow him to give it form.

While thus wrestling with his work Nicodemus one morning went out to Mount Olivet, where he knew from the disciples that Jesus had spent the night before the crucifixion. He sought the spot where for the last time He had wrestled with His God and where at last an angel had come to strengthen Him for the sufferings of the coming day.

And Nicodemus saw the city lie in the glow of the morning and the heaven in deep purple enveloping the entire land. A deep solemn joy seemed to rest on all things: on the grass blades gleaming in the dew, on the trees refreshed by the cool air of the night. The same joy seemed to rise from the throats of a thousand birds, and the lonely man felt that the eternal will of God in all His creatures was maturing into completion. Suddenly he saw beginning and end touch in a mysterious stream, and he smiled at the unrest of men who worry so much about their possessions. Again Nicodemus saw the pale face of Jesus and thought of how He had sacrificed Himself for the sake of His work. He shuddered at the thought that such a deed surpassed all human powers, and that he must have looked into the very face of God and that his cheek had rested on the cheek of God and suddenly a feeling of divine bliss streamed through his soul.

Filled with blessed knowledge Nicodemus returned home and with redoubled zeal started again to work, and he did not notice how the time passed until he finally grew weary and sank on his couch.

The next morning when he was ready to resume his work, he was surprised to find that there was nothing more to do.

Before him was the divine head as he had visioned it and as he had always desired to form it. Nicodemus only saw that that for which he had prayed so ardently was done and did not know how it had been done. Overpowered by the creative grace that had made use of his hands, he fell upon the earth.

The image of Nicodemus from now on to all the disciples was a holy heirloom, and they guarded it as a most precious gift, for they knew that God had sent an angel to Nicodemus to complete the image and have it testify of the Son of God.

Many centuries later when there was no more security for the image, the Christians wished to take it to Rome, but Turkish pirates plundered their boat and amid laughs and jeers threw the image into the sea. The waves bore it to the shore at Viareggio from where it was taken to Lucca, and there it worked many miracles.

Seek ye a Patron to defend
Your cause? — then, one and all,
Without delay upon the Prince
Of the Apostles call.
Firm Rock whereon the Church is based!
Pillar that cannot bend!
With strength endue us, and the faith,
From heresy defend.
Blest holder of the heavenly keys,
Thy prayers we all implore;
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

(FEAST OF ST. PETER, June 29)

AVE MARIA

"Ave Maria"

The angels are singing,
Low 'round the maiden
The cherubs are winging.

Sweet wonder maid!
How they love her and bless her,
Chanting their praises
Sweetly caress her.

"Ave Maria!"

The stars brightly shining,
Dimmed is their glory
When viewed beside thee.

Ave Maria,
The ages imploring
Ever will laud thee
Through eternity.

Ave Maria,
O hear us, Our Lady,
Our loving greetings
We sing tenderly.

Fold us so closely
In thy blue mantle
That we shall ne'er
Mother dear, part from thee.

JUNE

June brought its first wild roses,
And flung with abandon free
Its fragrant blood-red briars
O'er a cottage in Galilee—
And though Our Lady Mary
For herself set May apart
She gave to June her one sweet Rose—
The Feast of Her Son's Dear Heart.

EMMANUEL

"My Love is white and ruddy,"
The Spouse of the Canticle said.
And yours is a fairy whiteness,
O tiny wafer of Bread.

"My Love is white and ruddy,"
O crimson flowing wine,
You hide within your richness
His Precious Blood Divine.

DAISIES

NO LORDLINGS sleek and trim are they
That love the garden-close;
They care not for the ordered court
Where reigns the queenly rose;
Their choice the quiet vales, remote
From worldly pomps and shows!

They shun the rich man's velvet lawn,
The many-hued parterre;
Like stars that dread the blaze of morn
They fly the arc-light's glare;
But in the pleasant country fields
They bloom exceeding fair!

On many a happy, dew-drenched bank
They wait the kiss of dawn,
Till from the meadows of the skies
Their sister-flowers, withdrawn,
Cede to their fresh and sparkling eyes
The watch they have foregone!

Then God smiles down from out His Heaven
The daisy-hosts to greet,
And bids them hide in humble ways
For His tired children's feet;
And preach His boundless love for men
In voices small and sweet!

And since they are His servitors,
Who all His mandates love,
The faithful daisies fondly strive
Their constancy to prove;
Wherefore they gaze straight up all day
To glimpse His eyes above!

Thus from the daisies' tender lips
A lesson true we gain:—
To keep, in God's appointed place,
His mandates strict and plain,
So from His Hand on Judgment Day
A crown we shall obtain.

Msgr. James B. Dollard, Litt. D.



MY VOCATION

To my parents

YEARS passed since first you looked upon your son
And pondered in yourselves just what his call
In life would be: some mystic field of all
The noblest tasks of men. I had begun
To weave the silken threads of fancy, none
To know my hours had fashioned in my small
Brave heart a trembling hope, perhaps to fall
Like tumbling blocks and leave my dream undone

God let me weave my dreams; my hopes were blest;
He answered, too, your prayers — oh! rich their worth!
For I am called apart to be a priest
Of His, to pardon souls and bring sweet rest
To wearied human hearts; to strew the earth
With heaven and love Christ's beloved least.

R. Cadwallader

SONNET

By PATRICIA MITCHELL

SHE STANDS, a sorrowing virgin, unbowed,
And from her lowly place beholds her Son,
While storms of wrath approach in blackened cloud
Which soon bestrides the sky. His life is done
As if aghast, the furies loose their might.
A roar, a thundering fills the sultry air.
Erupting earth upheaves. From awful height
He hangs—the Christ—the King of Kings hangs there.
Is it for me that You have suffered so?
Is it for me Your Sacred Heart has bled?
The answer, through the silence, soft and low,
“For you, My child, My Precious Blood was shed.”
I love You, Christ, imperfectly, as man.
I love You only as a sinner can!

OMNIPOTENCE

Upon that day when I'll behold the radiance of God's face,
His feet like brass, His glory as the sun,
My prostrate soul in ecstasy of joy akin to pain,
Will speak to Him. I know what I shall say.

I'll ask about the flowers, how He thought of everyone,
Of multitudes of textures, colours, forms.
Telling how I vainly laboured many years with palette brush,
To reclaim their fleeting beauty but — I've failed!

Will God whisper of His secret? How He knew His children's
 need,
And brought forth the flowers laden with sweet balm.
To enrich man's soul with rapture so exquisitely impressed:
God's Heart so loves and pities wayward man.

M. R. Keenan





Reception and Profession Ceremonies

The Feast of St. Joseph was the occasion of ceremonies of Reception and Profession in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent. That of Profession, which took place at six o'clock in the presence of the Community only, was conducted by Right Reverend F. V. Allen, who also said the Community Mass. The following Novices made their First Annual Vows: Sister M. Claudia Bering; Sister Mary Peter Sheehan; Sister James Marie O'Brien; Sister Martha Ann Allen; Sister M. Michael Vincent Kelly; Sister Mary Richard Carey; Sister Mary Leonard MacDonald; Sister M. St. Patrick Conway.

Twenty-four Sisters renewed their Annual Vows.

At nine-thirty the Chapel was filled with relatives and friends of the young ladies who were to take part in the Ceremony. Impressive and inspiring was the procession of twenty white-robed brides, each with a dainty little attendant, moving up the wide aisle to the priedieux arranged at the front of the chapel. As the clergy took their places in the Sanctuary, one noted that the high altar with its added loveliness of festal flowers and lights, formed a perfect setting and background, while later the music and singing of the Sisters' Choir lent a note of other-worldliness to the solemn beauty of the whole.

After the chanting of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* and the prayers for the blessing of the Habits of the young aspirants, Reverend Father Lynch, S.J., who had given the preparatory Retreat, delivered the sermon, choosing for his text: "We are able . . . !" He dwelt on the life of sacrifice required of those who follow the call to Religion, and showed how the voluntary gift of themselves made by the young ladies before him, had a parallel in that of the Apostles when they declared themselves ready to suffer with Christ, in spite of all the weaknesses of their nature. He extended congratulations not only to the Novices, but also to their parents and families who by their sacrifice had done their share to make possible the present fulfillment of God's plans.

Right Reverend W. A. McCann, assisted by Reverend C. J. Mulvihill, conducted the Ceremony, the young brides responding in unison to the questions of ritual, then given permission to exchange their worldly dress for the Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, they left the Chapel in reverent procession as they had entered, and on their return dressed as Religious, were given their new names and knelt for the blessing of the Officiant. Reverend L. Murray, cousin of one of the novices, was celebrant of the Mass which followed.

Those who received the Habit are: Sister M. Marcelline (Miss Winnifred O'Mara, St. Catharines); Sister Mary Benedict (Miss Anne Marie Passer, Grimsby, Ontario); Sister Mary Regis (Miss Muriel Nelson, Toronto); Sister Mary Edmund (Miss Mary Gibbons, Belle Ewart); Sister M. Rosella (Miss Mary Dowling, Stayner); Sister M. Jacqueline (Miss Norine Faragher, Toronto); Sister M. Francis (Miss Grace Sauve, Toronto); Sister Anthony Marie (Miss Bernadette Dalton, Toronto); Sister Mary Ambrose (Miss Mary Jane Dwyer, Toronto); Sister M. St. Leo (Miss Mary Theresa Leonard, Toronto); Sister M. Ermelinda (Miss Virginia Varley, Toronto); Sister Veronica Marie (Miss Clare Abraham, Halifax); Sister M. St. Lawrence (Miss Sarah Haggarty, Sudbury); Sister M. Elizabeth Anne (Miss Teresa Heenan, Colgan); Sister Mary Carol (Miss Mary Lemire, Toronto); Sister M. Agnes Clare (Miss Norma Young, Winnipeg); Sister Marilyn (Miss Patricia Connaughton, East Kildonan, Manitoba); Sister Mary Philip (Miss Margaret Needham, Vancouver); Sister Mary Gabriel (Miss Madeline McAvoy, Saskatoon); Sister M. Consilia (Miss Doreen Bearchell, Calgary).

Among the clergy present, besides those already mentioned were: Right Reverend M. W. Cullinane; Right Reverend A. E. McQuillen; Very Reverend J. M. Clair; Very Reverend C. F. Sullivan, C.Ss.R.; Reverend D. J. O'Connor; Reverend R. P. Walsh; Reverend L. A. Markle; Reverend W. J. Roach, C.S.B.; Reverend J. F. Corrigan; Reverend F. Pennylegion; Reverend J. Fullerton; Reverend P. Dwyer; Reverend B. A. O'Donnell; Reverend A. McNicholl; Reverend L. Smyth; Reverend R. Egan; Reverend A. Malone; Reverend E. MacGuigan, S.J.; Reverend J. F. McCaffrey, S.P.; Reverend M. Doherty, S.J.; Reverend E. Meyer, C.Ss.R.; Reverend M. Donovan, C.Ss.R.; Reverend W. J. O'Flaherty, C.Ss.R.; Reverend F. P. Cunerty, C.Ss.R.; Reverend L. McCann, C.S.B.; Reverend R. J. MacDonald, C.S.B.; Reverend V. J. Morrison, S.F.M.; Reverend J. L. Beal, S.F.M.; Reverend W. V. Egan; Reverend F. Smythe; Reverend G. Breen;

Reverend H. Clarkson; Reverend J. O'Driscoll; Reverend P. Attallah; Reverend M. H. Delaney.

On Easter Tuesday the Community celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Sister M. Evarista at the Mother House. For this joyful day of laureation and thanksgiving, no more appropriate time could have been chosen than the Easter solemnity whose whole liturgy reflects joy and triumph in jubilant harmonies from Organ and Choir.

Truly, our Sister Jubilarian, pausing in gratitude to survey the graces of sixty years in religion, might well repeat the words of the Psalmist: "Alleluia! This is the day that the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it!" For, during her many happy years in the religious life, (many of which were spent in teaching in the separate schools in and near Toronto), Sister has been receiving a wealth of blessing that enrich her life and earning through consecrated work, precious 'diamonds' to beautify her heavenly crown.

No wonder, then, that the atmosphere of our whole Convent was one of gladness and exultation. The whiteness of the Easter lilies on the altar was enhanced by delicate gold blossoms mingled with them and by sparkling lights. The singing of the sisters' choir was jubilant with Alleluias and Hosannas artistically rendered.

Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Excellency, Bishop B. I. Webster, assisted by Msgr. E. Brennan, V.G., as Arch-Priest, Rev. J. Timmons, C.S.B., as Deacon and Rev. J. Conway, C.S.B., as Sub-Deacon. Basilian Scholastics acted as Master of Ceremonies, Mitre and Crozier Bearers and Acolytes.

Many Sisters and friends called on this day of Jubilee to greet Sister, who was the recipient of kind messages of congratulation and prayer from far and near. Although in rather delicate health for the past few years, Sister has preserved her light-hearted, serene, happy spirit, and so enjoyed to the full the unique glorious celebration of her Diamond Jubilee, a sweet foretaste of the Eternal Jubilee in Heaven.

We regret the omission in our March issue of the name of a well known and well beloved priest of the archdiocese, Right Reverend Monsignor Alfred McQuillan. St. Joseph's Lilies offers belated but most sincere congratulations on a well merited honour bestowed upon this worthy priest by His Holiness.

OBITUARIES**Sister Mary Harold**

On March 13, Sister Mary Harold died suddenly at St. Patrick's Orphanage, Montreal.

The deceased Sister, born in Montreal, Mary Frances Hogan, was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Hogan. She received her education in the Convents of the Sisters of St. Anne, obtaining a Superior Teacher's Certificate. She taught two years in her native city and a successful teaching career was opened to her. The Religious Life had, however, a stronger attraction and she left home to follow God's call, by entering the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in July, 1924. On the completion of her Novitiate, she was assigned a class in the College School, her talent and success as a teacher being quite beyond the ordinary. Shortly after her Final Profession, she was stricken with an unusual malady — hers was to be an Apostolate of Suffering.

Strong, direct and absolutely sincere in all her dealings with others, Sister Mary Harold was not weak with herself — obliged to submit to one painful operation after another and then to endure long periods of convalescence, she was always eager to use her small quota of recovered strength in the service of the Community. Her greatest desire was to be able to teach again, and in September of last year she was happy to be given a small class in St. Patrick's Orphanage. When after a few months of almost "perfect" work, pain overtook her once more, she faced the trial with customary heroism and spoke hopefully of being on duty in a few days, while in the same breath she acknowledged that her sufferings were so intense she would be glad to die if God so willed. As in the past, she sought strength in her daily reception of the Blessed Eucharist and her Viaticum was the Holy Communion, so eagerly received that Saturday morning just a few hours before she died. A life such as Sister Mary Harold's from the point of view of faith, is truly blessed. We cannot measure the extent of her Apostolate of suffering and prayer, but we are certain that through her gentle influence, many knew a deeper appreciation of simple faith, cheerful and heroic love.

Sister Mary Alban

On March 29, God called to Himself another beloved member, when Sister Mary Alban died at St. Joseph's Hospital. Although ill for a few weeks, and extremely weak after an operation on Holy Thursday, her condition seemed quite

satisfactory, and thus the news of her death came as a shock to every one.

The deceased Sister, formerly Nina Hennessy, a daughter of Mrs. Anna Hennessy and the late Mr. Thomas Hennessy, was born and brought up in Sudbury, Ont. She received her high school education as a resident pupil of St. Joseph's College-School and later attended Toronto Normal School. She entered St. Joseph's Novitiate in 1915 and for over 30 years was engaged in teaching in various city schools in Penetanguishene, and in Barrie and for one year in Winnipeg, while for six years she filled the office of Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Oshawa. On account of an exceptional talent for dealing with little children, hers was the rare privilege of holding a primary class throughout her career as teacher and almost every year she had the honor of preparing 40 or more little ones for First Holy Communions. Her work in the class room was ever in perfect accord with a simple unwavering effort to be faithful to the least details of her obligations of her state and the same qualities of mind and heart that endeared her to every little child with whom she came in contact, won the lasting affection and confidence of her Sisters in Religion. While her death is a great loss to the teaching profession, it is even a greater loss to the Community.

Sister M. Josepha

On April 2, while the holy oil of the last anointing was still upon her, Sister M. Josepha of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, succumbed to a heart attack at St. Michael's Hospital, after an illness of a few months.

Adelaide Harvey, later Sister Josepha, was born in Toronto, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey, and was reared in St. Mary's Parish, where her mother's family, the Landrevilles, were among the oldest and most highly respected parishioners.

In her 21st year she entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and during the 39 years of her religious life she was engaged in the different works and houses of the Community, having spent a number of years in St. Joseph's Convent, Prince Rupert, and later in St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C. Sister Josepha was undoubtedly one of the most capable and versatile members her Community ever received, and, until her recent illness, was unsparing and indefatigable in the use of her many talents; not the least important of her services to her Sisters was the efficient management of their summer home at Atherley, of which she was in charge during the summer months for the past three years.



ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1947

Honourary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

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President

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The new gymnasium was a scene of gaiety on Saturday, May 1st, when the Alumnae held a Spring Fair and Bazaar. Brightly decorated booths displayed home cooking, fancy goods and parcels gaily wrapped in the school colours, yellow and brown, which were a feature of the Touch and Take table. Bingo games and a penny toss entertained the crowds, who also patronized a tea room set up in the cafeteria. Tea, sandwiches and delicious cakes were served from a beautifully set table presided over by Mrs. Mary Furlong. Cokes and eskimo pies were dispensed in the gym.

The big feature of the afternoon was the drawing for the embroidered table cloth which was donated by Sister Superior, and raffled in aid of a Home Economics Department which is being inaugurated in the College School. It was won by Miss Marguerite Smith, a student of Grade XIII at this

school. A pair of hand knitted socks, raffled by the Fancy Goods table, was won by Mrs. Madeline Fraser, while Miss Miriam Walsh was the winner of the lovely floral centre from the tea table, which was raffled at the end of the afternoon.

The Spring Fair was convened by the Alumnae executive under the direction of Miss Mable Abrey, our president.

Marie Tisdale, Treasurer.

NOTES

Joan and Patricia Starr made a quick trip to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras celebrations.

Katherine Flahiff left Toronto in the early Spring to try her luck in New York. Latest report says she is now working for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Adele McGuane is now living in San Francisco — has a position with the Mark Hopkins Hotel there.

Ann McCarthy with her sister Geraldine, a graduate of St. Michael's Hospital, spent a lovely spring holiday in New York City.

We welcome Hilda Sullivan of Peterboro to Toronto. Hilda has a very new and very grand position here.

Official representatives of our Alumnae at the C.F.C.A. convention, which is being held in Vancouver during the latter part of August, are Sr. Mary Augusta and Miss Mable Abrey. Among others who are planning to attend are Miss Agnes Foley, Mrs. J. A. Thompson and Miss Miriam Walsh.

Miss Barbara O'Neill from Quebec came to Toronto for the wedding of Mary McDermott.

Our Best Wishes to—

Monica Reynolds who was married in Newman Chapel to Mr. Thomas Robert Walsh, on Saturday, May 1st. Her sister, Mrs. Donald Tudhope, was her only attendant.

Margaret Mary McConvey who was married to Mr. Thomas Ambrose O'Neill on Saturday, November 23, in St. Patrick's Church, San Diego, California.

Mabel Rosemary Keenan who was married to Mr. Robert Duncan Pringle on Saturday, April 10th, in Sacred Heart Church, Hamilton.

Mary McDermott who was married to Mr. George Kenney in Blessed Sacrament Church, on April 10.

Rosemary Laprairie, whose marriage to James MacKenzie took place at Holy Rosary Church, on May 8th. Jacqueline Laprairie was her sister's only attendant.

Congratulations to—

Mr. and Mrs. Millar Inwood (Eileen Phelan) on the birth of twin sons, Michael and Millar, at St. Michael's Hospital, March 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Rogers (Norah Phelan) on the birth of a son, Gerald Arthur, at St. Michael's Hospital, February 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Walton (Elda Teolis) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Trimble (Mary Dunn) on the birth of their son.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCann (Theresa Knowlton) on the birth of their daughter, Mary Jane.

Dr. and Mrs. Malo (Pauline Knowlton) of Kingston, on the birth of their son, John Bernard.

Mrs. Isabel Mosteller on the happy occasion of the reception of her two youngest daughters, Judith and Sue, into the Church on May 8th and their First Holy Communion on May 9th.

We Extend Our Sympathy To—

Mrs. Isabel (Abbott) Mosteller on the death of her husband, Chester Mosteller. Four of the Mosteller girls have attended St. Joseph's — two are still with us.

Mrs. C. F. Riley (Rosalie Harris) on the death of her mother, Mrs. Rose Harris, on April 5th.

Mrs. W. Wallace (Lillian), Mrs. O. J. Gagnier (Eileen) and Mrs. Frank Brown (Francis) on the death of their brother, Frederick Louis Devaney, on March 30th.

The relatives of Mr. John Elmsley of Buffalo, and of Mr. Claude Elmsley of Thornhill who died recently. The Sisters of St. Joseph remember ever gratefully the grandfather of the deceased, the Honourable John Elmsley, who, in the early days of their establishment in Toronto, among many other benefactions to Catholic Institutions, donated a part of his Clover Hill estate as a site of the present Convent and School.

Sister M. Concepta of St. Joseph's Hospital and to Misses Kathleen and Matilda Ziehr and the other members of the bereaved family on the death of their father.

Sister M. Loyola of the House of Providence and to the other members of the Carey family on the death of their mother, Mrs. D. Carey.

Miss Yvonne Craig on the death of her father, Mr. Wm. Craig, of Toronto.

Sister St. Claude and her family on the death of their father.

To the bereaved relatives of Mr. John Chipperfield, Mr. A. J. Kennedy of Vancouver, B.C., Mr. John Allen, Mr. M. F. Mooney, Miss Rose Scollan, Mr. P. Kieran, Mr. J. McAlpine, Mrs. McKnight, Vancouver, B.C., Miss Alice Teefy, John Hurley, Mr. Finucan, Mr. Maurice Farrell, Miss Alice Joyce, Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Ann Woods.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

When I first came to Fairbanks, Alaska, I had one ambition — to have a ride with a dog team. A week ago last Saturday, Bert and Mollie arranged for me to realize that ambition. The day was clear and cold. Mike Agbab, a local citizen, was to be our driver and when we arrived at the kennels he proceeded to hitch up the team. Mike tied the sled to a hitching post then brought out the leader, "Boots," and hitched her up. Then came six more dogs in pairs and finally we were ready to load up. Ruth and I got in the sled, bundled up in a fine fur rug and off we went. The kennels are located on the bank of the Chena Slough (pronounced 'slew' but I think 'sluff' would be more appropriate, after seeing garbage, dead animals, etc., strewn along the ice for miles. This all goes out when the ice breaks up but I would hate to live at "out" if all the the debris gathers at any one spot). We went down the steep bank to the ice on the river, and then made a U turn to go back down the river. As we came along even with the kennels again, the dogs decided they didn't want to take us for a ride and headed up the bank for home — straight up. Mike couldn't hold them back as the brake on the sled wouldn't hold on the ice, so Ruth, Mike, and I proceeded down river without the aid of dogs or sled. A crowd had gathered on the bank to watch our take-off, so were highly amused at our undignified positions. We had a camera with us hoping to get some pictures, but it landed in a snowbank and got all wet so we left it behind in the event of a similar accident. We cracked the sled and had to hitch up a new one, and we took off once again down the river. We were out about an hour and a half and covered around ten miles. The dogs are intelligent and move to left and right at the slightest word from the driver. When an obstacle looms up in front of them, they would turn around and look at Mike to see what he was going to do. These dogs were all pets, but some of the Indians around here do not treat their dogs so kindly.

The housing situation here is desperate — no houses —

no apartments — no hotel rooms — in fact nothing. Where they will put the tourists that do arrive this summer is a wonder to me. They are running ads in the paper all the time for people with extra rooms to register them — but even the extra rooms are all filled.

Next time I'll write you about "Learning to Ski" but to date I can cover that in one sentence. "Fell down again." Oh yes! I am now secretary to the Commanding Officer.

Adele McGuane

* * *

. . . . I visited Isobel Mosteller on their farm in Pennsylvania. It is situated on top of the Alleghany Mountains and is very lovely. We seemed to be enveloped by the sky up there and at nights the stars seemed so low one could grasp them off. It was conducive to contemplation and the possession of one's soul.

This little vacation meant much to me, after my stay in the hospital following Mother's death. Isobel was a delightful hostess, and having so much in common, there was a lot of talking done. We visited Akron, Ohio, several times, and I was happy to see old friends again.

Mabel Keenan.

We regret an error in the March issue which stated that the Sisters of St. Joseph of Peterborough were now stationed on Manitoulin Island. It should have read that the Sisters of St. Joseph of Sault Ste. Marie were on Manitoulin Island.

A S NIGHT descends,
My thought transcends
The very limits of the sky
I kneel in prayer,
To Him I bare
My soul, and all its love.
He smiles on me,
And though I see
Him not with mortal eyes,
My soul doth rise
Beyond the skies,
And there, He comforts me.

Patricia Mitchell



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES, 1948

FIRST ROW (left to right)—**Mary Adams**, Cornwall, Ont., Pass Arts; **Alice Breunen**, Midland, Ont., Pass Arts; **Eleanore Baigent**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Kathleen Cahill**, Warsaw, New York, Pass Arts; **Gloria Chisholm**, Goderich, Ont., Honour Chemistry; **Wilma Conlin**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts.

SECOND ROW—**Patricia Connolly**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Theresa Covello**, Port Arthur, Ont., Pass Arts; **Therese Davis**, Sudbury, Ont., Pass Arts; **Marion Downer**, Peterborough, Ont., Music; **Dorothy Dermody**, Saskatchewan, Pass Arts; **Rita Emery**, Penetang, Ont., Pass Arts.

THIRD ROW—**Frances Fulton**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Dorothy Fraser**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Marie Flanagan**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Kathleen Flannery**, Toronto, Ont., English Language and Literature; **Najla Farah**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Bertha Haffa**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts.

FOURTH ROW—**Helen Harber**, Kitchener, Ont., Honour Philosophy and English; **Maureen Hickey**, Peterborough, Ont., English Language and Literature; **Marianna Korman**, Welland, Ont., Pass Arts; **Mary Margaret Langford**, Waterdown, Ont., Pass Arts; **Lenore Mackie**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Helen Marcelin**, San Fernando, Trinidad, B.W.I., Pass Arts.

FIFTH ROW—**Helen McDermott**, Oakville, Ont., Pass Arts; **Molly McGroarty**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Mary McMahon**, Belleville, Ont., Pass Arts; **Sheilagh O'Leary**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Beatrice Pfeifer**, Trenton, Ont., Pass Arts; **Ruth-Ann Rashotte**, Tweed, Ont., Pass Arts.

SIXTH ROW—**Jean Ross**, Toronto, Ont., Modern History and Modern Languages; **Margaret Sneath**, Welland, Ont., Household Economics; **Mary Elizabeth Stapleton**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Patricia Sylvain**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts; **Elizabeth Troloppe**, Port Sydney, Ont., Pass Arts; **Joan Walsh**, Toronto, Ont., English Language and Literature.

SEVENTH ROW—**Phyllis Weiler**, Mildmay, Ont., General Course; **Angela Wilson**, Ajax, Ont., Pass Arts; **Nyasta Zachanko**, Toronto, Ont., Pass Arts.





Thank You We are all deeply grateful indebted to Professor Edgar Prestage of London, England, for his invaluable gift to the College School Library. Professor Prestage sent us a handsomely bound volume of "The Voice of Poland"—a work of intense interest to all freedom loving peoples the world over. The March issue of the Lilies had already gone to press when that very welcome "parcel from Britain" arrived, hence the tardiness of our THANK YOU which is none the less sincere and heartfelt.

* * *

Basketball The School enjoyed some thrilling basketball games this year in the gymnasium. Our first game was against Cathedral High School from Hamilton. Later games were played against Mimico High School and Loretto Abbey.

* * *

Film As a Pre-Lenten entertainment the girls of V-A secured for presentation the film "Stanley and Livingstone." Generous proceeds supported the missions.

* * *

Fashions In late February Third form girls took part in a fashion show presented by the Dominion Pattern Company in the auditorium.

* * *

Rosary The election in Italy on April 18 brought forth prayers from all parts of the world. Several girls recited the rosary in chapel during the week before the elections took place.

* * *

Candy Sale On April 14 the music department held a candy sale; the proceeds to be spent for musical equipment.

* * *

Choral On March 16th the Junior Choral class gave a program of Irish songs, recitations and a piano trio.

Raffle The raffle in aid of a Household Science Department for the school absorbed mission interest. A beautiful tablecloth was won by Marguereta Smith.

* * *

Debates Second forms have had a series of debates. Under the direction of Miss Greenan, the debating club met every second week. A public debate was held on April 19 on "Girls dress to please boys"; Louise Creelman and Catherine Witmer spoke for the affirmative, Ann Somerville and Marjorie Gallagher upheld the negative.

ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL GRADUATION PROGRAMME

May 26th, 1948

Hail to Thee, Joseph.....School Hymn

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.....*Handel*
(Adapted by *Alfred Whitehead*)

Hark! Hark! The Lark.....*Schubert*

CONFERRING OF HONOURS ON THE GRADUATES

Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*Bach*
(Arranged by *Gillies Whittaker*)

The Galway Piper*Percy Fletcher*
(Arranged by *Charles Manney*)

VALEDICTORY

Miss Gwendolyne Marie Smith

Evening Prayer (from Hansel and Gretel).....*Humperdinck*

A Joyous Song.....*Robert Gibb*

ADDRESS TO GRADUATES

Rev. J. E. MacGuigan, S.J.

GOD SAVE THE KING

Choir.....Senior High School

CHORAL INSTRUCTOR AND CONDUCTOR

Godfrey Ridout

Benediction.....St. Joseph's Convent Chapel

VALEDICTORY

*"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced
in God my Saviour."*

Although our Lady spoke these memorable words nearly two thousand years ago, they seem to strike the key-note of today, the note of joy and thanksgiving. The happiness so apparent in our eyes is more than the reflection of the glamour and excitement of graduation day. It is the emanation of an interior joy, a welling-up from God's gift, the gift of a Catholic education, which we know is a way of life.

Catholics have kept the beauties of their faith to themselves too long. Our Lady has recently sent forth an urgent appeal which we graduates of 1948 intend to answer. For this mission we have been well trained. Above all, we have been taught to lead. The chaos of the world is evidence of the crying need for leaders, leaders who can direct to a lasting and genuine peace, that peace and good-will among men which is a foretaste of heaven. Our Lady has given us the solution directly through her apparitions at Fatima. Her solution is prayer and penance. She is calling us to lead the world back to Christ and to Christ-like living, back to peace. To do this is simpler and surer and nearer than we think. The prayer she asks is the Rosary and the penance is the self-denial of daily duty done for the love of God. We are ready. We have been taught more than theorems and declensions. We have been trained to face the times in which we live by a complete dedication of ourselves to our Christian vocation.

But, on this day we not only look forward. Our minds and hearts go back over our school years. We're going to miss the school, the friendly rivalry of the basketball games, the good times we've shared in class, the plays, oh, just everything that goes to make up our happy school life. Above all do we regret the scattering of our friends, as each follows her chosen path, but the fact that we have made enduring friendships makes us truly happy.

Mere words cannot express our gratitude to our teachers and to our parents who have made possible our achievement of to-day. What can we say that will repay years of patient effort? God alone knows what sacrifices you, our dear parents, have made and He will reward you. You can be justly proud and grateful that your daughters are graduating to-day. And the Sisters of St. Joseph seek no further reward than to see their charges blossoming into womanhood patterned on Mary whom they have kept constantly before their eyes. We have already

expressed our thanks to our Best Friend this morning in our beloved Convent chapel when our entire school assisted at Mass. And, we shall bring this happy day to a close by returning to that chapel to receive His benediction on the new life opening before us.

Indeed, we graduates can truly say,

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour . . . For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name."

Gwendolyne Marie Smith

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

Graduates, 1948

Having tried two other schools, **Alyce Anderson** has come to the conclusion that St. Joseph's is the best school in the world. Hiking and camping with the Guides take up most of this pretty Miss's leisure time. Whatever her plans for the future, we wish her success.

Prefect of the boarders, a basketball and skating enthusiast, **Jeanne Beauchamp** hails from Midland. Playing the piano and accordion with her Dad's orchestra, boating, swimming and camping are her favorite diversions. Best of luck for the future, Jeanne.

Judging by **Hélène Berthon's** good marks, homework is her spare-time joy. Mathematics are her favourites. Hélène has her hands full with a lively brother and young sister. Thanks to capable instruction, she skis well. Hélène loves all sports—and plays basketball and tennis regularly. There is always a library book on loan with Hélène's card in it, and it is always a book well worth the reading. Pass Arts at U. of T. is on the agenda for next year.

One part energy and one part smile—that's our **Elizabeth Boyle**, dynamic prefect of VA and business manager of the Hummer. A keen history student, a skilful basketball player, a junior tennis champion, "Liz" will make a success in whatever field she enters.

Music! Anything from Bach to Boogie appeals to **Mary Bricco**. As you'd expect of the Student Symphony representative for St. Joseph's, she loves good symphonies. Her talented fingers are as much at home with pencil and knitting needles

GRADUATES OF 1948 — ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, TORONTO

TOP ROW (From left to right)—Kathleen Wallach, Rita Ronan, Joyce Sims, Patricia Counter, Marie Clemens, Elizabeth Fraser, Marie Howorth, Jeanne Beauchamp, Shirley Ann Helt, Margaret Noble, Joan Kelly, Marlon Sheldon, Patricia Kelly, Madeline Revells, Therese McElroy, Elizabeth McCarthy, Margaret McCurdy.

SECOND ROW—Elizabeth Boyle, Ruth Wimpenny, Mary Gradson, Gwendolynne Smith, Helen Gardner, Ann Sullivan, Janice Warle, Marie Gorrie, Alice Anderson, Mary Agnes Garvey, Dorothy Glichrst, Mary Jane Radey, Patricia Stables, Evelyn Casciato, Alice McDowell, Rose Mary Ellard, Mary Elizabeth Keogh.

FRONT ROW—Mary Bricco, Rita Patenaude, Patricia Carmichael, Heleine Berthon, Lorraine Chapeski, Geraldine Grady, Ross Creelman, Margaret Tipping, Carolyn Gratton, Elaine Fitzpatrick, Marlon Mahon, Anne Midghall, Joan O'Hearn, Molly Meraw, Barbara Wriscinski, Faith Lee.

as on 88 keys, and she turns out such varied things as Eega Beevas, doodles, diamond socks, and music, in mass production. When not studying for her A.R.C.T. or teaching music, she plays hockey, baseball or goes skiing. We hope she secures that position as music specialist. If not, she would like nursing.

Patricia Carmichael is a late-comer to the ranks of the Boarders. Although her parents have moved to Montreal, Pat stayed to finish her five years at St. Joseph's, but will rejoin them and take an Arts course at McGill. Being a boarder should give her time for her favourite pastimes, reading and sleeping, but where does the dancing come in?

You can't trip up **Evelyn Casciato** when it comes to History. But then, she excels in all her subjects. A sense of humour and a love of all sports, and especially hockey, go hand in hand with a love of reading and knitting. The latter she gets while baby-sitting. Evelyn hasn't definitely decided her future, but she is considering being a nurse.

Slim, blue-eyed and fair, **Lorraine Chapeski** has that indefinable something so often called personality. Oil-painting, her favourite hobby, playing the Hawaiian guitar her favourite diversion, and Medicine at U. of T. her pet ambition.

Marie Clemens is proof positive that northern air is beneficial. Before she came to us from Timmins, this fun-loving boarder spent three years at the Academy in North Bay. Biology classes are kept lively with Marie's questions. The future looks like a bright one. Good luck, Marie!

French!—That's **Patricia Counter's** hobby, pastime, main interest and what-have-you. Still, it doesn't seem to interfere with Pat's other subjects, music, debating or enjoying movies and fast action on the ice. In the summer Pat is off to a cottage at Grand Bend where she is busy with relatives and roller skating. Her special talent — sewing. Will "fashion be your business", Pat?

We predict an active life for **Ross Creelman** at U. of T. if her five years at St. Joseph's are any indication. As you all know, Ross has a column in the Hummer, is also V-A's sport rep. and naturally loves all sports, whether at school or outside. Cooking, knitting, reading and even being a member of the Rosedale Tennis Club—nothing can cure Ross' dread of blue Monday and Trig.

Commonly known as "Little One" around the school. **Rosemary Ellard** is no small success when it comes to skating. For several years now she has been cutting fancy figures at Varsity and appearing in carnivals. You'd never guess to see her at

a party that she loves to get her nose into a book or to collect records of the classics. Rosemary likes all sports with badminton taking first place. French is her favourite subject.

That Arts course at U. of T. that **Elaine Fitzpatrick** takes next year will certainly include French. Her stay in Quebec last summer was a great help to her fluency in French and incidentally a lot of fun. We have watched for five years to find one speck of dust on Elaine's immaculate uniform—and never did. School days have evenings and week-ends that are school-less, and Elaine uses them to the full.

Elizabeth Fraser is tops in everything in general and Algebra in particular. A lover of sports as well as a good student, Elizabeth will succeed in whatever field she chooses. Will it be nursing, Elizabeth?

Regina Helen Gardiner is an impressive name for such a quiet, sweet young thing as this. She loves to listen to good music, to sketch, play tennis, ride and swim. Helen has written a good deal in the Hummer, the Lilies and her diary.

The name of **Garvey** is fast becoming a tradition at the school since **Mary Agnes** has spent eight years here and has two sisters following. Secretary of the Student Council and Hummer Representative, she has done much to further school spirit. Her sunny disposition has endeared her to teachers and classmates.

Dorothy Gilchrist is one of those people who get a lot done without making a fuss about it. In her quiet way she has made a good many friends during her five years at St. Joseph's. Being photographer for the Hummer is a pleasure to Dodie, 'cause she's a regular shutter-bug. The C.Y.O. committee of O.L.P.H. keeps Dorothy busy, but she still finds time for golf, basketball, tennis, swimming, ping-pong and above all, working to become a linguist.

Marie Gorrie is an all-round personality girl. Horse-back riding, tennis and swimming are her main sports. Marie can do magic things with a knitting needle, is equally skilled with a crochet hook, and turns out a fine array of fancy work. Supervising a playground in the summer is good training for one who intends to teach grade school. Her pupils will probably get lots of compositions, for English is her favourite subject.

Mary Gradson shares the love of dancing, reading and sports with other graduates, and she is the only philatelist (stamp collector to you), in the class of '48. Just think, you may be able to say you know her "when", when she becomes

a famous journalist. C.Y.O. and Sodality keep Mary busy around St. Mary's.

Tall, dark haired and vivacious **Geraldine Grady** is a general favourite both in the day and boarding school. Prefect of the resident students, active in the Sodality, studious when 'need's be', Gerry enjoys life to the utmost. Good luck for the future!

Is there anyone who doesn't know **Carolyn Gratton**, live-wire editor of the Hummer, and personality-plus girl? At an early age she substituted the typewriter for the piano and has been tapping out words ever since. Since she **must** leave St. Joe's after five short (to Carolyn, at least) years, she is off to the U. of T. for the English Language and Literature course. There's not much this lively Miss isn't interested in, but she specializes in visiting printing plants, swinging a golf club, growing vegetables, camp life in general and canoe trips in particular. "Kingswood" seems to solve Carolyn's problem of finding new books to read, people to meet and pictures to paint.

"Oh, for more time!" is the plea of busy **Shirley Anne Heit**. Almost any accomplishment you can name is included on her list—painting, singing, cooking, gardening, playing rummy and bridge. As a member of the Granite Club, Shirley plays badminton and bowls. To her credit can be added skiing, sailing, hiking and eight years at St. Joe's.

Marie Howorth, Vice-Prefect of the Student Council, has won a warm spot in the hearts of all with her quiet smile and her enjoyment of a joke. Marie's leadership extends to St. Joseph's Sodality where she is a member of the executive. Tennis champs run in the family. As well as participating in basketball, baseball and winter sports, Marie likes listening to plays, painting and photography. Perhaps Marie will be able to realize her dream of travelling in those teachers' two-month holidays.

Everybody here's seen **Patricia Kelly**, for whenever there's anything doing among the Boarders Pat is sure to be on hand. As a darkie minstrel she shows great promise, but a career in law awaits her. Good luck, Pat, and God bless you!

Joan Keilty claims that she has sat at some time or other in every classroom at St. Joseph's. French, German and Spanish were her choices when it came to planning her course at St. Joseph's—so she can answer you back in any language! She is a loyal St. Mike's fan. For assignments that somehow don't get done and classes that somehow get missed, Joan's excuses are classics.

Mary Elizabeth Keogh is the drive behind VB's mission activities (e.g. shoe shine idea!) and is assistant Business Manager of the Hummer, and is not averse to a Rye waltz or a polka. Mary enjoys life in an apartment with her two sisters during the school year and with as much zest, life on the Keogh farm near Colgan during holidays. Thermometers, charts, anatomy classes—that is where we shall find Mary next year.

Faith Lee's brilliant record in all subjects during her five years at St. Joseph's will qualify her well for her career as a teacher. "Bunny" directs VB's mission work and it really keeps her hopping. What she may lack in height she makes up for in energy. She is noted for talking almost, but not quite as quickly as she thinks. History, Latin, Algebra, and on the lighter side, reading and knitting, are her favourites. As well as knowing how to listen appreciatively to music, Bunny can produce it on the piano.

You're sure to get a saucy retort if you tease **Elizabeth McCarthy**. The twinkle in her eyes lets you know it's all in fun. Next year Elizabeth won't have to worry about those math. problems—she can let her comptometer work for her. Liz likes cycling, Sunday walks, tobogganing, dancing, knitting white cable stitch sweaters, and just plain having a good time with the crowd. St. Joe's was well-represented on Simpson's Student Council by Elizabeth.

Where to start on the list of **Margaret McCurdy's** activities is the problem. At O.L.S. you'll find Marg. singing with the choir or dancing at C.Y.O. At school, as well as keeping up a good scholastic record, she plays with the form basketball team and is Assistant Editor of the Hummer. Writing for the Student Weekly and the Lilies was good experience. With a horse of her very own at the McCurdy's farm, she is naturally an enthusiastic rider. Her choice is a pre-Med. course at the U. of T.

Vim, vigour and vitality—that's **Alice McDowell!** Whether it's dissecting a worm or hypnotizing a frog, you won't find Al. backing down. They're looking forward to her arrival at St. Michael's Hospital School of Nursing. On Saturdays she lingers in the lingerie department at Simpson's. Alice also does sewing and shellcraft and takes part in basketball, baseball, Sodality and C.Y.O. activities.

It is five years since **Theresa McElroy** came to St. Joseph's! A good student with a keen sense of humour and enthusiastic in all sports, Theresa likes fun and has many friends. In business or in teaching she will be equally successful. Which is it going to be, Theresa?

Marion Mahon topped off a four year Matriculation course with a year of commercial training, and will likely be paying income tax next year. "Demure" is your first guess, but there is more than that to Marion's charm, and it may be her gentle ways and happy expression. Happy days, Marion!

Mary Meraw is her real name, but somehow Molly suits this colleen better. A pert look and laughing eyes are Molly's. She is going on to St. Michael's in the Fall to train for a Laboratory Technician. Let's hope she doesn't mix any formulas with her recipes and knitting patterns. In her leisure time Molly goes in for dancing, skating and movies.

The bounce in **Anne Midghall's** step is a give-away that she's an athlete. Miss Midghall will answer just as smilingly to Midge, Madge, or Tom as to Anne. Her fast footwork and sure shots are good reasons why St. Joe's is tops in basketball this year. V-B couldn't have a sportier sports rep. Anne loves to swim and does most of her splashing at the "Y". In the summer, Corpus Christi tennis court is the scene of her action. A Grade X certificate at Toronto Conservatory is one of her treasures.

At present **Margaret Noble** is content with taking up Chemistry—if it's possible for this noble lass to take anything seriously. Her habitat is that desk in the Study Hall that is out of line of the direct vision of the supervisor. Her favourite school activity is buying candy at Mission sales.

Where there's laughter there you're likely to find rosy-cheeked **Joan O'Hearn**. Holy Name is the scene of most of Joan's extra-curricular activities; she is Secretary of the Sodality, a busy worker for the Legion of Mary, and sings with the choir, to say nothing of attending C.Y.O. and playing defense on the girls' hockey team. Cycling and basketball are her favourite sports.

If you find a petite miss wandering through the halls, Braille book in hand and chattering gaily in French, it can be none other than **Rita Patenaude**. Taking drives in the country, especially in the vicinity of Thorold, eating her Mom's cookies, waltzing and polkaing, and auto mechanics are a few of her interests. At school Rita is the class Hummer rep. and enjoys English classes, especially poetry.

Mary Jane Radey ambitions to be a nurse. And a good one she will be, with her gentle ways and cheery manner. As for studying—well, if it must be done, it must be done, sighs she. The Queen of the Ball at St. Joseph's was Mary Jane—looking in her lovely dress as though she might have stepped out of a minuet. Our best wishes for the future are hers.

Dark-haired and ready to smile is **Madeline Revells**. The days are busy with helping her friends solve geometry problems and debating about Communism, and her evenings are left for reading, tunes on the piano, volleyball and basketball for St. Anne's C.Y.O. Of course, there are classes during the day, and homework in the evening too!

She may be quiet about most things, but get her started about Celgan and **Rita Ronan** is good for hours. Of course Rita enjoys being a boarder and taking part in school activities, but her heart belongs to the farm. Up north there are hunting trips with her brother, country dances, and—well, just ask her. Painting and collecting bits of verse that appeal to her are Rita's hobbies.

Marion Sheldon is a quiet-seeming Marion, but when she says it, it is worth the saying. From Matriculation to Secretarial Course she went, and next year some business office will have one efficient (and ornamental) stenographer the more.

Quiet, soft-spoken, with a refreshing look of naturalness about her is **Joyce Siras**. From Northern Ontario Joyce found her way to Toronto and eventually to St. Joseph's. Some of us remember her clever character interpretation in "The Pampered Darling," way back in Third Form. Joyce intends to return to St. Joseph's next year to complete her studies.

From St. John's Parish came **Gwen Smith**, to spend five years at St. Joseph's. Clear-eyed, quick to smile, eager to plan and help, interested in people, keen about tennis, horse-back riding, skiing, swimming, bowling—that is Gwen. She is Class Prefect, president of St. John's Sodality, and last, but emphatically not least, the Valedictorian of the class of '48. And should anyone be interested, Gwen's Dad (for whom she keeps house), will tell you that her experiments with the cook book are usually successful.

We don't believe a word of it when **Patricia Stables** says her favourite occupation is sleeping—not after seeing her skiing down the slopes at Scarborough and working (?) at Laura Secord's. She has never been known to snore while skating, though she does have her eyes closed while dancing. Knitting and darning black stockings are among her accomplishments. Pat yearns to wield a thermometer or a test-tube in the future. Ten subjects are good preparation.

Dancing eyes and bubbling laughter and **Ann Sullivan** are synonymous. A keen student, an active Sodalist and a member of the Legion of Mary, Ann's future success is assured. We hope it's Medicine. Is it, Anne?

Margaret Tipping, called Tip by her many friends and lieutenant by the Guides at St. Helen's, is a familiar figure around the school. If you can't find her flying about the halls or directing some class project, she is likely at the piano hard at work on arpeggios. Skiing, camping and working with the Guides and Brownies are tops with Tip, but she's sure to be interested in anything that comes along.

There's an impish twinkle in **Kathleen Wallach's** eye. Never fear—all her jokes are good-natured. Kay enjoys all sports, and is particularly skilled in skiing and also instructs swimming. She likes reading, Chemistry, knitting diamond socks and sniffing the aroma of pipe smoke. A starched white apron and cap are waiting for Kay at the Nurses' Training School.

English, French and Chinese are equally familiar to **Janice Warle**. Even with a full maths. and science course in preparation for the University next year, Jan still finds time for bowling, cycling and badminton. Being chairman of the newly organized "Two-Twenty-Two" Club for Chinese young people is a position which she fills capably.

As well as being active socially, and especially at dances, **Ruth Wimpenny** is a crack forward on the form basketball team. Skiing and skating hold no terrors for this gay Miss either. Chemistry is Ruth's favourite subject and she is planning a future as a lab. technician. She has a pet collection of records and snaps.

Languages make up the greater part of **Barbara Wriscinski's** course. However, Zoology is her favourite subject. That should be a good background for nursing next year. Barbara has been learning about housework the hard way—by doing it. And still she likes cooking! When she's not turning the tables on Lois and Jacky, she turns to swimming, skating or C.Y.O. at St. Mary's.

HOW TO MAKE BUNS

Is there anything more appealing than the smell of buns as you open the door? Just let me tell you how easy it is to make rolls.

First scald 1 cupful of milk (heated until steaming.) Then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful sugar, and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Crumble 1 yeast cake in $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of lukewarm water. Add this to the cooled mixture. Add a beaten egg. Then into this, sift and mix cupfuls of bread flour. Now turn out on the board and knead. This is fun. Put this in a greased bowl and let rise until it is double in bulk. This takes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 hours. Shape into rolls and let rise again. Then bake—and are they good!

Ellen Leonard, X-C, S.J.C.S.

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI

Recently India suffered a great bereavement, in the tragic death of the well loved Hindu leader, Mohandas Gandhi. His life was devoted to trying to raise the oppressed classes, and he freely bestowed his wealth upon the poor. His life of asceticism and his eloquent preachings won for him the name of Mahatma or "Great Soul" and the reputation of being a Saint. This life was ended by his assassination by Nathuram Vinyah on the way to worship. India mourns for a great man. His body was cremated, and the ashes placed in a white urn covered by beautiful flowers. Thousands waited for the passing of the urn which was borne by famous personages of India and placed upon a white vessel, in the river. The ashes were scattered over Ganges River. So was the end of a great man who had devoted himself to aid the lower classes of India.

Doris LaFrance, X-C, S.J.C.S.

A DAY WITH A RADIO

"Good Saturday Morning, everyone," says the announcer with gleeful abandon.

"That does it." I reply from my bed, my voice smothered by mounds of bedclothes. For the past half hour I had been stuffing my ears with cotton batten, ear plugs and a pillow to no avail. I hauled myself from bed. At that point "The All-time Hit Parade" was bellowing lustily. I recognized it as one Al Jolson made twenty years ago. "Really," I thought, "just because Petrillo banned the new records, they have set the world back twenty years."

"Ah, eleven o'clock. I can listen to some soothing music now. But no. My mother wishes to listen to a full hour of soap-box operas. So I sit down to lunch with Lucy Linton, Ma Perkins and 'Portia faces Life.'"

"Oh well", I said, "if Portia can face life so can I."

Norene McCafferty, X-C, S.J.C.S.

COURTESY WEEK

How courteous we were in courtesy week,
Just like ladies and very meek.

Never a slide mark in the hall,

Never a loud or boisterous call,

Always on time and not a delay,

That was the way we started the day.

In class so silent we would be,

The missions were doomed as we paid no fee.

Patience, the virtue practised by all;

Not once our temper did we let fall;

Courtesy we would show on the bus each night,

Trying to do good in everyone's sight;

A help to all was courtesy week,

All received what they wished to seek.

Sue Mosteller, IX-C S.,J.C.S.

EXAMINATIONS

Examinations always herald the coming of report cards. There is a tenseness during examination time that could not go unnoticed and everyone settles down to real work a week or so before the dreaded papers are given out. After they are handed in there is the exchanging of notes on answers and repeated wails of "Oh, I'm sure I failed in that". When finally the papers are marked every girl knows what subjects she has to work harder on and silently, firm resolutions are made to get higher marks the next time.

Helene Lynch, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE MONTH OF OUR MOTHER

May is one of the happiest months in the year, when the flowers bloom in their best. May is the month of Our Lady, and everyone honours Mary by prayer or by using pretty flowers to make a crown for our heavenly Mother.

What an honour it must be for a little flower to be chosen to rest on the head of Our Lady's statue.

Put yourself in Our Lady's garden. Just honour Our Lady yourself. You yourself with flowers from your garden or prayers and good deeds will make the most beautiful crown there is. This crown can be made any time of the year, not just when flowers are in bloom.

Evelyn Pendergast, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

CHANGE OF HEART

Linda sat in her wheel-chair. The door-bell rang. Every day she sat just thinking for a while, before the hateful exercises to strengthen the legs that had been paralyzed in the accident. She had resented the wheel, but now she had grown accustomed to it.

"Strange," she reflected as her mother bustled to answer the door of their new home, "I didn't see that person come up the walk." Just then her mother announced Father James.

He closed the door and they talked for more than an hour. After that talk Linda seemed more eager to do her exercises and indeed was soon walking and growing stronger every day until she could walk as well as ever.

Ruth Deeks, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

THE QUEEREST PERSON I HAVE EVER SEEN

This person is an enormous height and as thin as the handle of a rake, his eyes bulge like a pop-corn ball and he has a long flat nose and thick glasses that keep falling down on his nose. When he laughs his whole body shakes, and his eyes dance and sparkle. His actions are slow and when he walks his shoulders droop. He talks slowly and softly so that it takes him longer than a turtle to say a thing and when he does say it, it's as soft as pussy willows. This person is the queerest one I have ever seen.

Barbara Starr, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

ST. ANNE MY PATRON SAINT

St. Anne belonged to the family of Aaron on her mother's side and her father was of the House of David. St. Joachim took her for a wife. The young couple began their married life at Nazareth.

They had great sorrow for no children came to gladden their hearts. After twenty years of praying God blessed them with a daughter who they were to call Mary.

At three, Mary was taken into the Temple. Six months later St. Joachim died. The exact date of St. Anne's death is unknown but her feast day is July 26th.

"St. Anne pray for us and teach us to love Jesus and Mary with an ever-increasing fervour."

Anne Dulias, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

NATURE'S AWAKENING

Nature has awakened at last from its long sleep. The sun warmly welcomes her, and the robin sings a merry tune, fairly bursting with happiness.

The trees send forth their green buds, and longingly reach forth for the warm sun's rays. The grass begins to grow, and tulips lift their heads sleepily at the touch of the sun's beams. Not far off, the stream gurgles happily, rushing and gushing over the rocks and sending sprays of water into the air. Besides these Mother Nature has awakened the animals.

The bear lumbers from his winter cave in search for food. The rabbits race through the undergrowth and frighten the little deer. The foxes come out from their lairs and blink in the bright sunshine.

All things are alive, and beautiful giving us a promise of a lovely Spring and Summer.

-Louise Groff, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

MAY, THE MONTH OF OUR LADY

As God came into the world through Mary, so the Church encourages its members to go to God through Mary. This is the main reason for choosing one month of the year to excite the people to a greater knowledge of, and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

During May-time many beautiful events take place in the Church, outside of the usual ceremonies. Processions are held in honour of Our Lady, voices are raised in hymns of salutation to her, and she is hailed as "Queen of the May." Acts of consecration of the human race are recited all over the world.

The recitation of the rosary is requested more during this time than ever before. Yes, Our Lady who is our real mother, awaits our prayers and intentions, which are answered in the recitation of the rosary, through the intercession of Her Divine Son, if it be God's Holy Will.

Eleanor Flynn, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

A SPORT STORY

His reading lamp would not work. so the manager of the B—— Baseball Team, telephoned the hotel manager for an electrician.

After an hour of waiting, a tap sounded on the door. Upon opening it, he saw an athletic boy in his late teens on the threshold.

"Are you an electrician?" demanded the red-faced manager.

"Y-y-yess, s-s-sir," came the meek reply.

"Then fix my lamp," ordered the irritated manager.

He fixed the lamp and stood waiting.

"Well, don't just stand there," roared the manager.

Five minutes after the boy's departure a loud knock came to the door, and the manager opened it.

"Where's the light?" asked the big angry man at the door.

"The light was fixed five minutes ago," he was informed.

"Then what are you bothering me for? This is my day off."

"The light is fixed," the manager repeated.

"I heard you the first time," stormed the electrician, and left.

A little later the telephone rang and a quiet voice inquired, "Mr. D——?"

"Speaking."

"Well, I came to visit you an hour ago because I'm your new second baseman, but you threw me out."

"What?" exclaimed the manager, who needed a second baseman, "but you fixed the light."

"Yes, I used to be an electrician back home," exclaimed the boy.

"Now he tells me," groaned the manager.

"I just thought I'd phone and tell you in case the real electrician comes. Good-bye."

"Fresh kid," grumbled the disgusted manager and hung up.

Grace Heggie, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

ROAD SWEEPING

This occupation holds no disadvantages, no long hours of strenuous study, no preparation for examination; all that is required is a strong constitution, an even temperament, a strong will and a placid mind.

It is likely that the same stretch of road may be the only one to be swept day after day, year in, year out. Whilst performing this duty, the sweeper is in contact with life and nature. He sees the beauty of the sky, the signs of Spring, the glory of Summer, richness of Autumn and the cold Winter. His is a lonely life, sweeping on hours, and years whilst his thoughts may dwell upon the wonders of everyday life. His purpose in life is to help maintain the orderliness of the highway; in addition, he helps to regulate people's lives along the road. He is a familiar sight with a friendly word to all who pass his way.

Therese Johnson, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

SUCCESS AS I UNDERSTAND IT

Success is, I think, ordinarily a reward for merit.

We should never hesitate to seek success because we are afraid of being accused of conceit. If success brings honour to God we should take it! A good Catholic standing high in his profession is a support to the Church. Our fear of vain glory quickly melts away in the true quest for success. For success may not be attained without hard work, and hard work is a cure for vainglory. It reveals our weakness and humbles us. The greatest man is the most unassuming.

To gain success then, we must labour unceasingly! We should do well whatever we do and do all things to please God. Hard work should be gone through in spite of difficulties. As Scripture so aptly expresses it, "In all thy works be excellent" and "never weary of well-doing."

God has, however his own way of treating souls. Some He leads by temporal success. Others, tread His own way — of poverty, failure, humiliation. The crucified figure of Christ must have appeared a failure. Condemned, mocked, deserted, yet He did not "come down from the cross!" Instead He closed His eyes and chose another way. Christianity teaches us to love and understand both success and failure. I will work hard to succeed in all I do but if I fail, I know that my Saviour will love me better for my failure and thus, I will have — succeeded!

Mary Sue McGee, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

ANNA PAVLOVA

Anna Pavlova and her mother lived in a small house in Russia. At seven her mother took her to a Christmas Pantomime, Anna was spellbound as she watched the dancing, and determined to become a ballerina. She had to wait until she was ten before she was admitted to the Imperial state school of Ballet. This meant that Anna was parted from her mother for seven years. It was not long before she rose to be principal Ballerina. Anna realized that her gift had come from God. She prayed daily and decided to tour the world so that people of all nationalities could be given pleasure through her dancing. To achieve this she formed a Ballet Company.

Anna and her company danced for rich and poor alike. In Germany she danced before the Kaiser. Anna enjoyed giving joy to people by her dancing and she took her company on a second world tour. In a draughty theatre in Holland she got pneumonia. She was very ill but no one could stop her dancing, although between the acts she fainted. After four days illness she died at Hisque.

Anna prayed before every performance. As she lay dying she asked for her swan costume. She held it close and with her dying breath she gave the dying movements of the swan which was a feature of her swan dance.

Therese Johnson, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

PROUD OF CANADA

"I am proud of Canada," and here are my reasons.

The people govern by voting for the candidates. There is an election every four years and the people do not have to have anyone they do not like, rule for long.

During the war Canada produced much ammunition. Food supplies were sent to Europe and at home rich and poor were given an equal amount of rationed food.

Our soldiers were well-equipped and well-clothed at war and are being well-looked after at home.

Canada is interested in the health of her people. There are free clinics in hospitals and schools. She has organizations which look after the poor, crippled, and aged.

Canada has beautiful rivers and lakes, and summer resorts. Many fish are caught in Canada. The one most important for children is the cod, which supplies cod-liver oil.

In Canada there are many amusements, and there are many public libraries. There are hockey games all winter; baseball all summer and rugby in the fall.

There are many colleges and technical schools, but the most important of all is that we grow nearly all our own food, which makes Canada the land of plenty. So, who wouldn't be proud of Canada?

Ruth Ellen O'Donnell, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

PLASTICS

"What is plastic?" you ask. It is a substance formed into a permanent shape, by means of heat and pressure, and one of chemistry's greatest triumphs.

About the middle of the last century, ivory was scarce. A reward was offered for a substitute for ivory. John Wesley Hyatt proved most successful. To-day, plastic is used in many ways: the telephone receiver, and mouthpiece, your tooth brush and hair-brush, raincoats, umbrellas, handles of different objects and also some kitchen utensils. As time goes on plastic will be used in every possible way: it will be known and used the world over.

Gloria Mulvihill, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

MARY'S MONTH

"Bring flowers of the Fairest".

It is the month of Mary — our Lovely Lady, and the children sing their hymns at Mass and in school. They gather their prayers into garlands for her altar in the classroom, as well as the choicest of flowers, and there is an air of happiness all about us.

It is Mary's month. All nature seems to receive Our Lady's smile. The leaves on the trees are busily spreading out to make a resting place for Mary's feathered friends—the flowers are eagerly pushing aside their warm winter covers of clean earth and raising their heads to the loveliness of the May sunshine. Many of them will rest on Our Lady's Shrines.

Teresa Pieroni, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

SUNRISE IN THE NORTHLAND

The low, haunting cry of a lonesome loon, pouring out his soul to the wilderness dawn, echoed and re-echoed across the bosom of the northern lake. No other sound could be heard save the occasional murmuring of the lake or the movements of the wood-folk near their nests or dens, deep in the gloom of the forest pines.

Over the face of the eastern sky a few golden rays from the rising sun groped their way, slowly and silently, above the ever-changing horizon. A cool breeze sprang up, driving the autumn leaves before it. In the light of the fading moon the gently swaying branches of the trees cast fitful shadows upon my upturned face. A new day was born!

D. Pape, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

NATURE'S AWAKENING

It is as if the whole world has been restored to youth again when Spring suddenly overcomes the defeated snow and warms the frosted earth. The first sign of Spring is usually the sight of a robin perching his proud self somewhere in your back yard. Of course the trees in bud are exciting to watch as you wonder when the leaves will finally cover the bare branches.

When you look about and see all the wonderful changes that are taking place to a not long ago white world it certainly is something to put you in that Spring feeling that nearly all get, as nature comes to a start.

-Anne Gariepy, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

MY FAVOURITE AUTHOR

One of my favourite authors is Charles Dickens.

Dickens, an English author and novelist, the son of a naval man, grew up in Kent.

In 1833 his writings for London newspapers were so popular that his publishers demanded more of him and "Pickwick Papers," was the result. Their success was gratifying and placed him with the famous writers of that time. He published monthly in the newspapers his *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. The book I enjoyed most by Dickens was "Great Expectations." This book was made into a breath-taking moving picture.

Although Dickens died in 1870, his books will live on forever, and be enjoyed by all who read them.

June Ellis, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

MY GARDEN

My garden is in the back yard, and it is planted with flowers and edged with white stones. Beautiful bright flowers bloom in May and all except the tulips bloom all summer. I am going to make a garden again this year, for from May till October I can rest, read and pray there. In a niche on the maple tree I have a picture of Our Lady of Fatima.

T. Knox. VIII, S.J.C.S.

JEANNE d'ARC

Joan of Arc was a French heroine and saint, born at Domremy where she grew up as a peasant. France and England were at war. Joan at sixteen went to Charles VII of France, told him of visions and asked for soldiers to free the besieged city of Orleans. Moved by her sincerity and faith, Charles granted her request. Joan led the French to victory at Orleans and again at Rheims but her attempt to keep Compiègne failed and Joan was captured. Joan was tried on charges of witch-craft. She was burned at the stake in 1431. Although she died in the fifteenth century she was not canonized till 1920.

Shelagh Mallon, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

STREET CAR CONFUSION

Are you one who gets up on the wrong side of the bed? Well I'm in this category. However after a hectic T. T. C. ride to school I find myself ready for 999!

In starting for school, I have my books on one arm and my lunch in my other hand until I board the street-car. Here I meet my Waterloo! I have a long way to go without transferring so I obey regulations by trying to move to the rear of the car. I find myself between a coal man who is rubbing against my new "winter-white" coat and a man about 6'4" whose lunch pail keeps digging into my ribs. If the T. T. C. had special cars for students only it would eliminate confusion and working folk, students and shoppers could start the day on the right foot.

M. Prescott, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

A SCARECROW

The faded blue tattered overalls were patched, torn and dirty. The legs, stuffed legs of overalls, with straw sticking out of the holes at the bottom. The arms, a wooden branch attached onto the thick body, (a wooden stick). The yellow straw, which represented hair, straggling out from under the torn felt hat, was covered with dried sand. The face was an old, brown flour bag tied around the neck and filled with straw. The eyes were two buttons, one black and the other white while the mouth was a grin of red yarn.

Two cabbage leaves were tied on the side of the head. These represented ears, and waved in the breeze. Three crows sat on the sagging, droopy shoulders of this friendly stuffed creature.

Ailene Foster, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

MY ROSARY

Saying my Rosary each night,
I beg God's love my way to light,
And ask of Christ, strong faith to give,
So near Him I may ever live.

Joanne Ryan, VIII, S.J.C.S.

THE PAULIST FATHERS

The Paulist Fathers originated in New York City late in the nineteenth century.

Fr. Hecker, the superior, and four counsellors set up rules and laws which were sent to Rome and the Pope approved. They established houses and parishes in nearly every state. They have one house in South Africa, and one in Canada, St. Peter's in Toronto.

A Paulist in Tennessee took a trailer to the little towns around and had services at night and said Mass every morning. In the afternoon he visited the people and he usually stayed for two or three weeks in each district. Now there are trailer missionaries all over the United States.

Marie Mills, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

OUR TEACHERS

The Sisters, are so very kind,
 They work with our success in mind,
 They teach us our religion dear
 Of the devil we need not fear.
 The homeless, old, and orphans they're
 All safe under the Sister's care,
 Sisters of Saint Joseph, may God spare,
 At death may each God's kingdom share.

N. Godsoe, VIII, S.J.C.S.

FAITH

Faith means much. It really startles you just to think what hell is like. If you burn your finger, you know how it hurts but what would it be like to burn all over.

Love, and respect our mothers in a way that we are not afraid of them. Our Mothers and Fathers are the same as we. They were sent on this earth to live up to their faith the same as we must. They were placed over us to teach us the morals of our faith and the ideals of good living. Earth is just a preparing place for heaven, therefore we should live up to our faith and not lose heaven.

P. Harrison, VIII, S.J.C.S.

MY PLANTS

My plants are few and small but beautiful. Plants are not much care except to water them and clip off dead leaves. Then they bloom and beautify our homes.

Plants help to preserve good health, by throwing off in the day oxygen, which we need and they breath in the carbon dioxide which we breathe out and which is injurious. At night they breathe in oxygen and breathe off carbon dioxide the same as we do so plants should not be in our rooms at night.

D. Sullivan, VIII, S.J.C.S.

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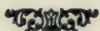


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Vol. XXXVII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1948

No. 3

EDITORIAL

PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

By REV. V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

A DAY of great joy had dawned in the kingdom of Spain. From early morning the people were thronging the roads which led to Cerro de Los Angeles, the geographical center of the Iberian peninsula. Their cheerful countenances, their merry laughter, their warm greeting with their friends betokened their gladness. All, as if impelled by a common purpose, directed their steps along the highway which brought them to the Hill of the Angels. In mass formation they stood about the base of the mount joyfully awaiting an event which had made this occasion a holiday. Their king, their primate, and other leaders of the Church and State were gathering on this blessed day to reconsecrate Spain to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Loving hands had erected a monumental statue to the Prince of Peace in Cerro de los Angeles. A consecrated son of the Church who had risen from the ranks of the poor, dedicated the Spanish nation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, also once a Poor Man.

The scudding clouds in the Castilian sky gave no promise of a cataclysmic change that was soon to alter the face of the Kingdom of Ferdinand and Isabella. Black clouds were soon to obscure the rays of the sun which cascaded with torrents of luster and clothed everything with light. From out the olive gardens and from the clump of woods beyond the Hill of the Angelis, cruel men were emerging. They had been plotting in the dark shades of the clustered trees and now threaded the crowd to the summit of the hill. With loaded

guns a regiment of Communists stood before the great statue and poured volley after volley of steel into the figure of Christ until it fell in fragments to the ground. The relentless foe had risen up against God and His Christ. It was a sad ruin which greeted the dazzling rays of the sinking sun as it struck shafts of light across the battered figure of the Prince of Peace. Clenched fists were raised in the twilight to mark further the foes' renunciation of the Catholic Faith which had been the glory of Spain. Raucous shouts pierced the air as their espousal of the militant atheism of Soviet Russia. The sky turned from a deep red to a dull leaden color — an earnest of the change in the hearts of the men of Cerro de los Angeles, and of their subservience to the imported mob from Moscow. Then in the darkness they changed the name of the hill, Cerro de los Angeles, the Hill of the Angels, to Cerro Rojo, the Red Hill.

Centuries before, brilliant stars had gemmed the Judean sky with silvery light as the weary, searching eyes of the shepherds beheld an angel at the base of a chalk hill. He spoke wondrous words: "Peace to men of good will." "And suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly army praising God." (St. Luke 2:15). These humble shepherds, poorest of the poor, who kept the night watches over their flock were unable to mark the Blessed Hill of the Angels with a monument to the Incarnate Word of God. But they have left enshrined in human hearts the storied image of the Prince of Peace of whom it was written: (St. Luke, 1:33) "He shall be called great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David His Father, and He shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of His kingdom there shall be no end."

At sundry times in the ages that had intervened, patriarchs and prophets had come to the forbears of the shepherds with words of hope. They promised that in fulness of time, Divine help would come to all the children of Israel, the power of their enemies would be broken, the wicked ways would be made straight and all men would see salvation. These prophetic assurances had comforted each succeeding

generation. With a great desire they prayed for the time when the Messiah would appear. They hailed Him as their Liberator and King. The highest hopes were braided into the fibers of their prayers. Their dreams were peopled by the Messiah and His followers. They spoke of Him as if He had already arrived. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: To them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death, light is risen . . . They shall rejoice before Thee, as they that rejoice in the harvest, as conquerors rejoice . . . when they divide the spoils. For the yoke of their burden, and the rod of their shoulder, and the scepter of their oppressor Thou has overcome . . . For a Child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder; and His Name shall be called, Wonderful Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the World to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace; He shall sit upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom; to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever." (3 Js. 9:2-9).

The spirit of thanksgiving was abroad in the land. The signs foretold by the prophet concerning the personality of the Messiah and the minute circumstances attendant upon His birth, brought a ray of living warmth into the forbidding atmosphere that had fallen upon Israel. It was within the power of the humblest man to verify the prophetic words concerning the Prince of Peace, Who would liberate the poor and crush the power of the tyrant. His more learned brother, schooled in the knowledge of the law and of the prophets, had easy access to the sacred writings which minutely described the personality of the Messiah, and His manifestation to Israel.

The prophets were not the first heralds of that sacred hope that a Divinely appointed Leader, a Messiah and an Anointed One would be the immediate author of Israelite greatness when He came in the fulness of time. This messianic hope was already deeply rooted in the hearts of the people before the appearance of the first prophet. The prophet Amos

records that the people of his time centered their hopes on that blessed "Day of Javeh" — a Day, according to them, on which Jehovah would manifest Himself with power and majesty and overthrow their enemies and establish Israel itself in greatness and in power. All Israel would share, as a nation in the glory of that Day of Javeh. The foes of God and of Israel would be put to rout. All the inhabitants of the earthly kingdom of God would see salvation.

The prophet tempered the enthusiasm of the people, for there were godless men among the Israelites as well as among their enemies. How apposite is the warning of Amos the prophet . . . "Hear this word . . . you that oppress the needy, and crush the poor . . . the Lord God hath sworn by His holiness, that . . . they shall lift you up on pikes, and what shall remain of you in boiling pots . . . I have given you . . . want of bread in all your places . . . I also have withholden the rain from you, when there were yet three months to the harvest . . . I struck you with a burning wind, and with mildew, the palmer worm hath eaten up your many gardens . . . I sent death upon you . . . yet you return not to Me, saith the Lord. Therefore I will do these things to thee, O Israel; and after I shall have done these things to thee, be prepared to meet thy God, O Israel: seek ye Me, and you shall live . . . You that turned judgment into wormwood, and forsake justice in the land. Seek Him . . . the Lord is His Name. They have hated Him that rebuketh because you robbed the poor. I know your manifold crimes . . . taking bribes and oppressing the poor. Seek ye good, and not evil, that you may live: and the Lord the God of Hosts will be with you."—4 Cf. Amos, cc., 5, 5.





With hearty greetings, and
all good wishes for your
happiness at Christmas and in the
New Year.

MAUREEN AND SANTA CLAUS

By PAUL KAY

THEY were making the last minute preparations. The final tinsel was being strung on the lowest branches of the tree. The packages, coated in gaudy Christmas wrapping, were placed in deliberate confusion round the base of the quaint little crib. All was ready now. Even Maureen was in bed; but whether her brains were settled for a long winter nap or were dancing with visions of the proverbial sugar plums is hard to say. But certainly, it was the night before Christmas.

Nine o'clock on Christmas Eve. What a delightful moment in the long year! A few stolen seconds of gleeful anticipation treasured away in that cosy family hour! All over town the shopping is finished, the children retired and the roof-tops toned down to a quiet white, newly snow-fallen. It was a time to be at home. A time to be hugged close in memory for three hundred and sixty-five days.

Eddie kissed his wife tenderly in a wish to share this Christmas joy that was beating so loud in his heart. Virginia smiled at him. She was a very understanding little woman.

"Won't Maureen be surprised?" she asked with child-like eagerness.

Eddie laughed. "She'd better be, or she's more spoiled than I think she is. How did you ever get her to bed in time?"

"I told her that we were going to take her to Midnight Mass with us and that she could wear her new outfit. She was thrilled. Besides I thought she looked kind of tired at supper so I asked her to go to bed early."

Eddie agreed. "She did look kind of tuckered out, at that. I'm glad school is over for the Christmas holidays. Sometimes I think they work these youngsters pretty hard."

Virginia laughed. "Did you ever work hard when you went to school?"

Eddie paused to re-arrange a few stray pieces of tinsel which had fallen on the cotton snow. "Things were different

in my day. They didn't have all these new-fangled notions about education."

His wife nodded. "That may be, my dear, but it's not school that has Maureen so tired. It's what she does after school. Why, this afternoon she had those skates out for over an hour. I do think Aunt Kate was wrong in giving them to her. Maureen is not at the age for skates."

"Well," Eddie sighed, "If I know my daughter she'll soon forget about those skates when she sees the surprise I have for her."

"Sometimes, dear, I think our Maureen is a very lucky girl to have such nice parents. Don't you?"

Eddie laughed. "I won't disagree with you on that."

For a few minutes they went on with their last unnecessary touches here and there, re-arranging decorations for the umpteenth time. Suddenly Eddie wheeled around.

"Good night! I left her present out in the front yard. I hope this snow hasn't hurt it." Eddie rushed out, leaving the front door wide open. Virginia walked out on the porch after him but soon realized he would need no help. In a few minutes he was back in.

"Where did you put it?" Virginia asked, looking at her husband as though she suspected him of hiding Maureen's surprise in her hand.

"I put it in the garage."

His wife looked puzzled. "But there was no room there."

Eddie shrugged his shoulders. "I took the Buick out. A little snow won't hurt that."

"I didn't get much of a chance to see the present myself. Was it the one you were planning on?"

Eddie looked at his wife as though hating to disappoint her. "No, that one was sold this morning: I had to settle for one of the cheaper ones, but Maureen won't mind. She's had her heart so set on getting one that the price won't matter."

"When will we tell her about it?" Virginia asked this as though she was getting as much thrill out of it as Maureen.

"We won't tell her at all," Eddie said. "We'll let her find out when we are ready to go to Mass."

For just a moment a doubt flitted across the face of Eddie's wife. "You do believe she is old enough to have one, don't you?"

"Don't worry. I'll be around whenever she uses it."

This seemed to reassure Virginia, so she let it go at that. They put out all the lights, save those upon the Christmas tree. Eddie slumped into his easy chair. It has been a busy day. Getting Maureen's present had taken a lot out of him.. "Getting old," he thought to himself.

"It's going to be a wonderful Christmas," Virginia sighed as she took off Eddie's shoes and rested his feet upon the hassock.

"Mother, Mother."

"That's Maureen calling. I don't want her to wake the others. I better go up."

While his wife was gone Eddie settled comfortably into his chair and was soon asleep.

It was a kiss on the cheek that woke him up. It was Maureen. She was jumping like a Jack in the Box. "Wake up, Daddy. Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

Eddie wiped the sleep from his eyes. His daughter was certainly bubbling over. Could she have found out already?

"Guess what Santa Claus brought me?" Maureen asked eagerly.

"I didn't think Santa Claus brought bad girls anything," Eddie mumbled. He was a little disappointed to think she had found out about the present while he was asleep. But he jumped up and gave her a nice fatherly kiss, anyway. "Whatever he brought you, sweetheart, was less than you deserved."

He caught his wife's eye at that moment. She had just come down and was ready for Mass. "Better hurry if we're going to be on time," she admonished. At the same moment she shook her head at Eddie, answering his unasked question. Maureen still did not know about the surprise.

Mrs. Sexton, the next door neighbor, came in to watch

the house while they were gone to Mass. "A Merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Sexton," Maureen chirped.

"And to you, too, dear," Mrs. Sexton agreed.

Eddie was ready now. "We're taking Maureen with us 'cause she's the oldest. The others won't be awake till morning," he chuckled.

They had reached the garage door. Maureen seemed a little puzzled at seeing the Buick parked outside the garage but she said nothing as she climbed into the front seat with her mother.

Eddie walked over to the garage. "Come here, you two. We still have twenty minutes and there's something I want you to see."

Virginia smiled. "Come on, dear," she said to Maureen as she took her hand and walked over to the figure of Dad standing like Santa Claus in the moon-lit snow.

Virginia whispered to her child. "I think Dad has something for you."

The girl broke away from her mother and ran to Dad. She threw her arms about him and almost in tears and laughter together cried, "You are a Santa Claus. The nicest one I know."

Eddie said nothing. He just handed her a key and pointing to the garage said, "It's in there. The new Ford you've been dreaming about. You'll be graduating in June from College and it will be handy when you start to work. Merry Christmas!"



APPRECIATION OF GEORGE A. REID, R.C.A.

By ELEANOR SHEPHERD THOMPSON

THE MONTH of August, 1947, marked the loss to Canadian Art and Art Education of a great national leader. To the many who knew his works the loss seemed irreparable. To the large number of his former students his death brought



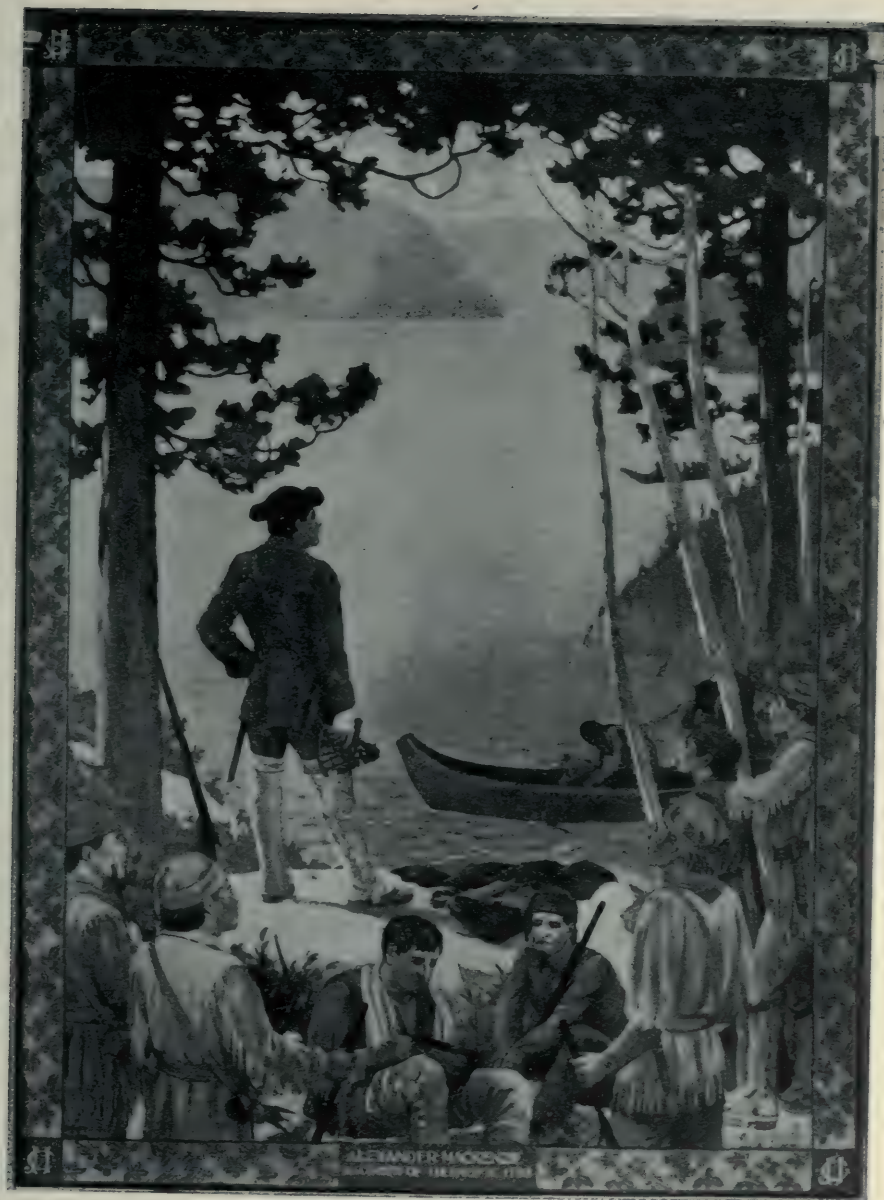
G. A. REID
(Recent Photograph)

feelings of personal grief. It is so easy to think of Mr. Reid as he was in those long ago days when he came into the studio. The large group of students would be struggling with their work. When the master entered, with his dignified and kindly manner, a new confidence seemed to come to all. He was no dominant teacher but the most gentle and helpful of guides, brimming with encouragement, never indulging in destructive criticism. Moreover there was always his complete ambidexterity to fascinate the observer. To watch him

correcting a student's drawing was amazing, as he would work a little with one hand, then shift brush or pencil to the other hand and continue working with equal skill and rapidity.*

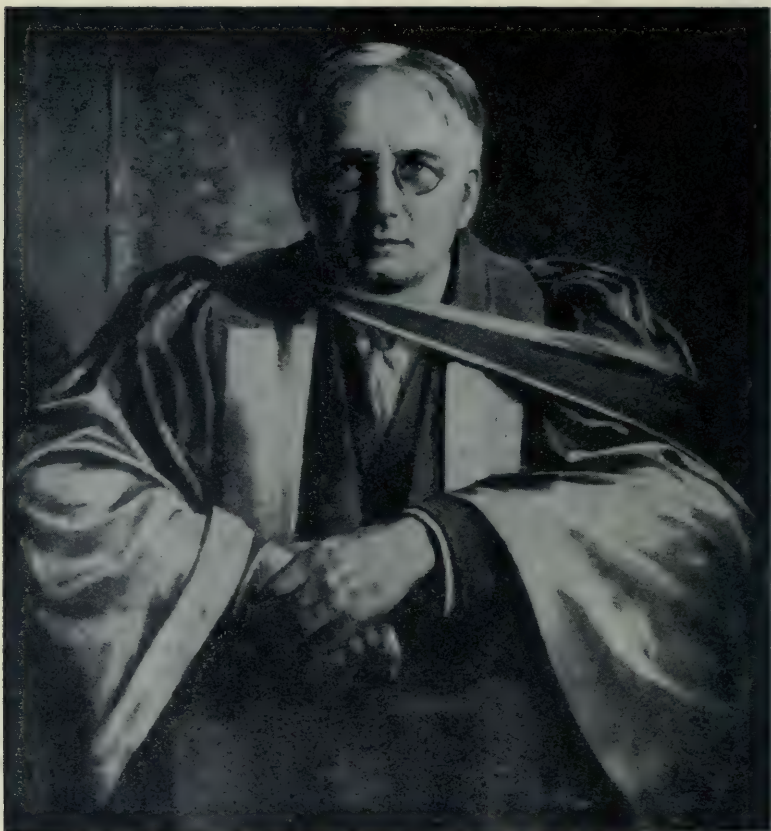
Like so many native sons who have achieved national and international fame, George Agnew Reid was the product of rural Canada. Born in 1860 on a farm near Wingham, of Scotch-Irish parentage, he became interested as a child in copying the steel engravings in the fine books brought by grandfather Agnew from the old country. At the age of ten he startled his family by announcing that he intended to be-

*Sister M. Leonarda and the writer were together as students of Mr. Reid years ago.



MURAL IN JARVIS STREET COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

This is an example of G. A. Reid's dramatic, historical paintings and is one of the series of which some were incomplete at the time of his death; since completed by Mary Winch Reid



PROFESSOR C. T. CURRELLY

(Property of the Artist)

This portrait is painted with more than paint, with affectionate regard, as the artist and the Professor of Archaeology were intimate friends over many years and neighbors in Wychwood Park

come a painter. In spite of his father's strong opposition and the pressure of circumstances, he became apprenticed to a Wingham architect. After one year there, he decided to tempt Fate on a larger scale. In the autumn of 1878 he arrived in Toronto. While working by day, he enrolled in the night classes of the recently organized "Ontario School of Art."

Successful from the first in winning recognition as a talented student, he soon was able to earn money doing commissions, especially portraits at "up to twenty-five dollars each." As he came to realize his need for tuition in life painting, he decided to go to Philadelphia to study under Thomas Eakins, an artist recently returned from Paris. The latter was causing a stir in his native city by his revolutionary techniques in both painting and teaching.



THE FORECLOSURE OF THE MORTGAGE

(Property of the Province of Ontario)

This masterpiece was painted to replace an earlier one which, after being shown in many exhibitions and privately, was destroyed by fire while in storage during the First World War. This differs in many details from the previous painting and possesses more luminosity and richness of colour

In October, 1882, Mr. Reid arrived in the Eakins studio and a year later was a student demonstrator. At this time his Art was taking form. He acquired the technique of direct painting without careful preliminary drawing; his figures and nude studies improved enormously; he took up modelling and out-door sketching. Three of his paintings were accepted by the Ontario Society of Artists Exhibition of 1884: "Head of an Old Man," "Gloaming," and "Meditation."

After his marriage and a trip abroad from May to September, 1885, he opened a studio in Toronto which soon became an Art Centre and School. After three years the Reids went abroad again, arriving in London in time for the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, and in Paris for the Spring Salon. They settled there for a year's study, Mr. Reid working under Benjamin Constant in the Academie Julien and in the Academie Colarossi. Late in 1889 they returned to Toronto



HOMESEEKERS

(Property of the Province of Ontario)

Like the preceding, this is an outstanding example of the genre painting in which Mr. Reid tended to think back to his boyhood in Huron County. This depicts a dramatic situation which might have occurred in the family history of any of us who belong to two or three generations Canadian families

and established their famous studio in the Yonge Street Arcade. Soon Mr. Reid was on the Faculty of the reorganized School of Art in which he had made his first timid beginnings a decade earlier. In 1890 he produced three outstanding works: "The Story," which went to the Paris Salon; "The Other Side of the Question," shown in the Pennsylvania Aca-



TRANQUILITY

(Property of the Province of Ontario)

*Here is an easel picture expressing the mood of still
witchery which is summer*

demy of Fine Art; "Mortgaging the Homestead," selected for the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition.

From that time George Reid's name became synonymous with the development of Art in this country. No other Canadian artist has covered so wide a range in subject matter and media. His works have included story or genre pictures, his-

torical canvases, mural decorations, portraits, landscapes, etchings and monotypes. In addition he has done notable work in architecture and sculpture. Along with his surprising diversity and industry in art output, he found time to include the study of music in which he was rather more accomplished than the better type amateur. In his painting he at first followed in the tradition of Velasquez; later, he shows the in-



DUCKS, WYCHWOOD POND

(Property of Mary Wrinch Reid)

Simplicity and charm characterize this small painting of the tiny pond hidden away in the midst of a great city and within a few yards of Mr. Reid's home, "Upland Cottage"

fluence of the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists, as he achieved a three dimensional, sculptural quality. In his watercolours he used both the wet method and the dry, direct technique of the modernists. His etchings, pen and ink sketches, and pastels show him as a master draftsman. His colour is always pleasing, sometimes lyrical or dramatic as the subject requires.

With such outstanding Art ability, George A. Reid only seems entitled to take his place among the great masters. But

it is not only as an artist that he is noteworthy. That he was a competent executive and administrator is shown by his long service as first President of the Ontario College of Art (1912-1929), as President of the Ontario Society of Artists (1897-1901), as President of the Royal Canadian Academy (1906-1909). Moreover, for many years, he was the dominant force in a developing scheme of Art Education for teachers and for the general public. The ultimate objective of this had been to secure recognition of Art's place in community life.

The pictures reproduced here are typical of his work. The large "frontispiece" is one of the murals in Jarvis Street C. I., considered among his most distinguished achievements, characteristic of his ripe maturity. Among his very successful portraits is that of his intimate friend, Professor C. T. Currelly. "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage" and "Homeseekers" are among this artist's most celebrated paintings and well illustrates his constant attention to the Canadian scene for his genre subjects. In "Tranquility" is displayed his attention to the moods of nature and "Ducks, Wychwood Pond" show a simple, almost affectionate treatment of the pool close to his beloved home, "Upland Cottage."

Mr. Reid was twice married, both times to women who were already competent artists in their own right and who later became A. R. C. A.'s. The first was Mary Hiester Reid, a fellow student of his Philadelphia days and later the charming hostess of his Toronto Arcade studio and his later home. The second wife is the well-known Mary Wrinch Reid, miniaturist, woodblock printer, and artist-in-general. Both these talented women have done remarkably fine paintings of flowers.

The life of this great man displays for all to see how much can be accomplished from a humble beginning if native ability is combined with the WILL to succeed. Of Art Mr. Reid has said: "The purest form of Art may show a tendency toward economy. Certainly it is opposed to ostentation and pretense. Right appreciation should seek intelligently to discover merit in every form of Art and when not admiring it, at least respect it."

WALSINGHAM PILGRIMAGE

By ROBERT WILBERFORCE

FROM 1061 the shrine of Walsingham, dedicated to the Annunciation, was renowned throughout Christendom. Then for three centuries, after its destruction by Henry VIII, there fell over it that "great silence" depicted by the martyr poet the Earl of Arundel. But there has always persisted in this part of England, so rich in medieval mystics, the belief that Walsingham would again become the glory of England, "the holy land of Walsingham" of which Raleigh wrote, and today Our Lady returned in triumph. Today the long silence was broken by over fifteen thousand voices echoing Cardinal Griffin's words as he consecrated the nation, on behalf of the Bishops of England, to the "Immaculate Heart of Mary" at solemn benediction in the Abbey ruins. This ceremony was the culmination of two weeks' penance undertaken in accordance with Our Lady's injunction to the three children at Fatima and thus that latest apparition is linked up with the apparition to the Lady Richeldis as she walked in her garden at Walsingham nine hundred years ago.

For two weeks, groups of from twenty to thirty men, priests and laymen, had been carrying fourteen heavy crosses towards Walsingham from distant points. The crosses weighed ninety pounds and were carried in rotation by three men in each group for five decades of the rosary, which was recited without ceasing on their journey. They approached Walsingham from North, South, East and West, each covering over 200 miles. Through towns and villages they trudged along, sometimes scoffed at, but more often met with reverence as their act of Faith became recognized. When they reached a town or village they set up the cross for a short time in a central place and one of the priests in the group, usually a member of a religious order in his habit and wearing the scarlet cross of the pilgrimage, would preach a short sermon to the crowds who gathered around. The pilgrims were sup-

ported on their journey by the prayers of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Catholic school children adopted one or another of the fourteen Stations and wrote letters of encouragement. Before leaving Devonshire for Walsingham, I saw one of the replies to these children's letters typical of many more. It was from the Oxford group which carried the Cross dedicated to the fifth Station. "You are sharing the weight of the Holy Cross with us and that is just as Our Lord wishes it to be in His Mystical Body. May God bless you and Maureen and all the children of St. Patrick's School, Teignmouth." That illustrates the spirit which prompted four hundred men to give up two weeks, their entire annual holiday, to this penitential task. Non-Catholics co-operated magnificently. In one town the Protestant vicar went out accompanied by children from the local school to meet the cross and provided tea for the bearers. In some towns and villages the bells of Protestant Churches rang out to welcome the cross as it approached. I met an Anglican clergyman on my way to Walsingham who said "I would be with you in person but I have been called away to another village. It is a magnificent witness of Faith. God speed you."

At the large town of Peterborough the group chaplain preached from the market square and the police provided a microphone and amplifiers. After the sermon members of the Salvation Army followed the Cross into the Catholic Church. At Sudbury, a place also famous as a medieval shrine, soldiers met the cross with a fanfare of trumpets and escorted it into the town. When the crosses reached Catholic centers Catholics came out in a body, often led by their parish priest, and carried the cross for some distance on its way. A tramp who was a lapsed Catholic joined one of the groups which passed his way and helped to carry the cross all the way to Walsingham, having been reconciled to the Church. When the cross arrived at Nottingham, Knights of St. Columba accompanied it in procession through the city streets and the Catholic Bishop helped to carry it himself into the Cathedral where he preached to a large congregation.

The fourteen groups reached Walsingham at the same

time for the end of the journeys had been timed to synchronize at about midnight on the eve of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. As each group arrived a rocket was fired into the midnight sky and when all had assembled the *Te Deum* and *Salve Regina* were recited by the cross bearers and other pilgrims who were arriving in large numbers. They then spent the night in vigil before the crosses until sunrise when Masses were said until eleven o'clock. By that hour the pilgrims arriving had reached over 15,000 and at least that number sang the High Mass at which Cardinal Griffin pontificated at an open air altar. The subsequent procession along the "Holy Mile" from the Slipper Chapel to the Abbey ruins was very impressive. The cross-bearers walked barefoot along the stony road, limping painfully, for all had bandaged feet owing to their two weeks incessant walking of twenty miles a day. Preceding the cross-bearers were hundreds of delegates of the Union of Catholic Mothers from all parts of the country carrying banners or statues of Our Lady. There was also a detachment of French youth carrying the famous statue of Our Lady of Boulogne which has toured all the parishes of France since the war, on a crusade of Faith.

Of all the pilgrimages which Walsingham has watched through its long history, I doubt if any was more moving and certainly none can have been larger than the one which has just ended to pray for peace and justice. It was marvellously organized by Mr. Osborne and by the Union of Catholic Mothers. One final incident struck me as symbolical. Just before the procession arrived at the Abbey grounds an ambulance was driven in under the ancient gateway. In it was a young man who volunteered to be a cross bearer. Moreover he had offered his life for peace. A few days later he was stricken with an illness from which doctors declare he can live but three weeks. He insisted on being brought to Walsingham. I stood by him, lying in his ambulance, and saw his emaciated face light up with joy as the procession passed by and the Bishop lifted the Blessed Sacrament towards him. Of all the cross bearers perhaps none carried to Walsingham a heavier load than he did.

THE HOME AND ITS INFLUENCES

By REV. PATRICK J. KIRBY

THE LIVES of normal persons are radically centered in the place they call Home. Our homes stamp us for life. The lines of our spiritual, social and intellectual development trace back there; as do some of our retarding faults and misleading outlooks. Genuine home-perfection is rare in this imperfect world.

That integral quality called character, which makes persons so interesting, or otherwise, and which involves much of their real success or failure in life, was moulded early in their homes.

An evil mental heredity is usually made the goat for serious defections in home life. It is accused of a long pedigree, whereas, it is chiefly an unsavoury acquirement from a negligent, careless, or shiftless family and possibly from a running line of such. Mentality of any degree is of God. It is not evil but needs the help of grace and duty to realize its proper purpose of loving God. It is worse than unjust to stigmatize or suspect delinquent children of having been perverted by a double inheritance of Original Sin or of having been biologically endowed with an irresistible tendency to continuous depravity. Children are more affected and influenced by conduct around them than by pre-natal circumstances. The most essential need of children is early spiritualization by Baptism.

Human souls are not weeds cast over the battlements of Heaven. They are created to the image and likeness of God, with an inherent aptitude for Religion. The budding and flowering of virtues in any child must largely depend on the cultivation of the child's will through good example and wise opportune counselling. "Instruct thy son: and he shall refresh thee and shall give delight to thy soul.—Prov. XXIX. 17.

In his "Encyclical on Education" Pope Pius XI, makes particular reference to the family, in the following words:

"The first natural necessary environment of education is the family, which is destined to this end by the Creator. Hence, generally, the most efficient lasting education is that which is received in a well-ordered and disciplined Christian home. It is the more efficient, where more clearly and constantly shines the good example of the parents, above all, and other members of the family."

Nothing injurious to the soul originated from God. Sin is the poison of this world. Well do we know its history and effects since the days of the Fall of Our First Parents. We know of Redemption through Christ the Son of God. We know of the Holy Mass and the Sacraments and of the saving doctrines and ministrations of the Church which are effective towards insuring us a godly life here and Eternal Life hereafter. However, the fruition of this knowledge must be convincingly and consistently exemplified in the lives of their intimates, if youth is to be expected to do more than shadow-box with the realities of evil. Scandal by neglect was also included in the Divine Redeemer's dire denunciation: "But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea."—Matt. XVIII. 6.

The Home, or in a more colloquial sense, the family, is an institution of God for the formation and protection, of individuals and nations. Just as the Creator gave man a feeling of dependence in Him, so also did he endow man with an undying instinct to turn homewards. The poorest home, miserable enough perhaps, holds a species of sacred attraction. An unfortunate outcast, who might be a rather callous individual in other ways, will soften at the remembrance of a mother's tender love and a father's care and labours on his behalf. His mother is ever to him the queenliest of women. She may be insignificant to others. Not so to him but that she is his mother and in the final count, it is not superior qualities of intellect, nor the plenitude of purse nor other favourable incidentals that arouse deep seated impres-

sion of attraction and admiration among mankind. It is the substantial qualities of God-like hearts. The Divine appeal also is, "Son, give Me thy heart." The outcast may have disgraced his family but woe betide those who would impugn it; because of him! He will ever stoutly vindicate it. Has he not often suffered a lurking reverential compunction on recalling his waywardness? He knows that every home is possessed of a wealth of various virtues and should his be still intact, he feels assured that his fond father who is still endowed in his recollection with dignified earnestness and an undefinable greatness; will readily forgive his faults. His dear mother would never admit them he is certain! The loyal hearts of brothers and sisters, who admired and respected him, will complete the family — "Welcome Home." So thinks the outcast who has not a personal family obligation. In that case he would have increased worries.

In his reflections on home, the wayward outcast must find sweet encouragement in the Parable of the Prodigal Son as he humbly adapts it to himself, somewhat like this. — "Life called and the winding roads called and then the Prodigal strayed down through alluring ways. The forbidden streams of Life, glanced and danced brightly and he ventured thereon to be engulfed in the destructive whirlpool of vice. The honeyed voices of tempting strangers to whom he listened, betrayed and mocked him. When he left a derelict he would desire even the husks of swine for sustenance; after drinking with abandon, the bitter waters of evil. Considering what a fool he made of himself in quitting his sweet and savoury home, he set his face for its solace and safety. He got a good reception. The poet who wrote "Home Sweet Home" was dead right.

Who knows how many prodigals and outcasts have been rehabilitated by memories of "Home Sweet Home?"

When life hangs heavy with fears, doubts and disappointments, men experience the sentiments expressed by Ralph Waldo Emerson in the following lines:

"Good-bye, proud world; I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend, and I'm not thine
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud, world: I'm going home."

Oliver Goldsmith in his verses on "The Deserted Village," beautifully expresses his aging hope of returning home for a permanent stay. His lines as follow, verify the general sentiment of similar hopes which help to soothe the sorrows of advanced years:

"In all my wanderings round this world of care.
In all my griefs — and God has given me my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose,
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,
And as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last."

In matters affecting its natural welfare and interests, the free judgment of mankind, based on the evidence of its senses and extended experience, is keen and correct. That judgment may be forced occasionally, into unbalance and belie itself temporarily, but its faculty of true decision is never lost. It resumes regular operation duly. Ages of facts help to substantiate it. As a consequence, the home being an object of vital concern and natural interest to man popular judgment summarily estimates the homes of people by their conduct and likewise reposes individuals according to the moral quality of their homes. This fundamental concern and interest is expressed also by the common belief in the independence of the home, its right to privacy and its duty to make good.

In cases of distress or disaster, popular sympathy with stricken homes is nobly demonstrated. People appear slow, at times in proffering needed aid, because, in such contingencies they are self-respecting and respect others, and fear that their willingness to help might stigmatize deserving unfortunates who would find it difficult to be the recipients of either "charity" or philanthropy.

The public is also wary of sharks, fakers and parasites.

"What can you expect from such and such a home?" is an acid remark, applicable also to the speaker very probably, but it sums up popular opinion rather pungently.

To mankind, the Home is The Common Denominator of Life's Expectations.

Pope Pius XI expressed the concern of the Church in the maintenance and sanctification of the home in these words, "The declining influence of domestic environment is further weakened by another tendency, prevalent almost everywhere today, which under one pretext or another, for economic reasons, or reasons of industry, trade or politics, causes children to be more and more frequently sent away from home even in their tenderest years."

"Save the Home" is a noble motto. The Church believes in keeping the growing home intact and blesses the heroic clergy and Religious who zealously consecrate their lives to re-establishing broken homes and training children for restoration thereunto.

The peoples of certain nations are being led astray in our day by leaders who base their policies on false ideals and false principles. Such men cause wars and great distress. Peoples who produce leaders of this type must not expect to get better than they give. The world is worth what its homes are worth. The best and worst tendencies of any nation depend on the quality of its homes.

Consider the possibilities inherent in any little child who bustles by you in the street or sits in strange reflective mood at home or in school. You speculate on that child's future and conclude it depends mainly on home training. So conclude millions of observers around the globe!

Christian homes which regulate their conduct according to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, cannot drift far from safe moorings, if under stress they drift at all.

Loud comments are voiced nowadays on the indiscipline and forwardness of youth; much of it justified, all of it a danger signal. Youth is of his ancestors, average mankind. Like average mankind he reasons by the normal principle of cause and effect and acquits himself of much culpability. He is willing to serve instead of being served if afforded legitimate, gainful occupation and judicious direction.

There's the rub, Direction. To insure success, directions must be of God. What valid success in life can come from God where He is forgotten, or remembered, if at all, on an occasional Sunday, under penalty!

"Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it" says the Holy Spirit through Psalm 126.

When Christ is enthroned King of the home with His Holy Mother as Queen; when Their blessing and protection are invoked in united family prayer, daily; then will direction of youth come of God. Then will youth think aright and act right.

No Christian can reasonably object to family prayer, considering its Providential virtuous potentialities towards temporal and eternal rewards. Is not Christ present where people gather In His Name?

"Those who pray are saved and those who do not pray to God, are lost," say the saints! They certainly did not except home prayer in common.

Youth itself may be marshalled for a zealous campaign to restore general family prayer. Leaders of youth from school to club who insinuate the necessity of home common prayer will have in due time the joyful thrill experienced by parents when their children manifest piety. And they will have little complaint about attendance at legitimate functions.

Prayer from home to parish, from parish to Archdiocese and Diocese, from these through the Church and through the State is the demand of Christ the King, who left us the Peace we are slothful to secure. If the Kingdom of Christ

is to flourish fully in the world, it is of serious obligation that it expands from hearts and homes wherein He lives and reigns.

The growing home visited by Fr. Abram J. Ryan, must have been blessed by the family prayer. He wrote of it thus:

It was a place so fair to see,
And yet so simple — there I found
How sweet a quiet home may be.
Four children — and through all the day
They flung their laughter o'er the place;
Bright as the flowers in happy May,
The children shed a sweet pure grace
Around this quiet home, and they
To father and to mother brought
The smiles of purest love unsought;
It was a happy, happy spot,
Too dear to be fore'er forgot
Farewell, sweet place! I came as guest;
From toil, in thee I found relief,
I found in thee a home and rest —
But, ah! the days are far too brief
Farewell! I go, but with me come
Sweet memories that long will last;
I'll think of thee as of a home
That stands forever in my past.

We will all say with fervour what the poet must have often said: "God Bless the Home." And may Our Lady of the Rosary and St. Joseph her "Chaste Spouse" say "Amen" to it also.



AND THERE WAS AN OX AND AN ASS

By COLUMBA

THE TOWN of Parkville is built on the summit of a mountain, and the Church of St. Joseph stands upon the highest point of land in the town. Father Golden, old and bent, is busy in this Church. It is Christmas week and he is erecting the Christmas Crib. He is working alone, excepting at the times when he summons his housekeeper to his assistance. Very absent-minded is Father Golden, and very diffident also. This diffidence is evident as he stands on the threshold of the sacristy and calls: "Mare-ee Mag-dal-hen; will you kindly tell me where I could get a few small nails?" Mary Magdalen enters the sacristy, speaks but the word "Come," and leads him back to the scene of his labors. "There;" and she points to a battered tin can filled with the desired article.

This is usually the kind of assistance Father Golden asks for, and he asks it reluctantly. But time flies, and the snow-storm of cotton and powdered glass has not yet fallen on the Crib and fir-trees. No hands but his may work in the Sanctuary. He even sweeps the church, and sings as he sweeps. Now he has forgotten the nails and picked up the "snow" and a glue-pot. He is contemplating the interior of the Crib: there is the Child in the manger, the Virgin Mother, the adoring St. Joseph, the patient ox and a solitary lamb. "If only we had an Ass," he spoke wistfully. "Who knows we may get one yet."

"Sure, they have a beautiful animal in the 'Bee-Hive'," Mary Magdalen supplements.

Mary Magdalen's full name is (née Keefee, Sullivan, Martin, O'Connell) Wagner. She had returned for the sixth time to her natural sphere of labor. And now another person is talking to Father Golden, and surveying the Crib. There is a twinkle in his eye. His air of curiosity is proof sufficient that he is without the Fold. But he is a man of good-will and

he seems delighted with this mode of telling the Christmas story. "Now I call that cute," he says to the Reverend master-builder. "But," he went on, critically eyeing the grouped figures, "I was brought up to believe that there was an ass as well as an ox in the original."

A downcast look appeared on the priest's face. "We can't afford to buy an ass," he explained, "we need so many other things and my people, though kind and good, are poor." "What a pity!" the stranger exclaimed, "I saw one in a corner-store down the street that is the twin of your cow in size and color." "I know," the priest replied, "but it costs five dollars." He spoke in a tone of awe. The stranger was delighted at the naive answer — he thought it worth paying for. "Look here:" he took out his pocketbook and drew from it a five-dollar bill. "Send someone to that store for the ass and your little show will be complete." "God bless and reward you!" answered Father Golden.

The stranger strolled towards the door and the priest watched him until he was hid from view; then turning in thankfulness towards the Tabernacle, he spoke in a low voice: "That's a man of good-will." He looked at the money in his hand. Whom should he send to the store for the ass? He could not go himself for a "queer" penitent wished to make his confession before other people arrived at the church. If he were absent this penitent would, very probably, go home without confession. He would wait until some willing messenger came along.

Someone did come along — another stranger who was a startling contrast to the first. The newcomer, ragged and hungry looking, entered furtively and peered cautiously into the darkness. Plainly, this man had fallen on bad times. He turned his attention to the poor-box. He tapped the bottom of it; it was empty.

At that moment there was a sound at the far end of the church. Mr. Hobo slipped hastily into a seat, glided to his knees as a precautionary measure, and assumed the attitude

of prayer when he heard footsteps coming down the dim aisle; it was the priest with the hammer and the can of nails in his hands. "All right, my good man," he said, "don't let me disturb you; go on with your prayers unless you want to go to confession." No; the man didn't want to go to confession. He just came in because it was snowing and he had nowhere else to go. Father Golden regarded him with sympathy. "Out of a job?" he asked; and added: "Would you like to earn a quarter?"

The wandering sheep undertook the simple task of sprinkling the roof of the Crib with cotton and performed it with intelligence. The task completed he received his wage. Then he made the same comment the first stranger had made: "Oughtn't there to be an ass as well as a cow?" Father Golden's brow puckered. The sore point again! "There ought," he answered. "I might have had one now only there is no one to bring it." He paused. "Could you get it for me?" He handed the stranger the bill and remarked: "You can keep the change; it was given to me for the poor." (There was no change coming but Father did not remember that.)

He excused himself for a few moments and came back with an overcoat; it was warm though shabby. The wanderer got into it and departed on his errand. When clear of the church he stood still and reviewed the situation. It was full of humour. That absurd old bluffer actually thought that he would return to him with a silly toy. Well, this was a lucky stroke. It was a rich joke. He reached the toy shop. The ass gazed at him from the gay window. He glared at it. "They've got one donkey," he thought, "no need for another."

He walked on until he came to a lunch room which he entered. He would explain to the old gent that he had been getting something to eat. What! Him walking back with a donkey under his arm? That would make three donkeys. He thrust his hands in his pockets. Gosh! they were not his pockets. He had scored an overcoat, too.

The toy shop was closed. The donor of the ass happened to be passing just as the window blinds were being lowered. He glanced at the window and beheld the ass still standing

in its place. "Hello!" he said to himself, "it looks as if that priest had dumped my bill into the poor-box." The idea exasperated him. "But," he reasoned, "there may be a herd of asses in that store. I'll see." He saw, and heard that the ass in the window was the only ass in the establishment, and now he felt both exasperated and indignant at Father Golden. He had been told there was to be a midnight service at the church; he would attend and see the priest afterwards.

Mr. Hobo had returned to the toy store; he felt drawn to it. It was dark. He tried the door handle; then he banged hard. There being no response, he examined the lock; it invited a solution. With an implement taken from an inner pocket he opened the door and entered the store. By the aid of a flashlight he located the ass. He chuckled. The soft-hearted priest could have his animal and he himself would stick to the five dollars. In a twinkling he had possessed himself of the ass and was walking churchward, looking like any other parent of the approved type returning home on Christmas Eve. He did not know if he wished to meet the priest again. He arrived at a side door that led to the sacristy; it was unlocked and he slipped in.

The church was dark and deserted but in the Crib a guiding light was burning and he crept towards it, and put the ass in its historic place. The little waxen Baby seemed to be looking at him with searching eyes. Suddenly a thought came; it was a disconcerting one: "suppose the 'Bee-Hive' identified the ass, he would be getting the old priest in trouble." He made a bolt for the door.

At eleven-thirty people began to troop into the church which was now brilliant with light. Among them came the first stranger, grim and purposeful, who asked for the priest. "I guess," he said to Father Golden, "you have need of confession? How about that ass?" A look of such deep sorrow came to the old Father's face that the speaker relented. "I sent a messenger for it," he explained, "and I am sorry to say that he has not returned. It may be an accident but I fear that he may have been tempted and made off with the money." "Phew!" the stranger exclaimed. "Wasn't it some-

one you could trust?" "I did trust him," the priest answered, "but he was a stranger to me and he was destitute." Then he told the whole story.

For a time the listener was at a loss for suitable words to express himself. Interiorly, he told himself that the Church already possessed one of the missing animal's breed. Then he spoke words of blame which the meek old priest accepted in a spirit of contrition. 'I am guilty of putting temptation in the poor fellow's way. Mare-ee Mag-dal-hen has been blaming me too. She had been praying to St. Joseph for the ass, and she was so glad when I told her of your gift that she burnt some candles in thanksgiving. Even now she believes it will come out all right.' "Will St. Joseph find another ass?" the stranger inquired, sarcastically. "She thinks so," the priest replied, without a shade of sarcasm.

This non-Catholic stranger was fascinated with the place, with the priest's simple faith, and Mary Magdalen's expectation of a miracle. It was time for Mass; the stranger's curiosity was piqued and he took a seat in front of the Crib from which the curtain was drawn back when priest and servers emerged from the sacristy. Instinctively, the man looked at the Crib — then stared in bewilderment: an ass — the Facsimile of the one in the "Bee-Hive" — was playing its traditional part in the drama of the Nativity. What did it mean? "Let us hasten to adore Him, our God and King," sang the children's choir. He would wait and get to the bottom of the matter.

He had to wait some little time after Mass was over to speak to Father Golden. There was another stranger also waiting for the priest. When at last he was free the donor of the five-dollar note questioned him: "did you notice anything in the Crib?" "Yes," Father Golden answered, "the ass is there." "How did it come there?" "I can't say. It was not there when I drew the curtain over the Crib.. Mare-ee Mag-dal-hen said St. Joseph brought it."

At this moment the third stranger stepped forward and exploded the seeming miracle. "Excuse me, sir; I come from the 'Bee-Hive.' A strange thing happened tonight: I had

closed the store and gone out, and soon after I returned I thought I heard a noise in the shop. I investigated and found that the door had been forced and a five-dollar bill left in the place where the ass had been. I suppose one of your young men has been having a little joke."

The priest's face was glowing. "Then there hasn't been a miracle," queried the donor. "No, thank God," answered Father Golden. "Or rather there has been a miracle — a miracle of grace." Tears of joy were standing in his eyes. "I'd like to find that chap — the donor was speaking again — he's the man I've been looking for, for twenty years — a man one can trust."

They were standing near the Crib. Suddenly the priest exclaimed: "There is someone moving over there." The curtain was pulled back. In the aperture a man clad in an overcoat was sleeping. He woke up and stared at them. "My good fellow!" the priest cried, "I am very glad I have found you." "You very nearly didn't," answered the man who was wearing his overcoat. "I stole the ass and took the money back for a lark." It was a most unconvincing explanation of what is held to be the "best policy."

"I came back here to sleep because I was 'broke.' I meant to leave the coat when I cleared off in the morning. I didn't know there was going to be a service. I crawled in here and 'dropped off.' The singing woke me." "You are not going to clear off," Father Golden coaxed, "you are going to spend Christmas with me." "Well," spoke the first stranger, "I reckon you may have our friend today, but, if he is agreeable, I am going to take him to my far-away home. Between you, you have revived my faith in human nature." Peace and good-will followed them from the Manger, for to that end THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.



DUNFERMLINE

A Lovely Old Scottish City

By W. T. BARR

DUNFERMLINE, Fife, Scotland, lying two miles from the north bank of the Firth of Forth, is today a City of some 10,000 homes and 41,000 inhabitants. Its streets rise on the hill-folds which ruffle the broad face of Scotland before reaching the Grampian range and some of the most imposing peaks in Britain, fifty miles to the north. The City's southern suburb, Rosyth, is in the valley to the south, and the boundaries, once marked by ancient Ports and Walls, now stretch out into the Forth on to the jetties and "arms" which received the broken men-o'-War from the grim battles of the North Sea.

What charm is there in the City of Dunfermline that attracts visitors from all over the World? Its appeal is essentially aesthetic. It "attracts," not as Blackpool, Margate or Bournemouth does by a host of exciting appliances specially rigged on selected spots for the entertainment of visitors. Dunfermline relies first, on the beautiful creations of another age — its 12th Century Abbey, ruins of a once-mighty palace, Friary and Benedictine Monastery — and, second, upon the creations of American dollars which, since 1903, have been showering on the City through the beneficence of its doting son, Andrew Carnegie, the Scots-American millionaire.

Together, it may be said, the Kings of Scotland who made Dunfermline their home and sepulchre for over 400 years and the King of Steel from the United States, have made the City what it is today. And between them they have raised something appealing in dignity and imaginative in visions.

It is strange indeed that this City in which the record of proud Scotland begins with the marriage of King Malcolm Canmore and the lovely Margaret in 1072, should be chosen for a new film now processing — on ideal Town Planning! Yet it is the case. Dunfermline, whose streets began as hill-

tracks and wood paths, embraced planning early. Today, even if streets are hilly and twisting, and providing a problem in modern traffic manipulation, the roads and homes spreading from the ancient, central "tun" which clustered round the mediaeval buildings, are ideally planned. The 850-year-old City, too, has a fifty-years plan adopted which, without changing the "face" and features, will rejuvenate the limbs and allow free, supple movement demanded by modern, mobile age. It is of the dream inherent in this plan that the film will deal. The Planner, Mr. James Shearer, will have the unique experience of seeing himself impersonated on the screen by an actor.

I have mentioned that the Carnegie dollars created some of Dunfermline's beauty. Every year the Trust which the millionaire-benefactor formed spends £48,000 on "extras" for the City of which he was so proud. The money buys for Dunfermline tangible and intangible things — things like musical appreciation and love of flowers — which other towns, fearful of rising rates, cannot have. The finest feature of the Carnegie Trust's benefactions, from the visitors' point of view, is Pittencrieff Park. Within the gates of the Park there is the curious combination of a Scottish Glen and a meadow-like, "Englified" estate, kept to a standard far above the tax-ridden, under-cultivated acres so widespread in Britain today. The Trust spends £7,000 a year on the maintenance of this gem among estates. Its natural attractions are retained, its "cultured" aspect is developed by the provision of more and more facilities for floral display, music, children's enjoyment, and artistic landscape layout. Nothing is allowed to cheapen or de-grade the gracious sweep of its gardens, lawns and wooded gorge, backed by the famous cluster of ancient buildings within which have moved the great retinues of Kings and Princes. Pittencrieff Park is more than a millionaire's gift to Dunfermline; it is a fitting recreational beauty spot for generations of Dunfermline folk who were once prohibited from using its lovely sweeps of green and wooded belts until Carnegie — one of the victims of the ban — opened its gates to all.

Industrially, Dunfermline exists, serenely, in the present

relying on the skill of its weaver-population whose traditions are said to date from the time in 1072 when the saintly Margaret of Scotland encouraged her courtiers to wear bright vestments and to decorate their homes in like style. Besides being the home of fine linen, Dunfermline has become an important silk and nylon weaving centre. The wedding dress of Princess Elizabeth was woven in this famous old City. Since the eyes of the World were on that dress there has followed in the wake of the Royal Wedding a stream of orders from the fashion houses of Europe and the Americas.

Coal is another of the city's products although the sights and sounds of industrialism have not been allowed to clash with the essentially aesthetic atmosphere of the City. All round the outskirts are stirring coal developments. It is strange too, that the thread of the coal seams have led the modern engineers to the spots where, in the 13th Century, the Monks of Dunfermline Abbey first dug the "black stanes" which are, today, the base of Britain's prosperity.

There has awakened recently in Scotland a new interest in the life and the work of St. Margaret of Scotland. Indeed, this renewed interest may be said to be nation wide in Britain. Never, since the abandonment of national pilgrimages 400 years ago have so many visited the Shrine of the Saint at Dunfermline Abbey. The path through Pittencrieff Glen to the cave in which she worshipped 855 years ago is again well-worn by the feet of worshippers seeking adoration at the spots over which the Canonized Queen worshipped so devoutly. There is a renewed search in Belgium for the casketed remains of St. Margaret and her King, Malcolm Canmore. New works have been written, and new researches made into the Royal lives which meant so much to Scotland and to the whole Christian World. Church authorities welcome and encourage these efforts to lift the veil on the remarkable story of one of history's most remarkable women.

Lastly, Dunfermline, with hallowed memories of a glorious past, a secure present and an imaginative future, is still giving to Scotland — and the World — those outstanding men and women who have, down through the ages, risen from

its well-nourished soul. Leaders in music, art, literature and science still spring to the forefront and regularly reach the highest circles in spheres attained only by products of such environment as "The Fort on the Hill by the Winding Stream."

A LITTLE CHILD

(For the Epiphany)

A LITTLE Child! As other infants are,
Thus did they find Him, Whom they came to seek;
Led from afar
By one bright star.
A Little Baby! Veiling in the weak
And utter Frailty of His state,
Powers too great for man to contemplate.
A Little Child! His tiny Form around,
The circling arms of Mary fondly prest;
Thus was He found,
In slumber sound.
A Little Baby! Nestling 'gainst her breast,
Of abject weakness to their sense;
Wisdom immense! Concealed in Innocence.

Gerald R. Baldwin

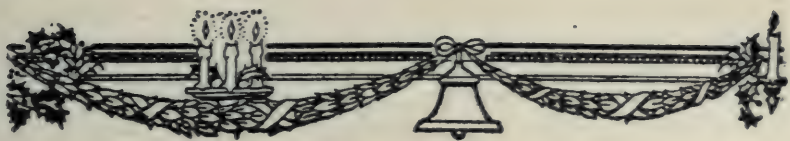




CHRIST'S COMING

I HAVE made my heart clean to-night
As a woman might clean her house
Ere her lover came to visit her:
O Lover, pass not by!
I have opened the door of my heart
Like a man that would make a feast
For his son's coming home from afar:
Lovely thy coming, O Son!

Padraic Pearse



A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

By MONSIGNOR J. B. DOLLARD

IN A FAR LAND, within an ancient fane
I saw a stained window, fashioned rare
By long-dead hands that wondrous cunning knew :
The sun streamed thro', and such a mesh of hues
Blended and flowed that Heaven seemed open there!

* * *

One glimpsed afar the battlements of Zion
Golden against a sky of tender blue
The green Judean vales, the coloured hills
The sheep-folds and the vineyards here and there
The cedars and pomegranates, and the walls
Of many a scattered town whose flattened roofs
Flung off the level sun. In the foreground
Was seen the stable, low, and roughly built
And on the floor of straw the shepherds knelt
With Joseph and the Mother. And the Child
Lay in the manger — Lord of Heaven and Earth!
Gazing upon the world with wondering eyes —
The world He created, that had fallen,
And now He must redeem! And suddenly
The marvel and the pity of it all
Transfixed my soul, and in that olden fane
I knelt me down in adoration low
Unmindful of the hurrying hours that passed

Till came a Voice that filled the pillared nave —
(Or till I dreamt there came): — “The world’s desire
“Is Dead-sea fruit — What the world doth prize
“Mere tinsel dross, and men stretch eager hands
“To grasp illusion. When shall lives proclaim
“The Mystery of the Stable and the Crib
“The glory of the poor and self-abased
“The worth of purity, simplicity,
“Of Lowliness, and carrying of the Cross?
“Or must the Child Divine be born again
“And Christ again be scourged and crucified?”

* * *

As ceased the Voice the sunlight sudden paled
And I went out into a world of gray
Where fantasies and lying fetishes
Were worshipped, and with sullen faces, men
Pursued their selfish ends, unmindful of
The Gladsome Message of the Child new-born —
The clamorous calling of the Christmas bells --
The glory of the Heaven that is to be!



A SONG AT CHRISTMAS

By BRIAN O'HIGGINS

HAIL to the Heart of Jesus,
Out in the winter snow!
Hail to the Heart of Jesus,
In a manger poor and low!
The heart of the King of Heaven
Come down to the sin-stained earth,
To win for the souls of sinners
A new and a glad re-birth.
Hail to Thee, Heart all loving,
Tender and always true!
In the light of the lowly stable
What gift shall we bring to You?
Not jewels nor earthly trophies,
Not silver nor gleaming gold:
Such gifts for the Prince of princes
Would be meaningless, mean, and cold.
But, Oh, the love we bring Thee
Is the love that a child might bring,
And a song that a child might sing Thee
Is the song that our hearts will sing.
Hail! Joy amid grief and sorrow,
Hail! Light that will never fail,
Hail! Star of the wandering sinner,
Forever and ever, hail.



HOLY NIGHT

By BROTHER REGINALD, C. Ss. R.

SWEET smiling Babe,
In the golden long ago,
On Mary's gentle bosom laid;
She loves Thee so!
Immortal Love!
O'erwhelmed in weakest guise;
Still Faith unfolds God's majesty
In Thy deep eyes.
The Star doth gleam,
Though Bethlehem holds not ruth,
Yet in a manger gently sleeps
The Light and Truth.
Pure night of Peace
That binds our hearts in thrall,
Though years in golden mist are flown,
We hear Thy call.
Dream still, Sweet Babe,
As on that night of yore,
And year by year embrace our hearts
Forever more.



Community

When a priest goes home to God there are always many who mourn his passing as that of a dear father. When, in June this year, Reverend John Kane, C.Ss.R., went suddenly to meet the Master he had served so long and so well, not only his own but also several other religious communities felt his death keenly. It is difficult to write this note of sympathy to the Redemptorist Fathers, as Father Kane has been so long and so intimately connected with the Sisters of St. Joseph that we, too, feel his loss as a personal one. For well over twenty years Father Kane has been for us counsellor, guide and friend as well as spiritual father of our souls. In that we mourn him. But we know too well, his own simplicity and holiness of life to let the "Miserere" dominate for long, our memory of him whose going has been the entrance to a fuller and a happier life.

The fifteenth of August was a gala day at St. Joseph's on the Lake for the celebration of two Diamond and four Golden Jubilees.

Of the Jubilarians, four had followed the precept of their Divine Master: "Go ye therefore and teach"—Sisters Seraphia, Laurentia, Mary of Calvary and Carmelita, having all devoted their lives to the teaching of Christ's little ones. Sister Jane has always been a model of contemplation in activity or activity she in both work and prayer. Sister Mercedes, as nurse, she in both word and prayer. Sister Mercedes, as nurse, Directress of Nurses and Superior of two hospitals, has endeared herself to a countless number of patients and nurses.

It was fitting, therefore, that the "Jubilate" ring out with special joy. Sister Seraphia, as senior Jubilarian, had the privilege of having the Jubilee Mass sung by her nephew, Rev. Francis Rigney, O.F.M. It was fitting, too, that the "Cum Jubilo" was the note of the whole day. Everywhere from the sisterly congratulations of the Community Room to the hushed intimacy of the Chapel radiated the happiness of a lifetime spent in the service of the best and greatest of Kings.

Sister Benigna kept her Jubilee Day at St. Joseph's Hospital and nothing was left undone to make it a happy and memorable one.

Ad multos annos!

The Sisters who celebrated a Silver Jubilee on August 15 were: Sister Mary Augusta, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister St. Raymond, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister St. Teresa, St. Joseph's Convent, Barrie, Ontario, and Sister St. Bride, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

On August 15, ceremonies of reception and profession were held at St. Joseph's Convent. That of profession was conducted by Rev. A. MacDonald, C.Ss.R. who had given the annual retreats. In the solemn stillness of the early morning 12 Sisters pronounced their vows and during the Mass which followed ten Sisters renewed their annual vows.

At 9.30 a.m. the spacious chapel was almost filled with relatives and friends, when the young ladies to receive the holy habit, attired as brides and attended by dainty flower girls, took their places before the altar. After the blessing of habits, Rev. V. Egan preached the sermon, taking as his text "Everyone that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother . . . for My Name's sake shall receive an hundredfold and shall possess life everlasting." He dwelt on the truth that we are God's creatures,—all things are God's and are given to us as means to enable us to serve Him and to help others to save their souls. He then reminded his listeners that some are called in a special way to bring souls to God—and among them the postulants before him, who were entering on a life of sacrifice in the service of God. After dwelling on the privilege of "the chosen few," he congratulated the young ladies, their parents and even those who would share the fruit of their concentrated labors and prayers.

The simple questions and answers that form the ritual of the reception ceremony followed, and the Reverend officiant, in the name of the community, gave permission to the young aspirants to exchange their worldly dress for the habit of the Order. When, having left the chapel as brides, they returned in the sombre black and white of the community dress, the ceremony continued and they were given the age-old opportunity of expressing their complete happiness in becoming Sisters of

St. Joseph. After hearing their new names, they knelt to receive the officiant's blessing. Holy Mass celebrated by Father Egan followed. Other members of the clergy present were Rev. D. Forestell, C.S.B.; Rev. W. Smith, Rev. L. J. Hickey, Rev. J. G. Fullerton, Rev. J. M. Matiera.

The Sisters who received the habit: Sister M. Magdalena (Bernice Noonan, Oshawa); Sister Mary (Bernice Zimmerman, Toronto); Sister Mary Helen (Ruth Leddy, Toronto). Sister M. Gerald Francis Alarie, Wolfe Island, Ontario, made her first profession and the following made final profession: Sister Mary Alfred Kemp, Toronto; Sister Mary Neva McDonald, Elrose, Sask.; Sister M. Thomas Aquinas McGrath, Oshawa; Sister M. St. Brian Higgins, Mount St. Louis; Sister Stella Marie De Luca, Toronto; Sister M. Robert Graham, Toronto; Sister M. Placida Weir, Galt, Ontario; Sister M. Constance Stephens, Toronto; Sister M. St. Vincent Fullerton, Toronto; Sister M. St. Thomas Ford, Toronto; Sister Mary Brigid Vezina, Chapleau, Ont.

Dr. Joseph Pollia and Mrs. Pollia of Los Angeles, California, were distinguished visitors here in September. Dr. Pollia came East in connection with Cancer Research which brought him into contact with many Toronto doctors. He visited our hospitals and clinics in his survey of Canadian Research in this field. In a lecture in our auditorium, Dr. Pollia told of interesting incidents and highlights of a recent trip to Europe and the Holy Land. Problems of post-war Europe, vivid descriptions of war-torn Palestine, and a glowing picture of our Holy Father's keen interest in modern medical research, were presented in an unforgettable manner. We are grateful to Father Miller, C.S.P., Sister Immaculata's brother, for giving us this opportunity of learning more of the contribution of Catholic scientists to modern research.

St. Michael's Hospital

Among the preliminary students there are some who recall to us pleasant memories of old friends—Margaret Sauvé, sister of Blanche, '48; Ann Trukan, sister of Violet, '48; Kathleen Moore, sister of Marilyn, '48; Therese Rashotte, sister or Helen, '46; Alice McDowell, daughter of Loretta Gignae, '18; Estelle Whalen, niece of Eileen Whalen, '33; Kathleen McLaughlin, cousin of Cel. O'Donnell Finegan, '32; Anna

Kinlin, cousin of Loretta Demarsh Yanch, '46; Mary Lou McRae, daughter of Doctor Jos. McRae, and Margaret, sister of Doctor Arthur Dunn who interned here last year. Sisters Mary Lois and Sr. Mary Marjorie (Pembroke) and our own Sister Mary Thomas are beginning their nursing studies too.

Our calendar has been crowded:

Sept. 27 — First Sodality meeting with Father C. F. Wigglesworth as our new director.

Sept. 28 — Visit to R. C. Harris Filtration Plant. In the evening Fright, Fun and Food on the roof garden of the Residence made the preliminary students' initiation ideal.

Oct. 3 — One hundred and twenty uniformed nurses took part in Rosary Sunday.

Oct. 5 — Annual Autumn Outing for the preliminary students to the House of Providence Farm.

Oct. 6. — Tour of the Bank of Commerce Tower for the Student Nurses.

Oct. 12 — Visit to Donalds Farm and Silverwood Dairy.

* * *

Sister St. Albert has been elected a member of the Executive of the Canadian Nurses' Association.

Sister de Sales is home again instructing in Nursing Arts after obtaining her B.Sc. at St. Louis University.

* * *

The following Graduates of S.M.H. are now attending university: Sister Marie Antoinette, Sister Mary Brigid, Aida McMillan, Bernadette McGarity, Marie McGarry, Eileen Woodbyrne, Patricia Dennis, Carolyn Greco and Joan Hope of Toronto; Mary Frances Roberts, Patricia Bradford and Anna McMahon at St. Louis; Jean Pelletier at Ann Arbour; Mary Rose Fenton and Mary Willsher at McGill.

* * *

The student body is actively furthering devotion to Our Lady's Scapular and Rosary by including a recitation of the latter at all their gatherings and by making scapulars for themselves and for distribution.

St. Joseph's Hospital

The summer months went quickly with a succession of picnics, vacation and sunbathing. September saw the beginning

of the class year and the block system of teaching for the Senior students.

The new moving picture projector, equipped with sound adds greatly to our class interest.

* * *

The new executive of the Sodality took office at the September meet. *President*, Josephine Conlin; *Vice-President*, A. Sands; *Sec.-Treasurer*, D. Hushin; *Chairman of Eucharistic* M. Krapak; *Chairman of Apostolic and Catholic Truth Committee*, E. McDonald; *Chairman of Our Lady's Committee*, M. Sullivan; *Sub-Committee for Social Activities*, H. Daly; *Sacristan*, A. Johnson.

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A dance was held in the Auditorium to raise funds for payment of Interschool fees. The "Casual Cutups" dance was a real success.

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A three-day closed retreat held in October, was conducted by Rev. L. Markle, Ph.D., S.T.D.

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Lectures in Ethics are being given to the Senior students by Rev. Peter Mueller, S.J.

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A welcome and initiation party was held in the form of a Weiner Roast at the Mimico Club House for the thirty-five preliminary students.

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Interschool Association of Student Nurses' held their October meeting in our Auditorium.

Sister M. Claver

On October 6, Sister M. Claver passed away after an illness of some months, at St. Joseph's on the Lake, Scarborough.

Sister Claver was the daughter of the late John Kenny and Brigid Moore of Irishtown, Ontario. She entered St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, in 1896 and spent the greater part of her religious life teaching in the Separate Schools of Ontario, and particularly in Toronto. After retiring from the teaching profession, Sister Claver's activities were turned to other channels,

and in the different houses of the Community to which she was appointed, she proved a great source of edification and practical help to her companions. Her Community, her friends and her former pupils will cherish her memory as a religious of strong faith and one whose sincerity and justice were always tempered by kindness and a saving sense of humor.

Requiem Mass was sung at the Mother House on October 8, by Reverend Father Faught, C.S.B. Sister Claver is survived by a sister, Mrs. C. P. Sills, Seaforth, Ontario. Reverend Father Purcell, C.S.B., and Sister M. Isidore, C.S.J., are cousins. May her soul rest in peace.

Sister Mary John

On October 17, Sister Mary John died at St. Joseph's Hospital after a long illness.

Formerly Ellen Margaret Maguire, the deceased was born in the City of Quebec, the youngest of the large family of the late Bernard Maguire and Emily Maiden. She received her early education in her native city, coming to Toronto to complete her studies and in 1904, to enter St. Joseph's Convent, where her eldest sister, the late Sister M. Othilia, was then a finally professed member of the Community.

Sister Mary John was a most successful teacher, especially of Primary and Kindergarten grades, where she seemed completely at home with the little ones. A natural child-like quality in her self, united with a bright and attractive personality, enabled her to make the class room a very happy place for her young pupils and while she daily sought to lay the necessary foundation of natural knowledge, she never failed to impart to them her own simple joy in the truths of faith.

Almost from the beginning of her Religious life, Sister bore the cross of ill health and after a time was obliged to exchange her loved teaching for less strenuous work. Thus another talent came into play — her gifted fingers produced marvels of embroidery, of knitted and crocheted work, while her ability to sew was an asset to a busy Community. Several times during her forty-five years as a Religious, she was prepared for death and each time her complete acceptance of God's will was most edifying. Her patience and devotion to that Holy Will did not fail her during the last weeks of suffering endured without hope of recovery. The end came quietly, amid all the helps of the last rites and prayers of the Church.

The Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated at St. Joseph's Convent, October 19, by Right Reverend W. T. Davis.

Of Sister Mary John's immediate family there survives only one sister, Mrs. Mae Bogue, Vancouver. Sister M. Isabel, Superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto and Sister M. Othilia, St. Joseph's Convent, Fort William, are nieces.

HIS CRADLE

IT rocked and rocked for joy,
This bettered world,
When Mary's Little Boy
Up in it curled,
Despite its chill
O may He fill
To-day His chosen bed,
Through you and me
Who love and help to spread
Simplicity.

H. S. H.

A CHRISTMAS CRADLE

LET my heart the cradle be
Of Thy bleak Nativity.
Tossed by wintry tempests wild
If it rock Thee; Holy Child;
Then as grows the outer din,
Greater peace shall reign within.

John B. Tabb



ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1948 - 50

Honourary President

The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

Past President—Miss Mable Abrey

President

Mrs. A. McGinn

Vice-Presidents

Mrs. A. Furlong

Mrs. B. J. Unser

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Councillors

Miss Mary Callahan

Miss Virna Ross

Mrs. N. J. McRobb

Mrs. J. E. Whyte

Mrs. N. S. Walsh

Miss Mary Price

* * *

The Annual Membership Tea was held on October 17 at the College. Receiving with the President, Mrs. Arthur McGinn, were Mrs. Colin Grant, Miss Marie Russill, Mrs. D. A. Furlong and Mrs. B. J. Unser. Misses Pauline Cuthbert and Margaret Wismer and the members of the Executive assisted. Presiding at the tea table were Mrs. G. W. Lyons, Mrs. Joseph Garvey, Mrs. W. J. Deitrich, Mrs. A. J. Holmes, Mrs. L. E. Phenner, Miss Mable Abrey, Mrs. John Griffin, Mrs. Gerald Dunn, Mrs. J. K. McKenzie and Mrs. L'Abbe. Assisting were Mrs. J. J. Carolan, Mrs. Vincent Regan, Misses Orla Beer, Patricia Morrison, Rosemary Conlin, Margaret Roach, Marie Hammall, Carol Kelly, Margaret Pape, Agnes Foley, Betty Markle, Anne Keogh and Viola Lyons.

Here and There With Alumnae News

Miss Eileen Slyne, B.A., has been appointed to the staff of Spanish in Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Miss Eileen Egan, B.A., of the Department of External Affairs of Canada, has been appointed to a position in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Miss Ray Godfrey is following a course in Social Science in Chicago University with a view to receiving an M.A. in that subject.

Nancy Sherriff, St. Joseph's, has just returned the latter part of this summer after spending several weeks on the Continent. Among Nancy's ports of call were France, Italy, Switzerland and England. Since her return she has resumed her teaching at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Joan Lowrey has gone to England where she is pursuing her studies in art at the Anglo-French Academy, St. Johns Wood.

Kay Hawtrey and Joan Lowrey are sharing living quarters in England, and while Joan is studying art, Kay is developing her talents on the stage.

We are very proud of Joan Brady, who has left for California where she has entered the Order of Dominican Sisters. Also to Mary McEvenue who left for Kenwood, N.Y., to join the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Patricia (Downey) Nadeau and her husband spent a very pleasant holiday in New York this summer, the main purpose of which was to attend the National Tennis Championships in Forest Hills.

Florence Martin is in Northern Ontario doing pioneer work in her own determined way. Difficulties unsurmountable to others seem to urge Florence to go on to conquer new fields. We hope to publish some of her experiences in another issue. Readers of the Lilies who have enjoyed her contributions have expressed the hope that Florence will again write for the Lilies.

In mid October Kella Caruso and her cousin Marie Caruso and another friend spent an enjoyable ten days in New York City. So engrossed were they with a well filled programme of

sight seeing that rumour says they did not even hear of the bus strike which played havoc with the plans of so many others.

We extend a hearty "Welcome home" to Sister Leonarda who has returned from a memorable visit with relatives and friends in Scotland, Ireland and England. We look forward to Sister's sharing some of her experience with us through these pages.

In June the alumnae lost a faithful and loyal member, Mrs. James Keenan (Mabel Summers) who died at her home in Hamilton.

Mrs. Keenan, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Summers who operated the Summers Stock Company theatre group, began her acting at the age of three and continued until her marriage. She took a keen interest in Young Peoples' Associations, for whom she produced and directed plays, and was active in many charitable works as well as in the Alumnae Association of St. Joseph's Convent.

Mrs. Keenan is survived by her husband, two sons, James of Hamilton and Paul of Toronto; three daughters, Mrs. W. D. Edge of Jarvis, Ontario, Mrs. R. D. Pringle of Hamilton, and Patricia at home, to whom we offer sincere sympathy on the loss of a devoted wife and mother.

Our Best Wishes to the Happy Couples Concerned

Mary Hibbs whose marriage to Mr. E. J. McCormack took place in Holy Rosary Church October 2nd.

On June 26th, at a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary's Church, Port Credit, the marriage of Mary Theresa Gilmore and Leonard Bruce McNeice. Rita O'Leary was Mary's Maid of Honor. Monsignor Sheridan performed the ceremony.

Another pretty wedding at St. Brigid's Church, Toronto, when Helen Bernice Reynolds and Vincent Leo Lobraico were married on June 26th.

Also on June 26, at St. James' Church, Toronto, the wedding of Helen Marie Madigan to Robert Lyall W. Jordan.

In St. Monica's Church, Toronto, on July 26th, Catherine Cuthbert became the bride of Gordon Bartlett.

At St. Leo's, Mimico, June Murray and Vincent Albert were united in the Holy Bond by Rev. L. Woods, on August 7th.

Margaret Elizabeth O'Brien, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George O'Brien, was married to Basil James McCabe at St. Vincent de Paul, Toronto, on October 2nd.

At St. Anselm's Church on September 11, the pretty wedding of Doris Quigley to Rolland Kahnert.

Anne Golden whose marriage to Slater Grimley of Chalk River this fall. Both Anne and Slater were working together on atomic research. The honeymoon was in New York but the happy pair will live in Chalk River.

Francis McLaughlin, who in the latter part of September became the bride of Douglas Christie, a Nova Scotia boy. Francis and Douglas took a delightful trip to the Seignior Club, parts of Quebec and Montreal, and are now residing in Ottawa.

Joyce Moffat and John Warde were married in St. Clare's Church in September by Father Wilson.

Mary Ingoldsby was married to Conrad Thompson in Holy Name Church by her uncle, Monsignor Ingoldsby, on October 30. Helen St. Marie was Mary's bridesmaid while Ann, her sister, was Maid of Honour and Claire, a pretty junior bridesmaid.

Elaine Murphy and Jack O'Connor were married in Holy Family Church in August.

Marie Lynch was married to Ben Bramble in June. Marie and Ben are living in St. Catharines as Ben is teaching in the high school in Merriton.

Congratulations to —

Mr. and Mrs. Pat Kirwin (Kay Moffat) on the birth of a little son, Michael.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carney (Frances Keogh) on the arrival of a baby girl this fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grant (Margaret Setiz) on the birth of a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Sadler (Winnie Byrne) on the birth of a baby girl.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ball (Joan Thompson) on the arrival of their third child, a first son.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dobie (Margaret Kane) on the arrival of a new member for their niece family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ridyard (Jeanne Paré) on the arrival of their second daughter, November 10th.

Extracts From Letters

... Visitors to St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, sometimes miss seeing the shrine of the Holy Child installed behind the main altar by Cardinal Spellman.

The Cardinal wished to have a tangible expression of American devotion to the Holy Child. You know devotion to the Holy Child on this continent goes back to the time when the Indians roamed free in the country. One of the priests told me that Rev. Etienne Thomas de Villeneuve Girault, last Jesuit missionary to the Indians and who died about 1794, found a hymn composed by Father Breboeuf, North American martyr, in the Huron language.

The three foot carved basswood statue in the red velvet shrine set over the cathedral crypt was designed to represent the Child as described in two verses of the hymn.

The earliest moon of wintertime
Is not so round and fair
As was the Ring of Glory
On the Helpless Infant's hair.

A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped His beauty round.

The statue represents the Child holding the terrestrial globe in his left hand, his right hand raised in a blessing. A rabbit skin robe clasped with a garnet and diamond brooch, hangs around a flowing white tunic. Around the head is a gold nimbus encrusted with garnets, sapphires, pearls and diamonds. The stones were selected because they represent the colours of the American flag. On the gold wood pedestal is lettered "HOLY CHILD OF EARTH AND HEAVEN, WE BESEECH THEE; HEAR US."

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Boston, Mass.

... Not long ago Cardinal Spellman of New York presented to the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph his personal stamp collection. The gift is a tribute to the Cardinal's aunt, Sister Mary Philomena, a member of the Congregation for fifty-four years. At the Centenary International Philatelic Exhibition a section of this collection won a prize. It consists of albums of hand illustrated pages embellished with poetry quotations and prayers. The collection is housed at Regis College, Weston, Mass. It is well worth a visit.

Glasgow.

. . . You probably have heard of the American Guild of St. Margaret of Scotland. The Caledonian Catholic Association in Glasgow joined the American pilgrims of the Guild in their pilgrimage to the shrine in Dunfermline. The American contingent arrived at Southampton on the S.S. Washington and from there went straight to Dunfermline. Many pilgrims joined them at Glasgow. High Mass was celebrated and the relics of St. Margaret were venerated in the church, and the various shrines in the abbey grounds were open to the public. A procession followed in the evening and Fr. Colman Gallacher, S.A., preached. The Guild hopes to have a larger pilgrimage in 1950.

Our sincere sympathy to —

The family and relatives of Mrs. Arthur Doherty (Mary Calvert) who died July 16.

Very Reverend L. J. Bondy, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, and to his sister, Pauline Bondy, B.A., on the death of their mother.

Mother Frances Clare of Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, to Sister St. John and to Mr. Andrew O'Malley on the death of their sister, Kathleen O'Malley.

Mrs. Crothers (Eileen) and Mrs. Hallam (Mary) and to Doctors Peter and John O'Hara on the death of their father, Dr. W. J. O'Hara.

Alma and Agnes McKenna, to their father and brother, Father Lawlor McKenna, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Frank McKenna.

Mrs. Burns (Verona) and the other members of the Ronan family, also to Sister St. Fergus, on the death of her brother, Mr. Thomas Ronan of Colgan, Ontario.

Mrs. Inwood (Frances) and Sister Mary Fintan and the Lawlor family on the death of their mother, Mrs. William Lawlor.

Mrs. McNamara (Zita Nolan) and to Mrs. Sutherland (Mae) on the death of their sister, Cecilia Nolan.

The family of the late George H. Moore, to Mrs. Maher (Kathleen), Mrs. Nolan (Clare), Mrs. Summer (Callista), and to Mrs. McCabe (Olive).

To his sisters, Sister Mary Clement, and Mrs. Rose Reid, and to the sorrowing wife and family of Mr. Constant Moreau of Winnipeg whose death occurred in June.

Mrs. John Woods (Gertrude Hayden) on the death of her mother.

Helen Coughlan and the Coughlan family whose mother, Mrs. T. A. Coughlan, died in May.

Gertrude Byrne (Egerton) and to her parents and family on the death of her young brother Bernard.

Sister Constance, Anne and Claire Stephens, and to their mother and brothers on the death of their father, Mr. Stephens.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Luckett (Judy Pelletier) on the death of their little boy in the early summer.

Eleanor and Joy Parsons, to their parents and family, on the accidental death of their brother John, in London in August.

And to the Ryan family, Margaret, Agnes, Gerarda and Catherine, we offer sincerest sympathy in the loss of both parents since our last issue.

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And to the families of —

Monsignor Rheame, John Collins, Victor Grace, Mary Teresa Callanan, Mrs. I. Oliver, Mrs. I. Glionna, John Heydon, James Conway, Mrs. Moure, Mrs. Tattersal, Miss Doherty, Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Lawlor, Mr. Quinlan, Josephine McGrath, Mr. Duggan, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. James Lyons, Dr. Murray Smyth, Mr. A. Casey, Frederick Casey, Mrs. Frank O'Neil, Esmond Tuffy, Mrs. Clement, Mrs. Patrick, Mrs. Hadrill, Dr. De Souza, James Hanley, Mrs. Garvey, Mr. W. Dalton, Mrs. Wm. Kearns, T. Killoran, Mr. Burroughs, Mary Ann Burns, Austin Richardson, Mrs. Schreenan, Mrs. Dr. Blake, Dr. Loftus, Mr. Desroches.





RETURNING TO COLLEGE — Surprises were in store when the happy day of our return to College arrived. Shoulder-length tresses had graced the departing students in May; now a bevy of "feather-cuts" was appearing at the College front door. But while the front door provided surprises for the Sisters, the back door held a far greater one for the students. The tennis court had had not a feather-cut, but a downright shave! Under Archie's able administration the bush which had hidden the court from view had entirely disappeared. The sight of a new tennis net sent hasty appeals home for the stored-away racquets.

Up in our rooms new lamp shades softened the glare of the lights, and new desks had fallen to the lot of a lucky few.

As we enter the parlour His Eminence Cardinal McGuigan beams benignly upon us from the south wall, and in the chapel — joy of joys! — there is our beloved Lady of Perpetual Help — a mosaic in a carved mahogany shrine.

Surprises never end in the refectory. Each day we sniff as we enter the door. What is it going to be to-day? They say "Variety is the spice of life." We are ready to change that adage to "Variety is the spice of meals." Our thanks, to Sister Superior, Sister Viola and our treasured chef.

Corporal works of mercy are again conspicuous in the lives of our students. Groups of St. Joseph's girls are to be found each evening at the Catholic Children's Aid, recreating with the youngsters, reading them bedtime stories, and generally helping Mrs. McIsaac (our Rose Marie Cunningham) in her tremendous task of being a mother to as many children as were the possession of the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

Another group has undertaken the weekly task of teaching English to Lithuanian D.P.'s at St. John the Baptist Church, and the Apostolic Committee of the Sodality, together with one or two other donors of their time has arranged to distribute Newman Library books to the patients at St. Michael's Hospital.

God's glance must fall lovingly on the efforts of these girls, who give so generously of their time after a hard day's

work of study and of the extra-mural activity which is an integral part of their University life.

* * *

APPRECIATION — It was strange to come back to College and not find Sister St. John here as dean, especially for the "older girls" who perhaps better remembered the thousand and one wonderful things that had been an integral part of our college life, owing to the "Dean's" insight into the needs of the University girls. Never can I recall an occasion on which Sister St. John did not impress upon the students the necessity of a recognition of the Christian responsibility that was theirs, by reason of their training and the position the majority of them would fill as lay-women,—the apostolic influence they were called to exert in their lives after graduation. A strengthening of the tradition of a Christo-centric college life characterized the relationship of Sister St. John and the girls, whether in the love of the liturgy and the liturgical arts that she possessed and effectively transmitted, or in the trust she placed in the students, who shared, because of her, a clearer vision of the Christian ideal of Womanhood.

Despite all Tennysonian platitudes about the "old order changing", one fixed element is certainly the love that we, the College girls, bear Sister St. John—a love based on appreciation, and admiration and a recognition of the incalculable debt so many of us owe her and could never hope to repay.

May McCormick, 4T9.

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THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRESHIES — The shrill doorbell resounded, the door quickly opened and another forlorn-looking "freshie" was ushered in. "Don't be bashful, dear," the sister soothingly murmured. "Come right in and meet the other newcomers." So, having deposited her suitcases in the nearest corner, the cringing young creature entered the common room and precariously sat down upon a sofa beside several other girls. While tea and cookies were served a bevy of girls approached her, introducing themselves. Finally a sophomore warmly welcomed this fearful "freshie" who had been placed under her care. The newcomer enjoyed herself for the remainder of the afternoon.

That evening, the sophomores took the "freshies" to a movie and treated them afterwards. The following Tuesday, the sophomores again came to the rescue of these seemingly displaced persons, by aiding them to get registered and to obtain

their admit to lecture cards. This new ordeal for them was surpassed only by the search for books during the remainder of the week. Finally the "freshies" seemed to be settled.

Then initiation struck us. I can still feel the freezing water which startled me out of a sound sleep at two a.m. Monday, the blindfold being over my eyes—then dire darkness. I can still hear the squeals of the "freshies" as we cautiously crawled about, the rhythmical bumping as we slid down the stairs—then utter confusion. And how weary we looked Monday morning, all dressed up in slacks, high heels, socks and a skirt over the slacks. Our blouses were worn backwards, with a quaint green bow around our necks, and all wearing our hair in rags—the latest coiffure. We knelt down during lunch and dinner and were permitted to use a dessert spoon, held in our left hand. Upon encountering a sophomore, we were obliged to bow low and chant a reverent verse. But now that initiation is over we are anxiously waiting to welcome next year's "freshies".

Elise Gendron, 5T1.

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RED FEATHER CAMPAIGN—The drive for the Red Feather Campaign made substantial returns to the Community Service Fund. Work was divided into two projects: the making in co-operation with the Loretto College girls of about four hundred and fifty taffy apples which were sold in the Feather Fair, and a Skit Night put on by St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's Colleges. The evening featured songs and comedies, with St. Joseph's presenting two skits, one a radio program, "Picallily Land", the other a gay minstrel show.

Mary Agnes Wilkinson, 5T0.

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THE RESIDENT "FRESHIES"—A timid hand meekly lifted the heavy brass knocker on the door of twenty-nine Queen's Park Crescent. The door was opened and there, on the threshold, stood a shy little "Freshie." Having been warmly welcomed by a kindly Sister, the newcomer was escorted into the common room, where a friendly Sophomore appeared and led the latest arrival around the room to meet the other "Freshies."

The introductions included RUTH ALLOR, a petite brunette from Detroit, Michigan, who is dividing her time at present between Pass Arts and Honour Philosophy, and JOAN CAVANAGH, from Peterborough, who is enrolled in the Pass Course. From Ottawa came BETTY JANE FRASER, a smiling lassie with high ambitions in Modern Languages and Literature,

and a scholarship winner too. Another Pass course fan, from Penetang, is ELISE GENDRON, whose interests include four languages. MARY PAT HARBER, from Kitchener, is taking Pass Arts too. Lima, New York, has a charming representative in SHEILA HOGAN, who is studying Pass Arts between basketball and baseball games. BETTY HOLLAND, who began College life as a day-hop, found the allurements of residence life too great to resist, and succumbed to the temptation in early November.

From Simcoe, via St. Joseph's College School, comes PAT KELLY, also enrolled in the ever-popular Pass course. Tweed sends us JEAN MERAW, who manages to work in Pass Arts among her other activities. Jean's cousin, TERESA MERAW, formerly from Saskatoon, but now a Torontonian, also is a Pass Arts student. From nearby Oshawa comes FREDA MISIAK, an exclusive member of the Modern History and Modern Languages course. Returning to the Pass Arts students, our group includes MAXIME MULVIHILL, holder of the Sister Perpetua Whalen scholarship, and BARBARA MURPHY, from down Lindsay way. A second Modern Languages and Literature student is JULIE RICHARDSON, from Cobourg, another scholarship winner. From Renfrew comes CATHERINE SHEEHAN, and from St. Catharines, MARY SCHENCK, both in Pass Arts. Cornwall sends as its representative MARY ANN WHEELER, who is studying English Language and Literature. Lastly, from Oakville, and enrolled in Social and Philosophical Studies, is CATHERINE McDERMOTT. (Editor's note: Catherine is holder of her School Shield as "best student", and is the winner of a University scholarship.)

We "Freshies" come from widely scattered towns and cities, but here in St. Joseph's College we are becoming solidly united by the bonds of religion, common purpose and loyalty to St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto.

Catherine McDermott, '52.

* * *

THE LITERARY SOCIETY held its first meeting on November 2nd. Doctor McLuhan spoke on "Some Aspects of the Modern Novel."

The modern novel accrued as far as technical developments are concerned from the French novel. The basic technique of the modern novel is to render life rather than discuss or comment upon it. The art of the modern novel lies in the careful selection of items, rather than ideas, with the possibility of reflecting light and colour on other things. In fact, the

technique of organization is poetic, made for rational enjoyment.

The main tenets of Flaubert and the Impressionists are to see vividly, and to develop precision of observation, a perception on the moral and psychological level as well as the physical. The rhythm, themes, tempo of the whole performance, must be in the first paragraph.

An example of "rendering life" is seen in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary". Flaubert is profound, matter of fact, and the texture of his novel is closely woven. Two opposing reactions placed side by side is reportage. Examples of this are shown in "Madame Bovary" frequently. The extreme pictorial effects are as symphonic playing of themes with different textures in the same movement. This painstaking care to make appearances exact is new. Placed beside the description of any heroine in the earlier novel, her charms appear to be thrown in haphazardly.

Among modern novels, Dr. McLuhan mentioned Henry James' "Portrait of a Lady," Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby," Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms," Callaghan's "Varsity Story"—all as literary offspring of the Impressionist School of Flaubert.

It seemed, after this thorough analysis, done with such skill, that the modern novel was present, modelling its apparel, speaking its thoughts and intentions, commanding all attention, moving slowly to be seen from all angles.

Barbara Nokes, 5T0.

* * *

OUR SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS — It's a rather well-known saying that "Brains and beauty don't mix", or you may have heard "Lots of intelligence, but no personality." These fallacies certainly don't apply to the scholarship winners at St. Joe's. I found them all strictly "on the ball" as the current saying goes. There's Carolyn Gratton. Carolyn is a graduate of St. Joseph's College School, and the winner of the St. Joseph's Alumnae Scholarship. She was the editor of the Hummer, so it seems quite right that she is majoring in English Language and Literature. Good-natured, vivacious and "eternally youthful" is about the best description of her. Her literary efforts this year have been confined to "ads" for the Forum,—strictly a matter of dashing up and down Yonge, Bay, etc., coaxing and cajoling, but she expects to expend future efforts on a typewriter.

Margaret Elizabeth Fraser is usually greeted with "Oh yes, you're Dorothy's sister!" Whether she's supposed to live up to this or not, Elizabeth's rather uncertain. She was awarded

the Sister Perpetua Whelan Scholarship. She is in Household Economics, a rather stiff course, but well worth the effort. We've heard rumors of Skeleton Lake and time spent making aprons; but maybe it suffices to say that Margaret Elizabeth is brilliant, very pleasant and nice to know, and very good at basketball. Catherine (Cathy) McDermott is in much the same predicament as Margaret Elizabeth. She's frequently introduced as Cass's sister. Cathy is in Social and Philosophical Studies, or just plain Soc. and Phil. She won the Gertrude Lawlor Memorial Scholarship, and if any sophs are interested, she's doing the write-up on the freshies. She's quite interested in equestrianism, but this may be just a passing fancy. Valedictorian at her Commencement this year, she was presented with the School Shield as best all-round student.

Julie Richardson comes from Cobourg, which she tells us is noted for many things. Julie is in Modern Languages. She was awarded the Fontbonne Scholarship; as a matter of fact she has received three scholarships—quite a record. Julie is a member of the Debating Congress and has already taken part in a debate. She is well-known for her sense of humor "*et grande passion pour le cafe!*"

Elizabeth Jane Fraser is from Ottawa. She is in Modern Languages, and was awarded the Gertrude Lawlor Memorial Scholarship, "B.J.'s" first love is sports—baseball she shines at, as well as basketball and skiing. Rumor has it she sleeps quite a bit, and also has a particular liking for Newman.

Maxine Mulvihill was blessed with red hair and a brother called Con. She received the Sister Perpetua Whelan Scholarship and is in Pass Arts. Her Ottawa Valley accent isn't noticeable, but she's from Arnprior, the hub of the Ottawa Valley!

Gwen Smith was awarded the Fontbonne Scholarship. She is a graduate of the College School, was the Valedictorian last year. Gwen's in English Language and Literature. She keeps house, she's good at sports, and likes sodality work. She is active in the Debating Congress and the French Club. She's also shown her talent in a minstrel show at St. John's.

To these seven girls, scholarship winners all, go our best wishes for a successful college career!

Win Lownie, '49.

* * *

SPORTS — St. Joseph's College Softball team is an outstanding one this year. In the Fall it came first in its own league, but was defeated in the playoffs. Much of their success was attributed to their pitcher, Betty Jane Fraser, a freshman.

For the first time in many years there were two basketball teams, composed of girls from both Loretto College and St. Joseph's. Betty Fitzgerald's long shots plus the co-operation of other excellent players placed the A team second in their league. Only one more win is needed to put them in first place. The B team holds the middle position of their league.

Tennis this year has been a very active sport on St. Joseph's renovated court. Lucy Callaghan, our outstanding player, participated in the semi-finals.

The College is looking forward to an interesting year of volleyball, badminton and hockey.

Rose Marie LaPalme and Marjory Vice, 5T0.

* * *

THE CO-OP — St. Michael's Co-op, or "Coop" as it is called by the students, has become a favourite meeting place and is situated in the basement of House 49. It is a Co-operative in which the students own shares and receive dividends in proportion to their purchases. It is a favourite spot for the girls of St. Joseph's, and especially the day students. It is a place where they can get their lunch without going downtown. There, also, students can obtain a snack between lectures, and discuss their work and social activities. The Co-op has a great deal to do with the spirit of unity in St. Michael's College.

Ksavera Jarosz, 5T0.

* * *

We offer our sincere sympathy to Sadie and Theresa Davis, whose dear father died in early November after a long illness, and to Winifred Lownie on the death of a beloved aunt.

It was a great joy for the Resident students to find that Father Klem, C.S.B., was to continue to be our chaplain for another year.



THE SINGING HEART**The Life Story of Antoinette Marie Kuhn**

By REV. LAWRENCE G. LOVASIK, S. V. D.

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn.

This is the sympathetically told history of a young girl in Iowa who spent the greater part of her life as a hopeless invalid and yet who never lost hope or faith in the goodness of God. Any person suffering could well gain great comfort from this little book. It is truly inspiring to read of one who, while in almost constant pain and discomfort, never stopped offering her suffering to God and never felt that she had been forsaken by Him. We have her own words that her misery became easier to bear when she bore it for the sake of God and to atone not only for her own sins but also for the sins of the world.

The book itself is remarkably clear and easy to read—there is nothing ponderous or dull about it. The history of her life is complete yet brief and is made all the more interesting by photographs of the girl herself, poems that she herself had written, and excerpts from her own writings. The book is not outstanding for its literary style but it is a moving chronicle of the life of Antoinette Kuhn, in which we have a glimpse into the soul of a girl who possessed an overwhelming love for God. After reading it we should feel a sincere admiration for her and a determination to be more like her to the extent that God permits.

Patricia Pratt, 4T9.



WHY ARE ANGLICAN (EPISCOPALIAN) ORDERS INVALID?

By REV. M. D. FORREST, M. S. C.

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn.

In this pamphlet, Father Forrest clearly answers a question to which other Catholic writers have given unsatisfactory explanations.

The Holy Orders is a sacrament and for any sacrament to be valid, the minister of it must apply the prescribed matter, utter the right form and have a true intention of doing what the Church does or what Christ instituted.

When the "boy king" Edward VI succeeded Henry VIII, the Protestant Clergy indoctrinated the Anglican Church. The chosen form of Ordaining Priest and of Consecrating Bishops was called the Edwardine Ordinal. There was no intention of conferring true Priesthood. The Ecclesiastic of the Roman Church is a true priest whose principal duty is to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. The principal duty of the Anglican clergy is not to offer the sacrifice of the Mass, but to preach the word of God and administer the sacraments. In the Common Prayer Book are omitted twenty-five expressions of sacrificial character mentioned in The Missal.

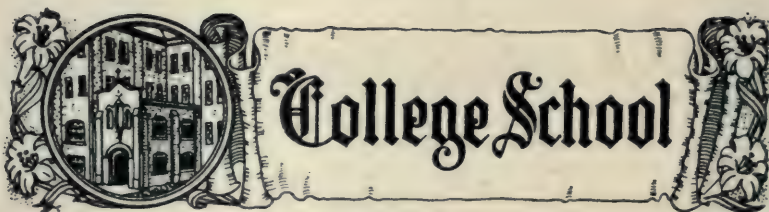
The Reformers explicitly and emphatically intended not to offer sacrifice. Under Queen Elizabeth, it was a capital offense to offer or hear Mass.

There was also a defect in their form of Ordination. From 1552, when the Edwardine Common Books were written, to 1662, when the form of Anglican Ordinal was corrected, an ineffective form was employed, expressive neither of the Order conferred, nor of consecrating a bishop. Anglican succession had sprung up and though the right form was again used in 1662, the power of ordaining was lost.

Pope Leo XIII condemned the validity of Anglican Orders for the defective form and lack of requisite intention; for the omission of two factors which validates a sacrament.

Eulie Davis, 4T9.





Elections Photographs, posters, shoes from the gay nineties—these were some of the advertisements used in the election campaign for the Student Council. When the votes were taken on October 12, the results brought Mary Dunn as School Prefect, assisted by Joan Garvey and Jill Merner. May this be a happy and a successful year for all.

* * *

Certificates Presented On Sunday, October 24, 1948, at St. Michael's Cathedral, all Catholic High School Students of third and fourth forms received a certificate, from His Eminence James C. Cardinal McGuigan certifying that have completed their third and fourth years of Religious Knowledge.

The Students of lower forms accompanied the graduates and assisted at the ceremony.

A sermon of congratulations was extended to the graduates by Rev. Fr. Flanagan of St. Michael's College School. Along with the congratulations, a talk on faith was given as a guide to the Students.

The Cardinal distributed the certificates to the graduate students of St. Michael's College, St. Joseph's College, De La Salle College, Loretto College School and Notre Dame High School.

The graduates, after having heard special talks and congratulations extended to them, could not help but be honoured and thankful, for having the privilege to attend a Catholic High School of the Toronto Archdiocese.

* * *

Welcome! The girls of Form XID are proud to announce that they have with them four girls who are new to St. Joseph's. They are Daria Lawryshyn, Cecile Visconti, Jan Mersell and Eleanor Pitvor. Eleanor and Cecile spent their first two years of high school at St. Joseph's High School, Jan came to us from Mimico High School. Daria comes all the way from Europe, and has already made many friends at St. Joseph's.

We sincerely hope they find happiness and success here. Congratulations to Joan Turner of XID who was presented on Sunday with a second form scholarship. Best of luck, Joan!

* * *

Mission Activities Taffy apples certainly "pull" money for the Missions. Successful ventures on this business were taken by 1X-B, 1X-C, X-C.

Since St. Joseph's College has secured free passage for a shipment of clothes to Europe, a salvage drive was taken up at school on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 26 and 27. Our energetic Grade VIII held a shoe-shine and a country store in aid of the Missions.

A "Panda Doll" raffle brought money for 1X-E Missions. A dance for first formers and a candy sale were also held by 1X-E.

* * *

Red Feather Activities A Penny Trail wound its way outside the office and bookstore on October 26. The trail, along with a brisk business in woollie dolls, brought 1X-A Red Feather Funds.

X-D and X-B held candy sales in the drive for Red Feather Campaign. "The Lamp Goes Out" was the title and final touch to the hilarious pantomime presented by 1X-D on October 28.

* * *

Archery During the fall term, the intermediates enjoyed archery practice on the grounds. A tournament was held at the end of the season.

* * *

Debate Debating has again become a feature of Second Form activities. "Should Latin be abolished" was the subject of the year, while "Resolved that Chivalry is dead" provided a light touch for the second meeting.

* * *

Party X-A invited all first and second formers to their Amateur Show and Dance early in October. Prizes for the Amateur contest were won by Moira Somerville, 1X-E, and Joan Kentish, X-C.

Hallowe'en brought the first Tea Dance of the year for the Senior girls. The gymnasium was gaily decorated in Hallowe'en colours and the music brought a pleasant afternoon to all.

A Visitor Mr. Abraham, a Jesuit scholastic who has left for life work in India, addressed the first forms early in October. Some of the forms have chosen the Darjeeling Missions in India as their Mission projects for the year.

* * *

Rosary "Save the world" is the motto of X-D in their campaign for daily recitation of the Rosary. Each day at noon hour the girls say the Rosary aloud in chapel for the intentions of Our Lady. Why not come along?

* * *

Retreat Our annual Retreat was given by Father Stone this November. The Senior school were on retreat from November 19 to 21, Grade X and XI, November 22 and 23, Grade 1X and VIII, November 25, 26.

JULIUS CAESAR SHOPPING IN A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE

Poor Julius Caesar! He had wandered aimlessly up and down the aisles of queer-looking objects. No one noticed him. No one moved out of the way of the illustrious leader—nay—they pushed and jostled him, stepping on his sandaled feet. His thoughts came—or to put it more exactly—tumbled out in half-sentences. Such rabble—if only he had his armies with him. Why, oh why had he made that bet with Cicero that he would be still recognized and respected by the world. Furthermore, why did he have to land on earth in a department store on a Saturday afternoon? Cicero must have bribed the Fates . . .

Trying to escape, he made his way to an escalator. He cautiously stepped on—stairs that moved—it almost took his breath away! He found himself in the clothing department. The length of the dresses were most shocking. As for the men's attire—it was absolutely ridiculous. Imagine wearing those grotesque things called hats on one's head! How he pitied the modern foot cramped in the queer looking shoes. He gazed scornfully at the multi-colored garments—which the moderns call plaid shirts.

Thoroughly disgusted with these modern clothes, Julius Caesar took—very carefully—the elevator up to the next floor and landed in the furniture department. Here he was truly amazed. Radios fascinated him; touch one button, a voice is heard,—touch another—queer-sounding music pours out. He watched wide-eyed as a demonstrator explained the working of an electric sewing-machine. He did not know what to think when he discovered water could be frozen in a thing called a refrigerator. By the time he had minutely examined everything his mind was in a daze. And in that condition he slowly made his way down and out into the open air.

His last thought before fading into Eternity was "How would anyone live in the modern world of rushing and madness without going mad?"

Faith Lee, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

MY IMPRESSION OF "STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE"

As minute after minute slipped past and the crowded auditorium was filled with noisy, scrambling children, I had a struggle within myself. Should I stay until the movie projector was fixed and the scheduled show, "Stanley and Livingstone", came on or should I go home and do my homework. I hadn't quite made the final decision when the room was darkened and the show came on.

As I sat through the picture, gripping my seat with excitement, I thanked my lucky stars that I had stayed. The characters, Livingstone and Stanley were excellently portrayed. One could almost feel the great depth of character and the influence possessed by Livingstone. Stanley was completely won over by this elderly man whom he thought was lost in Africa. As an ironic twist Stanley really found himself, not Livingstone.

The picture was not without a touch of romance. And another thing I liked about it was the lack of lavish settings. It requires real acting ability to offset the lack of lavish splendour.

The suspense in the picture was superbly handled. Just when one thought the interest was lagging excitement would come out of nowhere. The drums and frenzied war dances of the natives frightened and thrilled you. The singing of the enslaved natives haunted you and drew forth pity. And, finally, the whole Christian ideal on which the picture was based inspired you.

But the most pleasing part of the whole affair was the forty dollars V-A obtained for missionary purposes.

Elizabeth Boyle, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO GO TO UNIVERSITY

Of all the developments brought about by the advance of civilization, the ever-increasing opportunity to obtain learning is, in my opinion, the most beneficial. Science has made astounding discoveries which enable us to cope with the diseases of the body.—These are wonderful, indeed, but it must be remembered that learning enables us to cope with the diseases of the mind such as selfishness, prejudice and inability to think. These treacherous poisons have infected the life-blood of man's relations with his fellow-man—co-operation—and will result in death if they are not healed. For, already, in the first half of the twentieth century, two wars, unparalleled in the history of the human race, have disrupted the world.

The reason for this may well be that science has progressed in leaps and bounds while the great mass of mankind is steeped in ignorance. Placed at the disposal of all are dangerous inventions which we are not sufficiently mature to use.

The part played by the youth of to-day may determine whether mankind will embark on a course of peace and happiness or on one of destruction. To cope with the problem of mankind's future, the minds of young people should be well-developed and intellectually mature. A liberal education and experience at college is one means of achieving this. That's why university education is important. That is why I want to go to College.

Margaret McCurdy, XIII, S.J.C.S.

MY CONCEPTION OF HEAVEN

To many conservative-minded people, my conception of Heaven would seem an utter blasphemy—a completely illogical fancy. Yet, I am certain that an after-life in disagreement with the plan I have devolved could never please me.

First of all, the horizon of "Forever" changes constantly from the pearl and coral of sunrise, the blazing glory of noon-day to the incomparable splendour of dusk. I cannot believe that the atmosphere never changes just as I am sure that the streets are not paved with gold and jewels. Heaven is filled with the essence of countless flowers. Not only do the spirits of earth's exotic blossoms breathe forth their incense, but the lowly dandelion and daisy have their place also in the heavenly gardens. No jewels other than the stars illumine the vistas.

There are harps, organs, and violins in Heaven, that all may join in the celestial chorus, and never a discord jars the harmony. People, too (or rather, spirits), retain the same earthly friendships. I am sure that children still remember, and love their parents. Surely one does not meet one's mother without feeling the same old surge of affection, nor speak to one's father with the thought, "This man looks familiar; perhaps I was introduced to him at some time or other." Many people, however, seem to hold the opinion that once a body (or soul) enters the "Gates," it suffers an acute and lasting attack of amnesia. In addition, one associates freely with all the **great** saints who are not too important to speak to a **little** saint. What tales they must tell!

Now, I have saved the greatest, most awful fact and unspeakable joy of Heaven for the last, that I might leave you with the impression that I have tried to write something. This joy is, of course, God. Imagine how wonderful it must be to live in constant communication with our Father. What joy to live forever and ever in the warmth and beauty of His smile! How very satisfying it must be to know that you can spend every fraction of eternity in adoring and glorifying your Creator and Lord! How greatly must angels and men thank God that they can sin no more, but, forever be pure and pleasing to His sight!

That is my conception of Heaven. I pray God that He will give me the grace to attain it.

Rosemary Horton, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

MARY'S ROSES

Each day we say our rosary
And offer each frail bud
To the fairest virgin, Mary,
Our heavenly Queen above.

And every rose is to tell her
Of our heart's unfailing love
For our beautiful Madonna,
And her Son, the God of Love.

Donna Ruscio, X, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines.

WHY I WOULD LIKE TO GO TO UNIVERSITY

Five long years ago, my first step was taken to prepare me for my future life. Now the end of those five years is quickly drawing to a close, and the all-important decision must be made.

Yes, it will be University for me, but why. To many University means a time for the enjoyment of social activities. To me it has a different meaning—to me it is the final step in my preparation for my future life's work. Social activities there may be, but as such they will occupy a subordinate place.

My main ambition is to pursue my study of modern languages. This will prepare me for a position in a few years, as an interpreter with a firm which has offices all over the world. Today, one can travel in any part of the world and be understood if he can speak French or Spanish. The attainment of a prominent place in world affairs by South America has increased the value of a knowledge of the Spanish language.

To send me to University will mean a sacrifice for my parents, but this gives me all the more reason for wanting to make my time there worth while. In short, my reason for wanting to go to University is one which many have—it is a desire to better prepare myself for my place in a changing world.

Helene Berthon, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN

The atom bomb a mystery
To many people seems to be,
But I, a genius in disguise,
Its great importance realize.

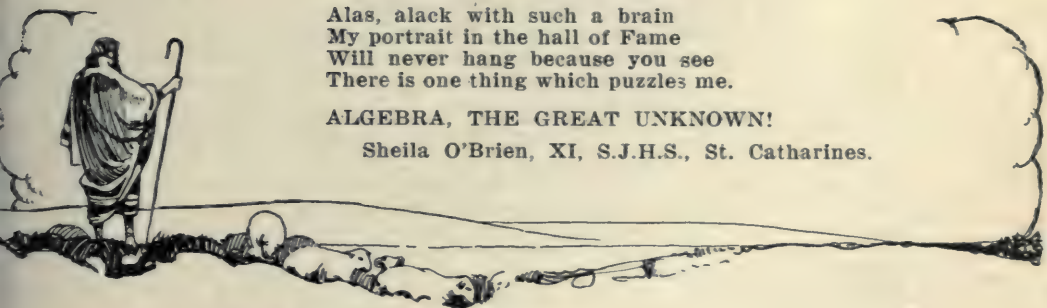
Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet
Is difficult for some, I fret.
Such a simple play dare I to say,
I could have written in a day.

Latin a problem seems to be,
I mastered it when I was three.
Webster wrote the dictionary
But borrowed my vocabulary.

Alas, alack with such a brain
My portrait in the hall of Fame
Will never hang because you see
There is one thing which puzzles me.

ALGEBRA, THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

Sheila O'Brien, XI, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines.



THE STREET-CAR NAMED UNDESIRABLE

If your nearby carline is like mine, and I am sure it is every bit the same, you have gone through the most annoying mornings on the street-cars.

There is one street-car in particular and I have nicknamed it "Undesirable," because I am sure it does not do things to please me. Let me tell you my experience with it and the rest of mankind.

It can be very depressing when you start the day off with a nice big smile for everyone and a kind word for that younger brother, and you yourself on top of the world, and you notice suddenly that the rest of the world is down in the dumps.

You arrive at the street-car stop and find the cars are jammed, and won't even stop. Then suddenly you see in the distance a car coming toward you! It is "Undesirable," to the rescue. It is badly in need of paint, and nearly falls apart as it comes up the small slope. It has room for two more people, you are one person; your books are the other.

You are still in your best of mood, when with one arm grasped around your books, you reach to put in the ticket. Yes, you know what happens, the arm gives way, and down go the books with a splutter and a kick. There is a continual humming from one person to another about "young teenagers of today."

Everything is settled down again, then all of a sudden "Undesirable" jerks and the clanging of the bells begin. Everyone loses his balance and falls on you. You in turn tumble on a stout man in front, and above the loud noise of "Undesirable" he mumbles that he never saw the like of people.

"Undesirable" had been pretty good up till then and you were just about to alight from the car when it took a great plunge forth, and you fell flat on your face. Everyone gave a chuckle but you.

On arriving at school, you found that you did not fall nor drop your books. This was amazing. You are greeted by big smiles and happy "hellos" from the girls, and then it came to you that it is the people of St. Joe's that do it.

Mary Helen Murphy, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

FROM AUSTRIA TO CANADA

Five years ago as war broke out between the Germans and the Russians we had to leave our home in Ukraina and go to other countries. After two long months full of trouble and dangerous travel we reached Austria.

Between Vienna and Gras it was very mountainous, making it very interesting for I had never seen such high mountains before.

We stayed in Austria about five years. During this time I was attending school at Gras. This was quite small but a very nice town. In the middle of the town there was a castle three meters high. Beneath the castle flowed the Mur, a very turbulent river.

In 1945 as the English soldiers occupied Austria we wrote to our family in Canada, who arranged for us to come here. I have been in Canada five months now and like it very much.

Daria Lauryshyn, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

THE ART OF BOWLING

It was a beautiful bright Saturday morning and my friends and I decided we would like to go bowling. The others had been before but it was my first time.

When my turn came around I felt quite important standing there with the ball in my hand (all my friends standing watching me) and thinking this was going to be easy I threw the ball. All I could hear was the laughter of my friends and all I could see was the ball I had just thrown, going down the alley, not even knocking one pin over. My first game finished with me having the grand total of ninety-six.

I was told not to get discouraged, so we played two more games and in one I averaged one hundred and ninety-three. At this I thought I was nearly professional so immediately I decided to keep playing.

My friends told me I would be stiff but I insisted I was all right. After playing two more games we went home and I was priding myself on not being stiff. But I did have to admit I was tired. The next morning when I was ready for Mass I told my family I was just a little stiff and my father seemed quite surprised I was even able to move. Finally it happened when I got down to genuflect in church I had to have help to rise. So now when anyone mentions bowling to me it is all I can do to refrain from wanting to use them as a ball and bowl them right down an alley, making sure to get a strike.

Barry Hodgins, XI-C.

DAWN

How fresh we find nature at dawn as we look about the farm with one eye open on a glorious summer morning!

Going through the farm-yard we are greeted by the Bantam rooster, who, with his chest forward and wings outstretched, crows a cheerful "Good-morning" to all his neighbours. His wife, Lizzy the Bantam hen, carefully strokes out and primps each multi-coloured feather as any little lady would comb her hair in the morning. A black squirrel, with his trim coat and bushy tail, scampers under the cornice of the barn, chattering his morning salutations. The grass is covered with pebbles of dew, and the sun, as it beams down upon each blade, is given "the glad eye" by a sparkle in return. Sparkling too are the shimmering waters of the brook as it leaps with joy at the beginning of new day. A fresh breeze whispers its day's good wishes to each maple, dressed in their green frocks, as they wave back promptly. Now in the meadow the sorrel is breakfasting while her colt friskily and briskly plays close by. Munching the tender juicy blades of grass we see the cows. The voice of Jack, the farm boy, echoes against the distant hill where the cows are grazing. Bessie, the "Guernsey girl," answers his call immediately with a bellowing "moo" and then all her sisters follow her towards the stable.

"Why don't I get up always at this time of the day?" I ask myself. "Why, there is no feeling so effective as that fresh feeling which we can encounter at dawn!"

Theresa Keogh, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

DING-A-LING

Our classroom clock is not an ordinary wall clock but an alarm. Just as every clock has to be wound, so does ours. Very early this morning our little clock was ticking steadily away, when two girls approached it. One urged, "Go on, set it for eleven o'clock." The other asked, "Why not ten-thirty?" "No, no, eleven, so that we will get to the Library in time. You know how Sister forgets everything when we are doing Latin," answered the first girl. This settled it. The clock was wound, the alarm was set, and the two hurried to their places before anyone could see them.

Nine o'clock came! In walked Sister, greeted us cheerfully, and as was her custom, picked up the clock to wind it. It was already wound. The corners of her mouth twitched when she noticed that the alarm was set. She pushed the knob down, and glanced around the room. No one looked guilty!

Latin period came, and nouns were declined, verbs were conjugated, sentences were translated. Suddenly Sister gasped. "Girls, we have two minutes to get to the Library. Hurry." As we walked across the road the two culprits said to Sister, "That is why we set the alarm for eleven o'clock. It was not to play a trick."

Frances Dutka, XI, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines.

CLASSROOM IDEALS OF CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOLS

Now that we are growing into young men and women our ideals are becoming much higher than those of last year or the year before. The ideals of many of the Catholic High Schools are Faith, Hope and Charity. These are the most important because they contain all the other virtues.

A student shows faith by thanking God for all He has given us, by thanking Him for the joys as well as the heartaches and sorrows. God has put us here this year, therefore we should try to do our best for Him. Being honourable means worthy of a trust. If we are trying to live for Christ, we will be trustworthy at all times. It may be hard sometimes, but if you are afraid to tell the truth, say a prayer that God will give you the courage to do the right thing.

Our hope this year, most of all, is to become closer to Christ. We should try to help others to become closer to Christ, by showing good example to them, by encouraging them. We hope, too, to follow our right vocation whatever God has planned for us, because we could not be happy at anything else. We hope to please God in everything we do, and try to do it as He would if He were in our place. Another important hope is to have our family, relations and friends gain eternal happiness. We should hope to spread Catholic Action everywhere we go.

Charity is the love of Christ. Loving one's neighbour is an overflow of loving God. If we don't love our neighbour we cannot say we love God. The kind acts we do, are done to Christ as well as the unkind acts. We should always look for the good qualities in a person (even if they are not very pleasing to us) and overlook the faults and defects.

This year I am going to practise faith, hope and charity, with these in practice I should have a happy year at school.

Teresa Bergin, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

A DESERTED FARM

Situated a long way in from a broken down road and among tall coarse grass and huge burdocks we find a house which is now deserted. It makes one almost cry when she sees this dilapidated farm which was once prosperous. In the surrounding pasture overrun with tall weeds, we find a rail fence, weatherbeaten and broken. It appears as if cattle have been running helter skelter through the fields. Just off this pasture there is a lane which has not been in use for twenty years or more. The only path to be seen is a cow path which leads to the buildings.

In looking at the buildings one is not comforted. The woodshed which once held the winter supply of wood is now vacant. It seems to have been used as a place for garbage because tin cans and bottles clutter up the place. As you go out to another shed you see parts of implements discarded by the last inhabitants. The house on this farm is ghostly in appearance. Cobwebs decorate the windows and flies are caught helpless in the web. The door is hanging from its hinges and has sank about three inches from its previous position. Shingles which have been knocked down by the west winds are lying rotted on the ground. For this reason the roof looks as wild as a frightened hen. It was as if someone had pried up the shingle for spite and then had thoughtlessly left.

Nothing could be sadder than a deserted farm. What a sad sight it would be if the people who called this place home were to (suddenly) come back today.

Rita Eagen, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ontario.

FALLING LEAVES

One, two, three, followed by two and three more, thus the leaves fall through the air. Each leaf pauses to look back, as it were, at the Mother tree left with outstretched arms, but after giving a little rustle, in a final farewell, drifts on. What a glorious sight and how far your imagination is carried! The falling leaves make little noise but enough to attract men and to remind them that their lives are similar in many respects to those of the leaves.

Each leaf at first was fresh and clean like a human child born pure and stainless. Through many wild winds and stubborn storms as well as sunny days, it lives. The lives of men, too are filled with sunshine, evils, and temptations. Some leaves may be always a little green, others bright and colourful, thus too are human beings. No matter how glorious the life of the leaf some day it ends, dressed in crimson and gold, leaves its native home, the lofty maple, and floats down to the cold earth, where its material remains will turn to dust again after a period of decaying. Our lives are just as short on earth as the life of a leaf in comparison to the long life that we are destined to spend in eternity.

After watching these falling leaves, we conclude with a resolution to live each day as if it was to be our last in preparation for eternity.

Theresa Keogh, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

DAWN

Did you ever get up early on a cool autumn morning when the sun is beginning to rise? As you gaze far into the east you see, peeping over the horizon the large brilliant sun. Enchantment steals unnoticed into your soul as the sun sparkles on the dewy grass entwining the hands of the rippling waters in the winding creek. A gentle breeze softly caresses the boughs of the stately evergreens. Seeping into your nostrils is the light perfume of the blue-green needles of the pines. Faintly out of the stillness comes the boasting call of the cock arousing his many friends. Pails begin to rattle, as the farm boy merrily whistles a jingle in the early morning.

As the sun moves over the horizon, his merry eyes glisten on the jagged ice that Jack Frost has artistically carved during the late autumn night. Above the horizon, in the east the sky is a brilliant pink as if the Universe was about to burst into flames. In the corner of the veranda a sparrow drowsily shaking off the night, flits from ledge to ledge. The remaining colourful leaves have a forsaken look until the sun gently smooths their frosty faces, assuring them that a warm day is dawned.

With the coming of dawn comes many picturesque and magnificent scenes.

Mary O'Leary, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

THE THREE IDEALS OF HIGH SCHOOL

By having the three ideals of Faith, Hope and Charity, they keep you good and perfect, if you practice them daily. Here is the way that each ideal will help us.

You show you have Faith if you thank God for the sorrows and happiness that He gives us each day. There is a connection between faith and obedience, and it is that when Christ wants us to be at school, even if we are not real clever we should try and do the best we can so we will please Our Lord.

Being honourable means to be worthy of a trust. If we are trying to live for Christ we will be trustworthy at all times and we will admit our mistakes when there is need to do so because Christ knows them already. This is how Faith helps us, first to be obedient and second to be honourable at all times.

We have Hope when we are hopeful of becoming closer to Christ and when we try to help others to become closer to Our Lord. We can help others first by showing good example, second by encouraging others that may be weak in faith, third by praying for sinners, and fourth by offering to suffer for the sins of others. The hopes that we shall have this year are to try to do our best in our school work, to try to please God in all the ways that are possible and we should be very careful and should act properly when we make our visit in the church. We should also say our prayers very carefully.

Charity is the love of God. It is more important than faith or hope because charity lasts forever in the next world but faith or hope does not. By loving God we mean to love Him with our whole strength, our whole heart, and our whole mind and our whole soul. We should love our neighbour as ourself for the love of God. Loving one's neighbour is an overflow of loving God, if

we don't love our neighbour we can't say that we love God. The kind acts that you do to your neighbour are done to Christ also.

You are charitable when you look for the good qualities in others. When you go into a beautiful garden, do not look for the weeds for if you do you will miss the beauty of the garden. Even if you do not like a person you should never show it but always speak to them.

My resolution is: I am going to thank God for the happiness and sorrows that he gives us each day. I am going to try to do the best I can in school even if I do find a subject very hard. I shall try to do my best in it. I am going to try to become closer to Christ each day and to help others to become closer to Our Lord. I am going to try to show good example to the smaller children. By practising these three ideals, they will help me to be good, honourable and obedient. They will also help us to have a good reputation, if practiced each day carefully.

Madelyn Wilson, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

ST. ALPHONSUS CREDIT UNION

Thursday, October the twenty-first, nineteen hundred and forty-eight, has been set aside as "Credit Union Day," to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the Credit Union movement.

I would dare to say that in the whole Dominion of Canada, if a census were taken, it would probably reveal that comparatively few people have ever heard of it. Yet—the movement came into existence to help the people in poor communities where some sort of help was needed.

The establishment of Credit Unions as a cure for financial troubles became so important that institutions, such as the St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, Nova Scotia, trained both priests and laymen to go to poor areas and help with the organization of Credit Union Study Groups.

Usually the group is made up of people who have some sort of common bond, such as working in the same factories, belonging to the same parishes, communities, etc. This is essential if the group wishes to attain success. When a body of people wish to form a Credit Union, preliminary study is necessary. Out of this group comes an executive body, which is responsible for the handling of the members' funds.

I, a student of St. Alphonsus' High School, am a member of the St. Alphonsus Credit Union,, which was founded in nineteen hundred and thirty-eight by Reverend Father Enright, C.S.S.R. In this Credit Union, a member of good standing, that is, a member who has one five dollar share, may borrow any considerable amount with a special low rate of interest—lower than any other bank.

From the ten members who started it, it has grown to a membership of over five hundred, with a turnover last year of approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Its assets to-day are ninety thousand dollars.

This is only one example of the wonderful progress of the Credit Union Movement.

Margaret Vickers, XI, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

COLOUR IN AUTUMN

When autumn or fall is mentioned, your thoughts usually turn to leaves. As you think of leaves you see the pretty ones that you often picked up on your way to work or play. These leaves were sometimes red and brown on the outer edges, with dark contrasting green around the stems and veins. "This leaf probably fell from that branch," you say to yourself. "The leaves on this branch are identical in colour with the ones in your hand." "This tree is the prettiest along this street." These and other thoughts go through your mind. Sometimes you think of a forest, seen from a nearby hill. This forest has many pretty leaves also; but, when all together as they are, they seem much more beautiful. An exceptionally dark tree is among a group of bright yellow trees, and then again a light one is amid dark ones. Nature certainly provided a "two dollar box seat" when she made trees and contrasted them so beautifully. Especially when we know where this beauty comes from, we can well imagine many more beautiful scenes.

Helen Keogh, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

OUR COSY CORNER

Come into our sanctum and visit us awhile and see how cosy and cheery it is. When you step inside the door you are greeted by St. Joseph standing prim and proud, proud of course to be the patron of our school. Across from him smiling possessively you see Our Lady of Fatima to whom our class room is dedicated.

With one glance you can see five neat rows of seats which belong to healthy happy high school girls.

At the side is our class Bulletin Board with a portrait of Minnie the Mummy, peacefully sleeping in her coffin. Next to her are the great Dinosaurs, who once were the fiercest animals on earth and now look as gentle as a lamb.

Let us travel to the other side and look at the view from our windows. What do you think you will see? Why of course the Public Library and the City Hall.

I wish you could stay for one of our history classes and see just how at home we are with the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians. I think you would enjoy it just as much as we do. Don't you?

Agnes Smith, XI, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines

NATURE

Nature is a song
 It sings all day long
 And it croons all night;
 It chirps with the birds,
 And sways with the trees;
 It gurgles with the brook,
 And plays with the breeze.
 Nature is-a song that swings along.
 Olga Bawra, VIII, S.J.C.S.

A STORM

The rain clouds hung low on the western horizon. By evening they would break open and cool the parched earth. As evening drew to a close, the thunder clouds broke loose in all their fury. The steady downpour is broken by the thunder claps. Harder and harder the rain falls. The starved earth drinks readily of this life-giving beverage. A wind has suddenly sprung to life and the rain is carried full blast against the shutters. Giant jagged chains of light flash across the sky; deafening claps of thunder tread on their heels. The trees sway in the blasting wind and driving rain. A branch is carried away and thrown up into the air; dipping and diving, it seems to have become a possessed thing. The wild motion of the rain is seen sweeping as it beats unmercifully down upon the drenched earth. The driving rain and wind have abated somewhat. Snatches of the moon are seen as the clouds scurry on their way across the sky. Less frequent do the wild white figures leap and dash across the sky. The moon shines forth in all its glory to show the turmoil of the earth. The sky is almost clear, the wind sees that his work is done and he sings a low, sad lullaby as if to rock the earth to sleep: the big white moon keeps watch to see that all goes well all through the night.

Helen Keogh, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

SAINT EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

The month of October brings to mind Saint Edward the Confessor. We have no doubt studied him in history but we did not look at him particularly as a Saint but just another English King. I will review this story for you so that you will be able to look on him as a Saint.

Edward the Confessor was one of the best kings England ever had. His laws were wise and good.

Edward lived in Normandy most of his life. He made a vow to God to visit Saint Peter's in Rome if God would restore him to his Kingdom.

Edward was made King in ten hundred and forty-two.

The holy King was kind and charitable, especially to the poor. He even cured people through his prayers.

Because of many dangers that might come to England if he left and went to Saint Peter's, the Pope excused Edward from his vow, but instead he had to build a church. The church was built in 1066. Edward was buried in this church. It is Westminster Abbey.

Ninety-seven years after his death Edward's tomb was opened and his body was found incorrupt. The cloths around it were fresh and clean. Because of this mark of Divine favour Edward was made a Saint and his feast is celebrated on October thirteenth.

I hope now when you hear of St. Edward the Confessor, you will think of him as a great Saint, not just an English King.

Phyllis Davies, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

A WINTER EVENING AT HOME

Oh! how wonderful it is to spend a winter evening by the fireside, when outdoors it is cold, and stormy and the wind is howling.

You sit back in an easy chair relaxed and reading a book. Over in the big arm chair sits Dad smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper. Now and then he glances over at Mother who is seated in the corner. Her knitting needles flash in the light as she knits busily on and on. Pat, the dog, is sleeping beside the fire.

The fire is glowing on the hearth and a peaceful contentment settles upon the room. Everyone is engaged in his own thoughts. Occasionally Mother tells us of some incident during the day and then goes on knitting. As the grandfather clock strikes nine Mother rises and brings in from the kitchen nuts, apples and cider.

After this we all go to bed thinking to ourselves what an enjoyable peaceful evening we have spent at home by the fireside.

Loretta Greco, X-B, S.J.C.S.

A DAY AT THE FAIR

How exciting! At last I was to spend a day at the fair. I had dreamed for many weeks of the fair and all its wonders, but now I was going to see it.

I was so thrilled I could hardly wait, as my friend and I entered the big coloured gates that said in plain, broad letters, "Fall Fair." Ah, but what to see first was certainly a problem. We decided on the sideshow as our first stop. There we saw the tiny, the tall, the thin, the fat, all types of people gathered together in one massive tent. Next, of course, was one of the rides. Oh to feel yourself spinning through space on the moon rocket is a joy not to be missed!

Something that at every fair is a must was our next purchase. Candy Floss! Pink, delicious, tasty Candy Floss.

Oh, if only this day would never end! But the bright lights on the midway began to dim. The candy apples and pop were all gone. The sideshow was finished and all the people were walking towards the big, coloured gates, which said in plain, broad letters, "Fall Fair."

Lucille LaRush, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE T.T.C. SHOW OF PROGRESS

As the years go by many different types of street cars and buses are used by the Toronto Transportation Commission. These are all shown in their "Show of Progress" at the Canadian National Exhibition.

The bus which fascinated me most was the old-fashioned one with narrow, winding stairs leading up to a gallery. Another was an antique carriage pulled by a team of horses. Inside were lovely, red leather seats. These must have given the travellers a very gay feeling when they stepped inside.

Many other types of buses and street cars made this a very interesting and educational exhibit.

Margaret Mary Cain, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

INITIATION "DAZE"

The week of September thirteenth to the sixteenth dawned gray for the Freshies, but bright for the Seniors. St. Joseph's High was having initiation. To the Freshies it meant only strict obedience. The Seniors would never think of carrying their own books, or cleaning their desks. These tasks were left to the Freshies.

The noon-hours were even worse. On Tuesday someone brought an old tooth brush, with which the convent steps and side-walk were scrubbed very clean. Odd shoes, one long stocking and one short sock, were not funny enough. The Freshies' dresses were turned back to front and inside out.

All week the victims increased their skill in mathematics by counting the leaves on the shrubs, the holes in the archery board and the squares on the tennis net.

After it was over, Freshies and Seniors alike agreed that it was fun, although for the poor Freshies, truly Initiation "Daze."

Josephine Iredale, X, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines.

FRESHIE DAYS

When I awoke on the morning of September thirteenth I had a very unlucky feeling. Then I remembered that it was the day of my doom, the first of Freshie Week.

After lying in bed for a few moments, thinking of the misfortunes which were about to befall me, I arose, dressed hastily and shoved into a small bag little sister's ribbon and big sister's stocking.

As I approached the corner, a familiar figure waved to me. It was the girl down the street, a Sophomore, with many books. She omitted the usual, "Good morning," but handed me her books as we boarded the bus. The latter moved down to the back and was soon absorbed in conversation.

A man who was sitting near me rose to get off and as my Senior did not so much as look at the seat, I sat down. I had just made myself comfortable when she came and said, "How dare you sit when your Senior is standing? I shall put you on the black list."

When we arrived at school I donned my sock and stocking and put my shoes on the wrong feet and braided one side of my hair as I had been told. By the time I had cleaned out two desks the bell rang.

At noon hour we cleaned out more desks, had to wash steps with a toothbrush, count leaves, bushes, stones, trees and run on all sorts of foolish errands to satisfy the whims of the Seniors.

After four o'clock we had to carry home the Senior girls' books and do their work in their classrooms such as washing blackboards and cleaning brushes. Things went daily from bad to worse until they even made us wear our dresses inside out.

The final initiation which came Thursday night was a repetition of the foolish absurdities which we had had to endure all week, but provided much fun and we enjoyed it.

Mechtilda O'Mara, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines

THE LOST SOLDIER COMES HOME

As I entered into the forest by the meadow lane a tiny rustic bridge caught my eye. It was forlorn and uncared for, and at almost any moment a passer-by could see the tears of pity in my eyes, for that certain bridge brought fond memories to my mind.

It was the bridge that I had passed over many times on my way to school, in my very early youth. The water below was babbling on the stones just as I had left it.

Was it really true that I had returned to my old homestead, which fifteen years ago I had been forced to leave to join the army where I had been an amnesia victim? My home, I could not find, because it had been bombed, my parents had died and I had one brother living, but had lost track of him since the war. Turning around, at the sound of a footstep, a happy smile greeted me. No it could not be! Yes it was! Yes, it was my brother. Not recognizing me he passed on to the other side of the bridge. I called to him, "John, don't you know me?" He turned around and we walked toward each other. After a short conversation I was able to prove my identity to my brother and we are very happy again.

Mary Rundle, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

AUTUMN

Autumn is a time when "Mother Nature" paints her subjects till they glow like the colours on an artist's palette.

Blending the leaves with solemn browns and brilliant yellows she thus creates the autumnal symbols.

Even the wind seems to put on its best performance, blowing the leaves before it and making them dance.

The whole countryside looks as if it had just been removed from a gilt picture frame. The air is so much fresher than usual, while the sky is as blue as a sapphire. Nestling tranquilly in this bed of blue, one sees billowy white clouds.

From across the meadow comes the odour of burning leaves and smoke, sending with them memories of summer days gone by. Sadly, the ghost of summer wanders along the stubbled lee, sighing in the wind. Truly, autumn is a most remarkable season.

Marian McGuire, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

THE LIVING ROSARY

The month of October is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Each October, the girls of St. Joseph's Convent form a living Rosary at Maple Leaf Stadium in honour of Our Lady. In this Rosary the girls form the Creed, the links, and each individual Our Father, Hail Mary, and the Glory be to the Father. The Rosary celebration lasts from two to three hours and during this time the girls stand perfectly still. All the Catholic Schools in the city of Toronto attend to sing the hymns chosen. The Cardinal says the first part of the Rosary while the parents and friends of the children answer him. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given before the people leave for home.

Joan Adam, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

FALLING OF LEAVES

Now we are in the season in which Mother Tree is losing her family. Only yesterday those leaves were all a mass of coloured beauty. They made the tree look like a ball room, where a host of young girls clad in gayly coloured party frocks danced softly to gay music. The music for the leaves is the wind.

Now they are all bidding farewell, trembling as if afraid of the fall, which awaits them. They cling till the last minute like the little girl getting on a train to go to some far off city for the first time. At last they begin to glide.

They glide downward through the cool, misty air. Their beautiful robes are becoming somewhat soiled. They do not seem to care now. Their gay short life is coming to an end. Some of their friends are already down there calling to their companions to come and enjoy the soft bed below, which Mother Nature has made for them. As soon as they are all there, she will gently cover them with her warm blanket of snow.

Ethel Bergin, XI, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ont.

A DESERTED FARM

There it is, the deserted farm standing amid the poplar trees. It looks sad from here, but wait, just step inside and get a glimpse at the mass of old, crumbled ruin.

I open the rusty, moss-covered gate. I step inside, the burdocks cling to my clothes; the brown, curl docks also hold me back as if they too were lonely and aching for companionship.

Up at the barn, two pigeons sit mournfully on its lofty peaks calling for friends. Their calls echo in the mouldy crevices of the shed and make a weird, strange reply. A lean crouching dog wades stealthily through the tall, coarse grass, barking with a wild sort of yelp. In the backyard a grey cat walks the broken picket fence, her claws piercing and scratching as she plods on with a monotonous gait.

The house itself matches the rest of the picture. The windows are broken with the force of chill, winter winds, the door is struggling hard to leave its hinges. The old grey plaster has fallen, leaving ghostly figures on its walls. The chimney stands with a half slant, shivering and longing for the old thick, black smoke which curled from its mouth years ago.

Ethel Bergin, St. James' College School, Colgan, Ontario.

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

The Exhibition is a great event in Canada. It enables different countries to display their products. There are horse, dog, cattle, and flower shows. A prize is given for the finest specimen displayed.

There are interests for everyone in the family, including young and old. For mother there is the fashion show or cooking contests. For father, the car shows, displaying different types of cars. For the son and the boys, fashion shows, in aeroplanes. For daughter, Teen-Town, and for everyone there are the amusements and side-shows. This is truly a great event worth seeing.

Kathleen Flood, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

SCHOOL EDUCATION

I think most of us regret having to go back to school, but nevertheless, there is always Christmas and Easter holidays to relieve us from our work.

Some people think school a dull monotony, but they should not, for it gives one the opportunity of having a better education to learn languages like French, Latin and others. It also gives us the chance to be better business men and women.

There are games, basketball, baseball and more which all of us love to play. Most of us, too, make lifelong friends which is just as important in later life as our education. Therefore school can be a lovely thing if we work hard and well.

Anne Marie Ronan, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN

Very early one bright, brisk morning we started out to the woods.

As we walked along the carpet of bronze leaves which covered the winding path that led through the brightly covered woods, I wondered if I had ever seen anything so beautiful.

We sat under a spreading tree and watched the wind making ripples in the clear water. If one listened very hard one could hear the orchestra of crickets and other insects singing a merry tune as they busied themselves about their work. Little frogs joined in with the song as they sat on lily pads in the glistening waters. The squirrels hurried past on their way chattering as they looked for acorns for their winter supply. Dotted along the bottom of the stream, little stones shone like jewels in the sun.

Agnes McCarthy, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MY NEW SCHOOL

Holidays being over, the exhibition was in full swing. I attended it and enjoyed it very much. I had one further important day to look forward to: my first day at high school.

During the past few years, I have heard a great deal about St. Joseph's Convent school from many girls I know who attended it. I was eager to witness all the things I had heard about the school.

Wednesday, Sept. 8, was of major importance to me. Meeting several of my friends, I boarded the Bay car in sufficient time, in order to arrive before assembly. This gave us a few minutes to gaze at the wonderful place we had heard so much about: St. Joseph's.

My first impression was the size of the halls and rooms, which at first make you feel lost. It took me some time to find my way through the school.

The most particular feature I noticed was the friendliness of the teachers. The opportunities that the school affords are numerous. I think it is a great privilege to be able to attend such a wonderful School.

Marie Bégin, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

THE CARDINAL'S MASS

It was Tuesday! To-morrow was the day when all the first forms were invited to assist at the Cardinal's Mass at St. Michael's Cathedral for the Prime Minister of Ireland and his wife.

As we hurried to the car-stop to get aboard the cars, we wondered what it was going to be like and how the Cardinal would be robed.

When the Sisters arrived, they arranged us in line. We walked into the church and after a few minutes of waiting, we were shown to our seats.

After five or ten minutes the Cardinal appeared dressed in his brilliant red cape. As he walked we received his blessing; he then walked to the foot of the altar and vested for the Sacrifice of the Mass.

After the prayers at the foot of the Altar, there were five minutes of silence in which everyone knelt down and prayed for his or her particular intention. The Holy Sacrifice is a beautiful prayer and having attended this one we felt we had praised God and, at the same time, obtained rich blessings for ourselves and those dear to us.

Betty Brunck, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

MY NEW SCHOOL

My first impression of my new school was a fascinating one.

The rooms are large and beautiful. The hallways and rooms kept clean and tidy. In every hallway there is a holy statue and some holy pictures.

Our room is looking onto the chapel and we can send our messages to God very easily.

The class rooms are of medium size and have many desks. In the rooms we have lights and holy pictures. The windows are large and wide. In the back of our room is a lovely picture of Our Lord.

But what makes the school so interesting is the Sisters. They are always kind to you and always ready to help any one in need.

The auditorium is very large and has a big platform. There are many chairs and a huge gallery. While reading this, you can see why I am proud to be attending St. Joseph's College School.

Frances Coughlin, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

BACK TO SCHOOL

We turn our backs on the summer vacation and look once more towards the new school year.

Soon the old school bell will be sounding across the hills and calling us to school. The empty seats will be filled once more with suntanned girls and boys. The old school room will echo once more with the laughter of children.

We will be glad to be back again with our friends even if the school work is hard.

Yes, here we are starting the new term hoping it will be crowned with success.

Stella Furlong, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

MY FIRST PLANE TRIP

I had been visiting my Aunt in Winnipeg for a month and in three days I was to go home "by plane."

Well before I knew it the three days were up and I was enjoying the scenery to the airport, needless to say in a nervous condition. On my arrival there my baggage was checked through to Toronto.

The plane was ready for the take-off so I waved good-bye to my Aunt and crossed the runway to my plane. I fastened my safety belt as the plane taxied down the runway. Shivers ran up and down my spine as looking back I could see the tail of the ship rising from the ground and then we started to climb for the heavens.

Going through the clouds gives one the feeling of riding in an elevator due to the fact the plane bounces. If one should hit an air pocket it can be quite bad, for the plane really bounces.

As we came in we circled the airport and started safely down. It was over and I was safely on land.

The Place—Toronto.

The Time—Ten-thirty p.m.

Judy Murray, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

A RAINY DAY SCURRY

Leaves were flying to and fro, the birds were twittering, and from the grey sky, rain began to fall.

Women scurried into shops; men ran with papers over their heads; parcels dropped in the puddles as the crowd rushed on. Children were separated from their parents but later were found, crying with fear. Above, the sky was clearing and soon the rain stopped.

The women came from their hide-outs and ran to street-cars and buses and the men continued walking. Leaves covered the ground and kept falling. The wind roared on, blowing hats and leaves everywhere.

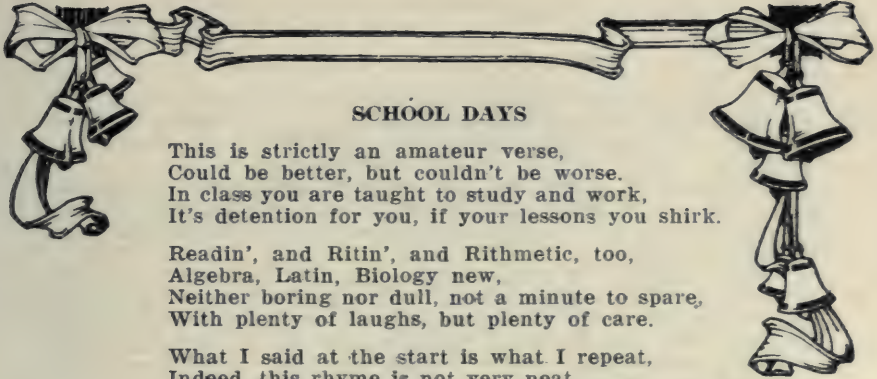
Margaret Garvey, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

A - GROWING

This title means St. Joseph's High School which started three years ago with one classroom. Last year we climbed the stairs and added a Grade X. A chemistry laboratory and a Grade XI were this year's additions.

"In unity there is strength and in numbers persuasion." We are still one, even though it is "three in one" this year. The first day of school brought an enrolment of seventy-eight. Besides our three form teachers we have three part time teachers too. It is hard to tell what is going to happen next year, but should a fairy godmother ask us what we would like most I think all the St. Joseph's Cinderellas would answer "a gymnasium of our own." Have we a fairy godmother — oh yes — Our Lady and don't you think her magic wand is coloured Double Blue and Gold? I do.

Mabel Wheeler, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines



SCHOOL DAYS

This is strictly an amateur verse,
Could be better, but couldn't be worse.
In class you are taught to study and work,
It's detention for you, if your lessons you shirk.

Readin', and Ritin', and Rithmetic, too,
Algebra, Latin, Biology new,
Neither boring nor dull, not a minute to spare,
With plenty of laughs, but plenty of care.

What I said at the start is what I repeat,
Indeed, this rhyme is not very neat,
Not sung by a bard as you already know,
So I'll stick to my books till better rhymes show.

Joan Picard, IX,
St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

MY HOLIDAYS

Mother and I went over to Welland to meet my Father. Here we went through the Welland Canal and up to Erie. We loaded and came back down the Welland Canal, across Lake Ontario, and down the Cardinal and Cornwall Canals up to Montreal. While we were there, we saw Mount Royal and St. Joseph's Oratory and many other beautiful churches; from Montreal we went to Quebec and saw the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre.

We returned through the Cornwall and Cardinal Canals, across Lake Ontario to Welland and got off to go home, bringing with us pleasant memories of our fine boat trip.

Mary Bissette, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

CARAVAN OF PROGRESS

The "Caravan of Progress" was one of the many exhibits at the "Canadian National Exhibition." It was to mark the hundredth anniversary of the "T.T.C." In this large tent called the "Caravan of Progress," there were many vehicles ranging from 1849 to 1948.

It was in 1849 that the first local service was started. As for the carriage, it was drawn by two horses with the driver's seat on the roof. In 1862 there was a little more improvement which was the track for the carriage and the driver's seat below. The greatest of all inventions was made in 1892 which was the motor for the streetcars which provided faster and easier work for the motormen. There was not much more improvement until 1921 when a bus service was started, with a deck above for passengers. In 1948 there were many more improvements. One was the trackless trolley and others were the new streamlined out-of-town buses and all electrical and steel street-cars. The display clearly showed that great progress has been achieved in public transportation throughout Toronto.

Beatrice Pearce, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

VAGABONDING AT THE GLEN

At last the day arrived for the "Nature Lore" expedition to the glen, and every girl in St. Joseph's High School waited eagerly, with the anticipation of a small child, for the buses to come.

Promptly at 11:30 two big orange buses drew up to the side door of the school. Gay laughter and singing re-echoed on the highway as we traveled along country roads be-decked with autumn colouring.

How quickly the tables were grouped together for lunch. Before beginning a presentation of a wallet was made to Agnes Smith, one of the Grade XI pupils who is leaving for the West. A huge cake iced in school colours was set at her place and provided much merriment through its mathematical division into eighty-one parts.

Lunch being quickly disposed of, the young explorers were eager to descend into the enchanted depths of the glen. It was beautiful down there. What awe did the rapidly moving waters inspire and oh — the grandeur of the cliffs and the greatness of the rocks! Was it not a thrill to see a real artist with an original canvas, sitting on the rocks sketching the scenery?

Even the insects and weeds gathered brought a sense of God's greatness in the tiny joys of life and I am sure each little vagabond from St. Joseph's uttered a loving "thank you" in her evening prayers for the sheer enjoyment of the day's outing.

Connie Whiteside, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines

OUR CLASSROOM

"Readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic, etc." Well, we are back to school again, only in an exciting new High School, St. Joseph's by name. But our classroom is the most wonderful thing of High School.

Painted in a pale green colour, our room reminds us of early springtime, when the grass starts its growth and pretty crocuses brighten up the world.

In one corner stands our piano, brown and shiny, and in the other corner (opposite left), sits the record player. Along the left wall is the statue of St. Joseph, patron of our school. There are five rows of brand new desks in the room. Sister is in the front (to keep a sharp eye on us).

On the right hand wall, is the blackboard over which is a picture of Our Lord, blessing the little children. Next to the blackboard is the door leading to the convent's chapel where lives our Best Friend.

Our front board is decorated with a Little Lord Jesus bearing the message — "Thou Art The Way." Mother Mary's picture is enshrined and illuminated on the side one with the ejaculation "My Queen, My Mother."

Sunshine pours in through eight large windows making our classroom the sunniest of places.

Don't you wish you had a seat there?

Anne Walsh, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines

OUR SODALITY WORK

The first "Sodality" meet that we, the girls of Grade Nine had ever attended took place on Wednesday afternoon, October 6th, in the Lyceum.

We had heard so much about last year's activities, the three representatives at Summer School in Montreal; the Christmas Play; the Doughnut Sales; Mission Work, etc., that we were certainly eager to begin.

After Sister's talk on true ideals and plans for future Sodality Work this year, the prefect gave an interesting account of the "six days she will never forget." This talk was followed by nominations for a slate of officers to be voted in next meeting as committee chairmen. How thrilling it was for me, a Freshie, to be recognized by the chair and allowed to nominate. Five girls were appointed to give talks on Sodality work for our next meeting. The motion was made and seconded to raise funds to buy Sodality Manuals for every member.

How quickly the hour passed, leaving eager expectancy and anticipations in the heart of every "would-be sodalist."

Shirley Conlon, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines.

INITIATION NIGHT

Thursday, September the sixteenth, nineteen forty-eight, is a date that will not be easily forgotten on my calendar. This was the cool evening on which initiations into "St. Joseph's High" School took place. We freshmen now know what suspense is and were quite worried after hearing many tall, crude tales about our fate.

When my turn for initiation finally did come I walked along the pathway blindfolded, minus a shoe. Someone spanked me with a hard board. Before recovering from that, I found my bare foot in a pail of cold water. Next, I was supposed to find some coins in a pan. The latter really contained flour that soon covered my face. Soon I was fed a spoonful of cod liver oil and, to top it off, my hand was put into a plate full of worms that turned out to be grapes.

When the trial was over we had an enjoyable party. There was dancing on the verandah, toasting of marshmallows and a 'sing-song' around the campfire where the refreshments and cold drinks were served by the Sophomores.

I do hope that the other girls enjoyed our first social gathering at "St. Joseph's" as much as I did.

Shirley Conlon, IX, S.J.H.S., St. Catharines

ALGEBRA

I just can't seem to understand
Why Algebra's taught throughout the land.
Figures and numbers, x's and o's
Just add to my day's number of woes.

I watch the Grade X in horrible pain
Trying that question all over again.
But why should I worry and fret,
I haven't started to take Algebra yet.

Helen Steizer, IX, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

UNDERGROUND

Underground! What a horrible thought! Can you imagine being underground for two years? Stop to think what this word "underground" means in France, Germany, Japan, Siberia and many other war-stricken countries. We twenty-four boys and girls are huddled in one small room in the bitter cold of winter, with hands blue and feet frozen, as well as in the summer months when we are enclosed in sultry air. The only ventilation comes through small windows near the ceiling which let in too much wind in winter and too little in summer. Yet we all have a very happy smile on our faces, for we are not in France or Germany but in East Kildonan, Winnipeg, in the basement of the priest's monastery, being taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Phyllis Baxter, X, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

A YEAR AT ST. AL'S HIGH

Around our classroom are pictures galore,
Statues and blackboards, an old scratched floor,
Just a small classroom with very few spaces,
But gladdened and warmed by cheerful faces.
For the boys and girls are filled with fun,
We work with a will for Sister's "Well done,"
We love playing rugby, tennis, and ball,
There's laughing and joking nearby in the hall;
Though we are crowded and sit three abreast,
We continue to work with perseverance and zest;
And while we are working and obeying the rule,
We pray God we'll soon have our new school,
Though to all of us here, St. Alphonsus is dear,
We hope this is our best and very last year.

Frances Vickers, IX, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

THE FINAL GAME

What a game it would be! St. Alphonsus against Polson! Before the game, Coach Farmer gave the boys a few pointers and hints, and then the line-up. Hanel and Nagy at ends, Farmer and Robinson at tackles, Adamson and Butler at guards, backfield, Jensen, Captain Dwyer, Sinnot and Walker.

Both teams lined up, looking each other over, talking to keep their courage up. The ball was snapped to Hull of the other team, and he made a gain of four yards before being brought down. Again they lined up, and again the ball was snapped to Hull who tried to dash straight down centre, but Adamson broke through and brought him down for a yard loss. Third and seven to go. It would be a kick and St. Alphonsus concentrated on blocking it. This proved fatal for Polson through a pass for twenty yards.

Forty seconds to play and St. Alphonsus behind 14 to 13. Captain Dwyer asked Sinnot if he could boot it over for a place kick. Sinnot nodded his head. The ball was snapped, placed on the ground, kicked between the goal posts, and St. Alphonsus the victors, 16 to 14, and winners of the "Silver Trophy."

Kenny Walker, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

St. Alphonsus! To most people the word means only the name of a Saint. But to the children who attend a little parochial school in the rural municipality of East Kildonan it means much more than that. To us it means the place where we began our careers, a place we can look back upon as the beginning of our road of life.

It was not easy to attend this school, for we had to pass up the public schools with their better facilities. Our parents had to pay taxes to support the public schools and help also toward the upkeep of St. Alphonsus. Yet we are happy here, for we have the good Sisters of St. Joseph to teach us about God and our Faith. This balances the scales.

The parish of St. Alphonsus dates back to 1913—thirty-five years ago. It was then that the first building to carry the name and the dauntless able spirit of St. Alphonsus was erected. It was not much to look at then, but through the years it has been gradually improved. The parishioners have cooperated with the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Redemptorist Fathers, and to-day there is promise of the fulfillment of a long cherished dream—a new, bigger and better school in the near future.

Bruce Dwyer, St. Alphonsus' High School, Winnipeg.

THE WIND

There was once a little boy and all the other little boys and girls had balloons. This little boy wanted one, so his mother gave him the money, and he was pleased with his balloon. There was a poor little boy who wanted one too, but his mother did not have the money. All the little boys and girls were throwing their balloons in the air. It was a very windy day and the wind caught the boy's balloon and it flew away. The poor little boy caught it and brought it back to its owner, but the good little boy let him keep it, and got for himself another one another day.

Maureen O'Connor, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

TRUTHFULNESS

Now just what is truthfulness? Looking over the pages of the dictionary I find that being always true, honest, and reliable, is the meaning of truthfulness. We can practise it in our ordinary life by being true, honest, and reliable in all things. If we have done wrong let us own up to it and God will forgive and bless us, but only if we ask Him. Jesus said, "Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." So the first means we have to make us truthful is to ask. Ask whom? Jesus. Ask when? When we are tempted to lie. Seek for what? We seek for lost things and we also seek a way of keeping safe what we have. Don't we? So if we have not been truthful we seek a way to be truthful. God will help us to be truthful the next time it is hard to do right. He will always bless and help us if we are truthful. Then shall we not everyone, labour to be truthful every day? This is one step on the road towards heaven. Later we shall and will find other safe roads to travel heavenward.

M. Stinson, VIII, S.J.C.S.

NEWS FROM PRINCE RUPERT

On the Feast of Our Lady of Mercy, our school put on a little Concert to welcome our new Pastor, Reverend Father Rayner, O.M.I. I think we enjoyed it more than he did because he gave us a half holiday.

Last week the C.W.L. held the annual Bazaar in the Hall. What fun we had taking chances, playing bingo and eating hot dogs! The Bazaar was a real success financially. We are glad because it means coal for the school this winter.

Our classes are large. One of our graduates from Grade Ten, Bernadette George, is taking Commercial this term.

The Music teachers are very busy; altogether they have seventy-five pupils. One sister comes to school twice a week for Choir Practice. This month Sister is teaching us something for the Education Week Programme at the Civic Centre.

Did you ever hear the B.C. Anthem? We like it and sing it often. Here it is:

British Columbia

There are valleys and forests and streams,
That are bathed in the sun's golden beams,
There are snow capped mountains high,
Towering upwards to the sky,
And the canyons yawning deep below.

Land of beauty and romance,
British Columbia, British Columbia,
By Pacific's wide expanse,
British Columbia, British Columbia.

Where the tyee and steel-head abound,
On the ledges the big horn are found,
'Tis the sportsman's paradise
And it reaches to the skies,
For it's British Columbia.

'Tis the province where the dogwood trees bloom,
Where tall spruce, pine and fir on hillsides loom,
Where the sunsets and the Lights
Are among the gorgeous sights,
For it's British Columbia.

Mary Zogas, X, Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C..

I start off for school around ten to eight,
For after that I am sure to be late.
I climb out the window, the door is snowed tight,
That means plenty of work for to-night.
I plow through the snow, my books on my arm
The extra clothes clumsy but still keep me warm.
Way up ahead I see old St. Al's
Where soon I'll be joining most of my pals.
Everything's quiet as I reach the grounds
Except the barking of a couple of hounds.

I hear Sister's voice as I step in the door:
"Jim Farmer you're late. Remain after four."

Jim Farmer, St. Alphonsus' School, Winnipeg.

THE PICNIC

A light mist enveloped the harbour and standing there at the water's edge breathing in the crisp, salty morning air made one tingle with a joyful kind of excitement. We were going for a picnic to-day and at the moment were gaily laughing and talking while waiting for the boat.

Soon all the lunches and parcels were safely stored away in the boat and everyone climbed aboard, eager to be off. The mist was rising and the city nestled among the hills became smaller and smaller until barely visible.

Upon reaching a little cove which was our destination, we were rowed over to the shore. Then came the race, carrying the bags and boxes to a rough little cabin almost hidden from view by trees and shrubs.

During the day, there were many things to do. We played baseball on the rocky shore and went boat riding. Climbing over the slippery rocks, popping seaweeds, looking for shells and kelp were some of the interesting things we did while exploring the woods and many little coves. Later in the afternoon some children hiked off to McNichol Creek, a short distance away, and some went to Salt Lakes to swim or just look at the beautiful scenery.

Just about the best part of the picnic was when dinner and supper time came. In the cabin a long table was set with almost anything one could wish for on a picnic. The delicious aromas of the coffee, hot-dogs and beans seemed to make one just a little hungrier than usual. The various salads, cookies, cakes, sandwiches and candies were a lovely sight to behold.

But as all good things usually come to an end, so did our picnic. After supper we began to pack and make ready to leave. As usual there was the last minute rush to find those who had wandered off too far or forgotten something, but finally we were on our way. The sun was setting, leaving a silvery stream of light over the waves as we, tired but happy, made our way homeward.

Stella Chuprun, XI, Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

DOGFISHING IN HECATE STRAITS

Dogfish are a species of shark. They have long noses, long, thin bodies with sharp horns just in front of the dorsal fins. The tail is similar to that of a shark.

Dogfish are caught for the liver, which is large and rich in vitamins.

Dogfish are caught in sunken gill nets in about eighteen or twenty fathoms of water.

The water in the northern and of the Strait is very shallow so that every wind causes it to be very rough whereas the southern end is deep.

Boats that are used for dogfishing are usually large. They use a drum to bring in the nets. The nets are usually from thirty to thirty-five fathoms long and are tied in lengths called strings. Each boat has five or six strings of nets.

Glynne Callow, IX, Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

A GOOD STUDENT

A good student pays attention to the teacher. He is faithful in his homework. He gets to bed early so that he can get up early with a smile in the morning. If he is in doubt of anything, he tries to find out. He never lets an arithmetic problem get the best of him. He finds the answer. He never day dreams in school. This makes a very good student.

Roger Grismer, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

THE WINDS OF IRELAND

My mother told me that in Ireland the winds can be very strong. She said that a man was blown off a bridge one day while crossing. My mother said that the winds are at times so strong that the people had to kneel down and walk over the bridges on their hands and knees in case of being blown off and drowned in the water below. Mother said that thousands of dollars are lost each year by the winds blowing away the crops.

Eddie Barrie, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

THE WINNING NUMBER

One sunny day in June, Mr. Smith, the candy man, as the children call him, put a barrel of beans in the window of his little candy store. "FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THE LUCKY WINNER WHO GUESSES THE CORRECT NUMBER OF BEANS IN THE BARREL, 5 cents a chance," read the big sign.

All the children of the neighborhood flocked into the store to take a chance, except one little boy who had no money. Mr. Smith noticed this little boy outside his store, so he spoke to him. "Well, I can help you," said Mr. Smith. "Here is five cents, now go and take a chance. What number do you say?" "124,546," promptly said the small boy. Mr. Smith smiled as the boy told him of his sick mother, for whom he needed the money.

On June the 15th the barrel was taken out of the window and the count made. Jimmy Foley was the lucky winner. Jimmy came up with tears of gladness in his eyes—there were tears in Mr. Smith's eyes too. Jimmy was the happiest boy in the world. His mother could now get well, and they could fix up their little shack. Jimmy and Mr. Smith became fast friends, and he gave him lots of candy.

Geraldine Graber, V, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

A WINDY DAY

One day I was walking home on a windy day, and saw the wind blowing a lady's clothes over her clothes line. The wind blew the men's hats off and it was funny to see the men running after them. It was not much fun when the wind blew MY hat off and I had to run after my hat. The wind blew harder and harder and I ran faster and faster but the wind blew my hat into the river and down my new hat went.

Jerry Stack, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

EXAMINATIONS

There is nothing I hate more than examinations. It's the time when you have to gather up all your books and notes and study.

On your way home from school you say to yourself, "I'll stay home tonight and really study hard so I can pass," but when that evening comes it's an entirely different matter. There's a good show on or there's a party, or you have to mind some children. So you say "I'll leave it till tomorrow night."

Tomorrow night comes and you have to stay in. Your mother makes you. You settle down on a nice comfortable chair with an apple and a book. The telephone rings—it's for you. You spend a half hour at the phone and then someone else wants to use it.

You settle down again and your mother cries, "Marg, get me my coat, will you?" So you drag yourself out of the chair, wishing you could be left alone, you get the coat, you settle again and then you start to study.

But you find you can't study, and you start day dreaming and finally you fall to sleep. So that ends your good hard night of study.

Margaret Gibson, IX, Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN

Upon an early morn in spring,
Mid glowing of the eastern sky,
Upon a bush a rose new-born
Droops with the dew as I pass by.
And here and there among the grass,
Peeping so shyly all about,
Nodding, smiling as I go by,
Crocus in velvet all decked out.
A legend old comes to my mind
Of a thousand years ago,
Another robin of his kind
Flew past three crosses in a row.
A crown of thorns the Saviour wore
Upon His Sacred Head.
The cruel soldier had mocked Him sore—
The way to Calvary led.
Full gently with his tiny beak,
The robin gripped the blood-stained Crown;
And plucked it from the Brow so meek;
And dropped it on the holy ground.
And even now a badge he wears;
The robin's breast was dyed deep red.
A glowing scarlet—colour rare,
From the Blood on the Saviour's Head.
Oh, blest of birds, lift up your voice,
Full sweet upon the morning air,
With trees and flow'rs, with men, rejoice,
Because He died so nobly there.

Helen Snaychuk, X, Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

EMBARRASSMENT

Friends came in unexpectedly and the hostess was glad but was she ready! In the kitchen she talked to herself saying "What shall I serve? The shelves are empty." Then she steeped the tea and made sandwiches. Her small son reached to take a sandwich off the plate but his Mother held the little arm off and said "I have not enough for our visitors." The guests ate well and the hostess asked if they'd have more. The little boy piped up: "Mother, don't you remember you told me there was not enough to go around."

Annette Warren, VIII, S.J.C.S.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

My Guardian angel is so kind
To such a sinner as I am, blind,
He tries so hard to keep me right
That sometimes, I get quite a fright.

E. Tipping, VIII, S.J.C.S.

THE FORSAKEN CHAPEL

The chapel stands in a ghost town still,
Its white dome shining above the hill,
It stands among the trees and grass,
Where priests oft said their Holy Mass.

You look at its long forgotten walls,
You walk inside and you see the stalls;
You think of the times the nuns knelt there,
And you breathe for each a silent prayer.

Elaine Fahey, VIII, S.J.C.S.

LOVE'S TOKEN

Jesus loves us very dearly,
He loves us more when we show
That in all hearts His love will reign.
Our love for right—from wrong—refrain.

Helen Macpherson, VIII, S.J.C.S.

A MISTAKE

I had a little black and white kitten who could not be taught to answer his name Bambi, so when I wanted him I had to look for him. My mother not knowing this called "Bambi" and along came an animal and drank the milk put out for my kitten. At the sound of a distressed "MEOW"! "MEOW"! she looked out and there was a baby skunk drinking the milk and Bambi objecting strongly.

M. Godsoe, VIII, S.J.C.S.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

One night a little angel came down into the forest, and asked a tree that stood very straight:

"What are you?"

"I am the highest and straightest tree, the silver birch."

"Will you give me some branches, so I can heat my home?"

The silver birch replied, "No, I do not give away my branches."

The angel asked another tree, but it refused. The angel said, "All right, I shall give you something. You have to go to sleep every winter and, your leaves will fall every autumn and you lose your beauty because you would not help."

A little bird heard and said, "Little angel, come into another forest. I shall show you pines that will give what you want. When the trees saw the angel, they said, 'we know what you want. You may cut as many branches as you like to warm your home.' Since then the pines are always dressed in green."

Margaret Kish, VIII, S.J.C.S.

CAMPING

The children danced and sang
And all had lively fun,
The wind was very frisky,
And with the children played,
They went along together
And through the day they stayed.
It took their thoughts a flying,
And it sent them far above,
To admire the starry heavens,
And the greatness of God's love.

J. Keenan, VIII, S.J.C.S.

OUR ANGEL PROTECTORS

Each eve the Guardian Angels say:
"The Lord will help you if you pray".
They come again each dawning day,
To guard and guide us on our way.

M. Bisette, VIII, S.J.C.S.

HE WAITS

Behind the golden door is He,
Silently waiting there for me,
And from behind that white veil
He calls me to the altar rail.

He grants to me each earnest choice,
He loves to hear the human voice,
Praising Him on His Altar throne;
Why don't we serve but Him alone?

M. Garvey, VIII, S.J.C.S.

PRODUCTS

Products are things made from other things, such as butter and cheese are made from milk. The products of a country, province or state are what that state or province makes.

From WHEAT we get flour to make our bread; from CORN we get corn starch, gun cotton and oil. From COTTON we get material for our clothes; the seeds are crushed to cotton seed oil and what is left is cotton cake which we feed to our animals. We also feed our animals corn. The CACAO beans give us our cocoa. OIL gives us gasoline and many grades of finer oil. COAL, IRON and LIMESTONE make STEEL.

And so plants and other things have many products.

Laurie Bader, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.

WINDY

One day there was a little lady and she was washing in the kitchen. When she went out to hang her clothes it was very windy. "O-O-O," said the Wind. When the lady went back into the house, the wind played a joke—it took all the clothes away. "O-O-O," said the Wind, "I am having fun today." The wind took the clothes over the hills, down the streets and over the houses and the little lady had no more clothes on the line, they had all GONE WITH THE WIND.

Loraine Macht, VI, St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C.



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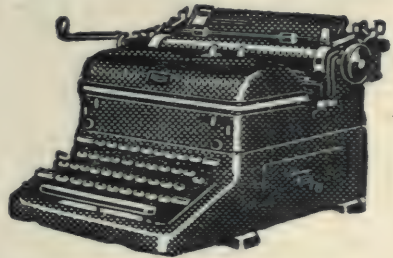
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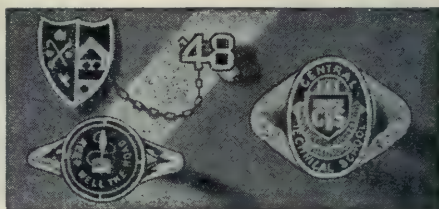
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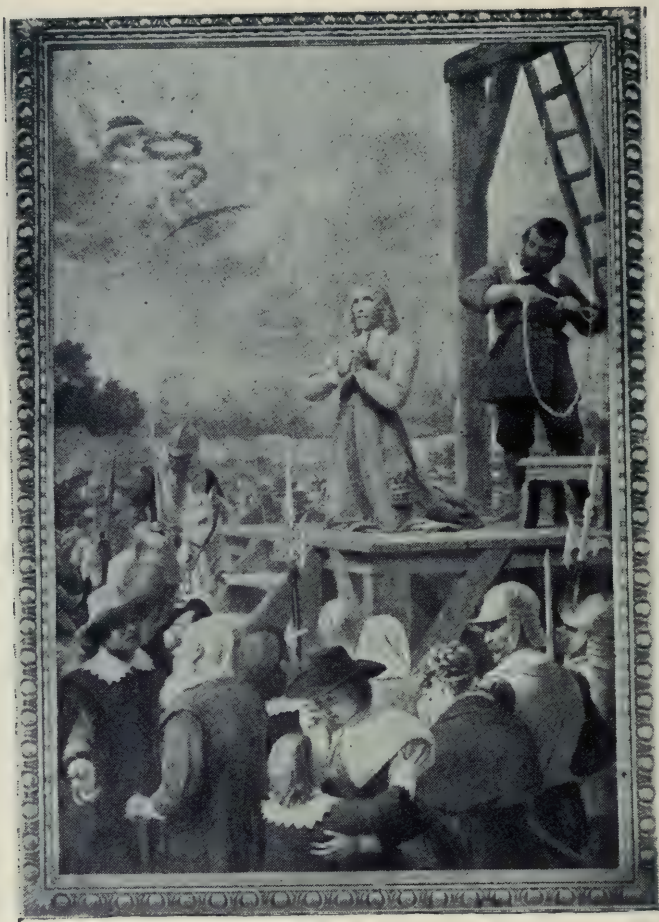
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From a painting in the Synod Hall, Armagh, Ireland

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

Vol. XXXVIII

TORONTO, MARCH, 1949

No. 4

HATRED QUENCHED NOT HIS PITY

By REV. V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

THE sun had set luminously at eventide on that certain day when the Lord Jesus had quit Capharnaum after His condemnation of the Scribes and Pharisees. They had objected that some of the disciples of the Master "were eating bread with defiled (that is, unwashed) hands" (St. Mark 6:3). His enemies' hatred had forced the Saviour to walk through places where He was not so well known. He now had truly become a "sojourner in the land" (Levit 25:40) and a "wayfaring man turning in to lodge" (Jer. 14:8). In the long ago His enemies' plottings had been recorded by Solomon, "Let us therefore lie in wait for the Just because he is not for our turn, and he is contrary to our doings, and upbraideth us with transgressions of the law, and divulgeth against us the sins of our way of life. He boasteth that he hath the knowledge of God, and calleth himself the Son of God. He is become a censurer of our thoughts . . . His ways are very different. We are esteemed by him as triflers, and he abstaineth from our ways as from filthiness, and he prefereth the latter end of the just, and glorieth that he hath God for his father. Let us see then if his words be true and let us prove what shall happen to him . . . Let us examine him by outrages and tortures that we may know his meekness and try his patience. Let us condemn him to a most shameful death. These things they thought and were deceived; for their own malice blinded them" (Wisdom 2:12-21).

Day by day the hostility of the Scribes and Pharisees for

the Blessed Christ increased. They hated Him by reason of His fearlessness in unmasking their deceit. He tracked them down their labyrinthine wanderings away from the true observances of law, leading their purblind followers as the scapegoats was lead into the wilderness on the Day of Atonement. The Lord Jesus excoriated these blind leaders of the blind in parables, and in His discourses He openly explained the Law and the Prophets in opposition to their interpretation of the Law and the Prophets. No simple mind could misconstrue the Master's meaning nor fail to be moved by His logic. His enemies writhed under His scathing denunciation, "Well did Isaías prophesy of you hypocrites, as it is written,

"This people honors me with their lips,
but their heart is far from me;
But in vain do they worship me,
teaching for doctrines, precepts of men".

For, letting go the commandment of God, you hold fast the tradition of men, the washing of pots and cups; and many other things you do like these . . . Well do you nullify the commandment of God, that you may keep your own tradition! You make void the commandment of God by your tradition . . . If anyone has ears to hear, let him hear" (St. Mark 6:6-15). This stern censure fanned the fury of the Pharisees into a white heat. The Master knew that he must retire from the scenes He loved and journey as a stranger in a half pagan land. The Evangelist sadly wrote concerning the Master's exile, "And he arose and departed from there . . . and he entered a house, and he wanted no one to know it, but he could not keep it secret". (St. Mark 7:25).

The Blessed Christ had been driven from Judea and was now forced to leave His beloved Galilee for a time. He had indeed become a wanderer in a strange land. However, the people inhabiting the north-western country and the coastal district of Syria were a kindly folk. Many Jews had found a

home among them. And so when Our Lord appeared among them they made Him welcome in their own simple way just as they had similarly dispensed hospitality to other Jews from the south country. A house was offered Jesus. He sought solitude and anonymity. Here in a strange land He would be safe from enemies. He pledged His disciples to secrecy. He would rest here. Syria did not fall within purview of His mission. Others would evangelize it. He Himself was pledged to confine His apostolate to the Jewish race. "I was not sent except to the lost sheep of the house of Israel". (St. Mat. 15:24);

Naturally people noticed the appearance of the Blessed Christ and of the Twelve. "He could not keep it secret." Moreover some of the Jews of this section had met the Master in "His own city" of Capharnaum; a few of them had undoubtedly witnessed His miracles: while others had heard His discourses. All of them knew that a whole treasury of compassion was contained in His Sacred Heart and this tenderness for others gave Him a reputation which His bitterest enemies could not gainsay.

Our Lord numbered many faithful Jews from Tyre and Sidon among His followers. The news of His coming brought gladness to their souls. They had related His miracles to their Gentile neighbours. And now they urged them to go to see the Blessed Christ. Among those who were persuaded to seek Jesus was a pagan Canaanite mother whose daughter was possessed by an unclean spirit. She had desired to journey with her child to Capharnaum to meet Christ. Her Jewish friends had convincingly spoken of His power over evil spirits. Jewish laborers, tradesmen and vendors had borne testimony of his miraculous power and all accounts had been consistent. Now Jesus was come to a neighboring district. The Canaanite Mother would beg Him to journey to her own house to heal the child, for her maternal heart knew that the Master was instinct with the spirit of pity. Confiding her child to the care of kindly Jewish neighbors, the pagan

mother sought the Divine Presence. She found His abode. Approach to the Blessed Christ was never difficult. "And she besought him to cast the devil out of her daughter—and He said to her . . . 'Go thy way; the devil has gone out of thy daughter.' And when she went to her house, she found the girl lying upon the bed, and the devil gone". (St. Mark 7:30).

TO JOSEPH AT EVENING

When stealthily
The legion shades of night approach
Bereft of clarion blow
To crush the day
Left crimson streaked;
When fades the sun beneath the purple glow
In search of other lands
With which its light to share,
With quivering lips
I turn in prayer
To Joseph.
At eveningtide
The battle twixt the dark and light
Betokens mortal strife
That will abide
When silent, furtive as the night
Intent to conquer life
On swifter pinions will advance
To snatch me unprepared
Grim Death.
My soul pleads for deliverance
To Joseph.

T. W. M.

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKETT, MARTYR
(1629-1681)

Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland—Candidate
for Canonization.

By REV. PATRICK J. KIRBY

IT MAY reasonably be asserted that his short life of 52 years, embodied in Blessed Oliver Plunkett the history of



BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKETT
*Archbishop of Armagh and Primate
of All Ireland. Last Tyburn Martyr;
July 11, 1649.*

his native Catholic Ireland subjected from the ninth to the nineteenth century to merciless persecution, arrested develop-

ment and material disruption for refusal to renounce the Catholic Faith as held by the Holy See of Rome. He was the personification of this true Faith and practice of Peter and Patrick. In Blessed Oliver, as storm centre, culminated the savage attacks, spoliations, prejudices, outrages and injustices inflicted on his Irish flock by power-deluded enemies of the Catholic Church, during his eleven years occupation of the Primatial See of Armagh particularly.

During the last years of the arbitrary reign of Charles II, Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, suffered martyrdom for the Catholic Faith.

He was born in Lougheru, Co. Meath, Ireland, A.D. 1629, during the reign of Charles I. He was orphaned early in youth. In his manhood years as priest in Rome, awaiting his call to the Irish mission, he wrote to a friend in Ireland; deploring the death of his guide and advisor, Fr. Peter Scarampi, of the Oratorians. This letter gives some information, yet very indicative, of his family and connection. The letter states "Of my relatives some are dead, others have been sent into exile, and all Ireland is reduced to extreme misery. This overwhelms me in an inexpressible sadness, for I am now deprived of Father and friends" . . . "sent into exile" conveys much meaning, under the persecution of James Stuart I.

A cousin of Oliver's, Rev. Dr. Plunkett, Abbot of St. Mary's Abbot, Dublin, became his guardian and had him educated privately until his sixteenth year when Oliver decided to devote his life to the priesthood. In 1645, Father Scarampi was returning to Rome to report to Pope Urban VIII on the results of his mission to the Confederation at Kilkenny. Oliver and four other foreign-Seminary candidates, went along with Fr. Scarampi to Rome. Of these young Irishmen, most became bishops. One of them, John Brennan, afterwards, as Bishop of Waterford, figured largely in the future Primate's labours in Ireland. The voyage to Flanders was dangerous and exciting but they landed there safely although pursued. On the overland journey to Rome, Father Scarampi and his youthful

charges were waylaid by robbers. The price of their freedom was all the coin in their possession which had to be handed over. Rome was reached without further molestation. Oliver was admitted to regular Seminary studies in the Irish College there, after a year's course under the direction of his patron Fr. Scarampi, who arranged to pay required fees.

Oliver, according to the standing testimony of a Rector of the Irish College in Rome, "was justly ranked among the foremost in talent, diligence and progress in theological, philosophical, and mathematical studies. These studies being completed, he pursued with abundant fruit, the course of Civil and Canon Law—in the Roman Sapienza, and everywhere he was a model of gentleness, integrity and piety."

Oliver was ordained after completion of his eight years brilliant courses in the Irish College. He was under obligation to return home to Ireland when called upon for missionary work there. The overwhelming wave of persecution in his native land debarred possibility of being called or returning. It was death to go in there as priest and death not to get out. In a letter addressed to the General of the Jesuits during his delay, Fr. Oliver wrote, "I will be ever ready to return to Ireland, whensoever you, Rev. Father, or my superiors, shall so command." The General arranged his stay in Rome and the Providence of God gave the call to Ireland, fifteen years later. He was being prepared divinely, for martyrdom. Fr. Oliver made his home with Fr. Scarampi at the Oratorian house of San Girolamo della Carita. He lived at San Girolamo for fifteen active, zealous, years with saintly priests devoted to every form of charity-work. His intimate friend and counsellor Fr. Scarampi, died after some years in performance of duty among the poor in the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Rome, where the pestilence claimed him as one of its victims.

Three years after ordination to the priesthood, Fr. Oliver was appointed Professor in the College of the Propaganda. This signified a very high appreciation of his learning and

deep scholarship as well as being a deserving tribute to his zeal and holiness of life. He attained Doctorships in Theology, Canon Law and Civil Law. He was also appointed Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of the Index and other Congregations. He also became the representative of the few Irish bishops left. For twelve years he lectured assiduously in Propaganda College.

About this time the See of Armagh became vacant through the death of the Primate Archbishop Edmund O'Reilly, who died an exile in Saumur, France, 1669. A letter from the hide-out priests of the Province of Armagh, to the Holy See, 1669, stated that Primate O'Reilly from 1559 to 1669 could not stay in his Diocese, but 2 years, so terrible was the persecution. During those two years he was obliged to hide in woods and caves, never had a home to rest in. His bed was a cloak thrown over some straw. Under those afflicting circumstances he managed to ordain 29 priests besides carrying out other duties among the flock. Primate O'Reilly was ultimately exiled, leaving only one Irish Bishop, Eugene MacSweeney of Kilmore, Cavan, who was old and completely unfit to be removed or bothered with by the persecutors who considered him a burden and left him to die.

In Rome the process of discussing the merits and qualifications of three zealous and learned ecclesiastics proposed for succession to the Primacy of Armagh, was cut short by the Holy Father, Clement IX, who said "Why delay, in discussing the dubious merits of others, while we have here in Rome a native of that island whose merits are known to all of us, and whose labours in this City have already added so many wreaths to the peerless glory of the Island of Saints." Approval was unanimous, when the Pope finished with the deciding words . . . "Let Dr. Oliver Plunkett be Archbishop of Armagh." The Holy Father recommended Dr. Plunkett to receive consecration nearer Ireland than Rome, which the humble Dr. Plunkett sought.

Dr. Oliver was consecrated in Gand (Ghent) Belgium,

by the Bishop of that See, with the Bishop of Ferns and another Bishop, assisting. After staying in Gand, for reasons of security, he set out for England to interview the King's Ministers in hopes of swaying them to tolerant treatment, towards Catholics. His efforts were unavailing. It was then mid-December, 1669. He received the Pallium in 1670. In March, 1670, he took possession of his See at Armagh.

From the time he took possession of the Primatial See of Armagh, until his last days in prison he kept the Holy See informed of Church conditions in Ireland, insofar as he became aware of them with certainty. His letters are still preserved and certify other recorded history.

Luckily for him and many, the bigoted Viceroy Ormond was removed from Ireland and was succeeded by a more human person, Lord Berkeley.

Viceroy Berkeley arrived in Ireland, two months after the Primate. This viceroy was not disposed to execute the allotted functions of his Ministerial office with severity. He did not last long in it.

When Archbishop Oliver arrived in Armagh, he was overjoyed to experience a lull in the winds of persecution. In June, 1790 three months after a whirlwind visitation of the chaotic dioceses of Armagh ecclesiastical Province, he reported to the Holy See, stating the lamentable disruption of Church organization, through persecution and the enforced absence of the Bishop. He struck a more hopeful note in the following letter in part, to the newly elected Pontiff, Clement X.—“We experience in this kingdom, the benign influence of the King of England in favour of Catholics so that all enjoy great liberty and ease. Ecclesiastics may be publicly known, and are permitted to exercise their functions without any impediment. Our Viceroy is a man of great moderation and equity, he looks on the Catholics with benevolence. I discovered in him some spark of religion, I find that many, even the leading members of the Court, are secretly Catholics.”

During the slacking period of the persecution, Primate

Oliver Plunkett availed of the opportunity providentially afforded him to exercise his sublime ministry among his flock. Within two months, in the Fall of 1670, he presided at two Synods, held Ordinations twice, and had already Confirmed during June and May, ten thousand persons, and about



MEMORIAL CHURCH,
DROGHEDA, IRELAND

fifty thousand more candidates awaited Confirmation expectantly, in Armagh Province.

The "benign influence" of Charles, vanished like a dream when the regicides in Ireland bellowed their disapproval of leniency toward Catholics. They were in possession of the lands and estates of sincere Catholic and Protestant Royalists who had backed this indolent King Charles, had they not

spread the "New Gospel" manfully and bloodily, and no Primate Plunkett or Roman Pontiff should loose their inflexible hold of the "New Gospel"! The Irish people well knew that their "New Gospel" was but a cloak for the plundering of Ireland. The cyclone of persecution descended more destructively on the Church in Ireland, again during 1672, in the Fall. The Primate Oliver Plunkett writing to the Secretary of the Propaganda in December 1673, says:

"I sometimes find it difficult to procure even oaten bread, and the house where I and Dr. Brennan (the Bishop of Waterford) are, is of straw, and covered or thatched in such a manner that from our bed we can see the stars and at the head of our bed every slightest shower refreshes us, but we resolve rather to die from hunger and cold than to abandon our flocks. There is nothing that occasions me more in the way of grief than to see the schools here instituted by me now destroyed after so many toils. The schools continued to the close of November last, and commenced about the beginning of July, 1670, so that they lasted three years and five months, and indeed the Fathers of the Society behaved well and toiled exceedingly in them, and they generally had about 150 Catholic boys. Since the dread of the Parliament commenced in the month of February last, I did not receive ten scudi from my Diocese, and at present publication of the Edict not a coin is to be seen. With difficulty can a piece of oaten bread be found or a hut even of straw."

So fierce did the persecution grow, that Dr. Plunkett and Dr. Brennan were obliged to move about constantly from place to place seeking shelter and hiding in the remote country places and in woods and fastnesses, and he was obliged to assume various names to throw his prosecutors off the scent. One of these names was "Thomas Cox", which name will be found signed to a number of letters to the Vatican. At another

time he signed himself "Edward Hamon". In spite of many difficulties he made his way to the Province of Tuam in the beginning of 1674, on the instructions of the Holy See, to confer upon Dr. Lynch the Pallium as Archbishop of Tuam.

In October, 1674, there is a letter to the Sacred Congregation in Rome, from which it appears that his troubles had in no way abated, and indeed that the whole Church in Ireland was in a great state of suffering. He wrote: "I am now in greater want than ever, and only sixty scudi now remain to me in this world, nor is there any hope of receiving aid."

An unsophisticated individual asked the question, "Why did those holy bishops not hide here and there in one of the empty churches?"

The pursued Primate and his inseparable companion and comrade of early days in the Roman Seminary could not find such a welcome haven of rest. A letter to the Propaganda in Rome, written in 1672, by the Primate, states, "All the ancient churches, now in the hands of Protestants, are stone buildings. The Catholic oratories are almost all houses of straw. In none of the oratories is the Blessed Sacrament preserved with a lamp before it, on account of the poverty of the clergy and the danger of irreverance from our adversaries."

Notwithstanding the savage adversities from enemies, the inclemency of the weather, the weariness of travels afoot, through bogs and mountains, the heart rending pity for distressed and outlawed chiefs and people whom he tried to comfort and legitimately aid with supreme charity, and greater risk to himself than he suspected, he heroically managed to confirm 60 thousand candidates in his Province in four years. Doubtless he and Bishop John Brennan of Waterford who was forced to take to the hills, bravely penetrated into their own and other dangerous areas to give spiritual ministration to flocks without a Shepherd. The trial of the Primate substantiated the ubiquity of his movements, which in truth were in the fulfilment of his Apostolic obligations, for nine distressful years.

Proclamation after Proclamation thundered with regularity, ordering all Bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church out of the country, to be spied upon in their every movement, to be registered, ordering all "Mass houses" in the cities to be abolished, etc.

The following from letters of the Primate, give a clear idea of the ferocity of the oppressors of the Church and people:

"The Viceroy, on the 10th, or thereabouts, of this month, published a further proclamation that the registered clergy should be treated with the greatest rigour. Another, but secret, order was also given to all the magistrates and sheriffs that detectives should seek out, both in the cities and throughout the country, the other bishops and regulars. I and my companions no sooner received intelligence of this than, on the 18th of this month (styl. vet.) which was Sunday, after Vespers, being the festival of the Chair of St. Peter, we deemed it necessary to take to our heels; the snow fell heavily mixed with hailstones which were very hard and large; a cutting north wind blew in our faces, and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully in our eyes, that to the present we have scarcely been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow."

In 1679, the fury of persecution seemed to get even wilder, and in the May of that year, writing to Rome, Oliver Plunkett declares, "Here matters go on from bad to worse. A proclamation offers ten pounds to whosoever arrests a Bishop or Jesuit, and five pounds to whosoever arrests a Vicar General, or a Friar. The police spies and soldiers are in pursuit day and night." In another letter he writes, "A reward has already been offered to spies and gendarmes and soldiers. Whosoever imprisons a prelate will have forty crowns, and, for a regular, twenty crowns. I am morally certain that I shall be taken. so many are in search for me, yet in spite of danger, I will remain with my flock, nor will I abandon them till they drag me to a ship. But in case I should be taken. I must request

you to let me know whither I should go, for I am sure they will allow me the choice, as they have allowed it to others. I pray you again let me know your advice and counsel on this head, whether to go to Flanders, or to France, or some other place."

In November, 1679, Dr. Plunkett heard that his relative and benefactor, Dr. Patrick Plunkett, the aged Bishop of Meath, was dying, and, regardless of danger, he left his place of concealment in the remote parts of his own Diocese, and came to Dublin, to render him such consolation as he could. After the death of the Bishop, the Primate was obliged to remain concealed in his place of hiding in Dublin where after ten days he was discovered and arrested by a body of militia on the 6th December, 1679, and by order of the Viceroy, he was committed a prisoner to Dublin Castle, where he was detained in close confinement and cut off from all communication with his friends.

A dying Archbishop, Dr. Talbot of Dublin, who had been lately seized for entering his See, was lodged in a miserable cell beside that of Primate Oliver Plunkett. The most grievous deprivation of both was their inability to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of The Mass which for centuries continued to be the storm centre of attack by enemies and the citadel of defence for the Irish Church and nation. Those Irish Bishops, priests and people were "Heroes of The Holy Mass". One of the most conspicuous of the Heroes was the indefatigably zealous Primate Oliver Plunkett. All those Heroes could hear at Mass on the mountains and glens the words of Christ the Lord, "You are my friends—fear not—if they have persecuted Me they will also persecute you—but he that shall persevere to the end, he shall be saved."

At this period, the "Titus Oates Plot" was in full swing against Catholics in England. Oates deposed that the Popish Party was a Horrid Conspiracy against the Life of His Sacred Majesty, the Government, and the Protestant Religion, etc. The telling declaration of Oates, as ordered published by

the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, was this—"The General Design of the Pope, Society of Jesus, and their Confederates in this Plot, is the Reduction of Great Britain and Ireland, and all His Majesty's Dominions by the Sword to the Roman Religion and Obedience."

Conspirators denounced and charged Primate Oliver Plunkett with being deeply implicated in the "Popish Plot". The Duke of Ormond then Viceroy in Dublin, directed that Archbishop Plunkett should be tried at Dundalk, 28 miles above Dublin, in his own Diocese, and that no Catholic should be impanelled on either the Grand Jury or the other Jury.

On July 23rd, 1680, Archbishop Oliver Plunkett, Primate, was presented for trial at Dundalk. The trial failed on 24th July as the Crown witness fled from a Protestant Jury who were thoroughly familiar with their evil records and malicious characters. The Dundalk Jury the foreman of which was "A zealous Protestant" refused the information against the Primate, knowing it to be fabulous, fantastic and totally, the unbelievable testimony of notoriously evil men, and others, "rogues, jailbirds".

After the Dundalk Sessions the Primate was ordered back to Dublin Castle, where he had to pay for his compartment. He was absolutely beggared between the expenses of the Dundalk trial and the Castle rent.

The indictment against him was removed to London, Eng., on October 1680. There he was confined to a cell in Newgate Prison without friends or his personal attendant, "faithful James MacKenna, who likewise was in prison for recusancy."

A.D. 1681 on May 3rd, the Primate was brought before the Court. This was after, approximately, eighteen months imprisonment, the last six of which were spent by the Primate in closest confinement who wrote of them, "Not any christian was permitted to come to me nor did I know anything how things stood in the world." Twice he had been secretly, and

alone, questioned, in those last six months, by the Privy Council and evidently could not qualify those persons as christians.

The Primate was ignorant of the evidence to be alleged against him. He did know from former experiences who the witnesses for the Crown might be and their records of infamy. He had been allowed scarcely more than one week to prepare his defence and consult advisers, previous to trial.

It is not amiss to remember that the State Trials arising from "the Popish Plot" have been stigmatized by legal historians as "the most disgraceful in our Judicial History"—(Lord Campbell). "They are a standing monument to the most astounding outburst of successful Perjury which has occurred in modern times." (Pollock.)

The Primate's Judges

The Lord Chief Justice, Sir Frances Pemberton, "A sharper at the law" who studied law in the Fleet Street debtors' prison, London.

Jones, "A cautious trimmer, harsh and ill feeling, at trials. A "Yes man".

Dolben, "Indisposed to the toleration of the Romanists".

Assisting these judges and a Jury were seven Counsel for the Crown. Some of these bore condemnable records, others deserved legal censure.

The Jury

The Jury was one not of his own country but of strangers, in a poisoned venue where the alleged treason was not committed. Those strangers were thoroughly prejudiced and prepossessed. Writing of the "Popish Plot" as it affected England and especially London districts, Macauley, says, "The capital and the whole nation went mad with hatred and fear". Wild stories and fervid imaginings of a planned and immediate massacre of all Englishmen by the Irish armies, had wrought London to high frenzy and rural districts to near insanity.

The Middlesex Jury of this trial was ruefully to be on the watch against Irish assassins.

A Jury in our time judges of facts proven in court according to honest rules of evidence.

With a Jury of the 17th Century, a man was tried by neighbours who both witnessed for or against him and tried him also. The Jury knew both parties in the case and were obliged to obtain personal knowledge outside court, of facts alleged.

One can see what chance of justice the lone Primate had in that foreign venue.

The Charges against the Primate

The essential charges were:

"That he sought to alter the superstition of the Roman Church, the true worship of God, by law established, within the Kingdom of Ireland."

"That he sought to extirpate the true Protestant Religion and to introduce into the said kingdom of Ireland, the Religion of the Romish Church." (He must have smiled at that one.)

"That with such designs did he get the dignity of Primate from the Pope."

"That he acted as Primate under a foreign and usurped jurisdiction and that he should raise sixty thousand men in Ireland for the Pope's service, to settle Popery there and to subvert the Government."

"That he had visited and inspected the ports of Ireland for selection of a suitable landing place for twenty thousand Frenchmen to assist the Irish armies and that he exacted money from his clergy to equip and maintain these armies. that he had sought aid from Cardinal Bouillon and other dignitaries abroad, etc."

The Conduct of the Trial. (The character of the witnesses has already been given.)

The Chief Justice Pemberton admitted as evidence, illegal documents, hearsay, gossip and matters of shallow opinion.

He prompted and primed the witnesses and assumed the truth of the messy bulk of evidence. He was no more deceived than the Prosecution and very probably also the Jury, that the chatter about raising great armies was as the Primate had said in his defence, far-fetched romance and Utopian. He was moreover aware, if he did know any genuine law, that the Primate was correct in stating that his exercising the functions of a Bishop was no treason. "As I am a dying man and hope for salvation by my Lord and Saviour, I am not guilty of treason they have sworn against me; any more than a child that was born yesterday—and if my petition for time had been granted, I could have shown how all was propense malice against me, and have produced all circumstances that could make out the innocence of a person; having been left without any means of defence."

After a long rigmarole-harangue by Chief Justice Pemberton, the Primate addressed him thus: "May it please your lordship to give me leave to speak one word. If I were a man that had no care of conscience in this matter, and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or hell or heaven, I might have saved my life, for I was offered it by divers people here, so I would but confess my guilt and accuse others, but my lord, I had rather die a thousand deaths than wrongfully accuse anybody, and the time will come when your lordship will see what these witnesses are that have come against me. I do assure your worship that if I were a man that had no good principles, I might have saved my life, but I had rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully to take away one farthing of any man's goods, one day of his liberty, or one minute of his life."

"I am sorry" interrupted the Chief Justice, to see you persist in the principles of that religion. It is not too late to repent."

The Primate replied, "They are those principles that even God Almighty cannot dispense with."

Chief Justice, "Look you Mr. Plunkett, the bottom of your treason was the setting up of your false religion."

A.D. 14th June, 1681

The Jury had already brought in the verdict of guilty in fifteen minutes.

The Sentence

In the savage formula of that time the Sentence of Death was pronounced in these words:

"You must go . . to Tyburn. There you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead; your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face, your head shall be cut off, and your body divided into four quarters to be disposed of as His Majesty pleases, and I pray God to have mercy on your soul."

Nearly a month elapsed between the Primate's Death Sentence and his execution. A Benedictine, Father James Croker, a fellow prisoner in Newgate, attended the Primate in company with "Faithful James McKenna". To those we are indebted for enlightening papers left in which the Primate gratefully expressed his gratitude to "generous English Catholics who spared neither money nor gold to relieve me". He also had the untold happiness, "By God's blessing and the assistance of his man" of being able to celebrate Holy Mass every day of the last week of his prison life. It appears evident that the keeper of the prison and McKenna arranged matters conveniently during the populace's confusion.

On July, 11th, 1681, the Primate said his last Holy Mass at 4. a.m. served by the faithful James. "Now I joyfully go to the altar of the scaffold" remarked he, "for Christ by His fears and Passion merited for me to be without fear."

While the guards were arranging to dispose him on the hurdle in the "Priests Yard", he raised his hands with a joyful countenance looked towards the cells where Fr. Corker (Dom Maurus) and other Benedictines were watching and blessed them. The hurdle was then drawn by horse to Tyburn.

On the Tyburn scaffold the Primate reiterated his innocence of the charges of conspiracy made, against him, pardoned

his accusers and adversaries, prayed for the King and Royal family, begged the Divine Majesty to grant him mercy through the merits of Christ and The Blessed Mother's intercession and that of the Holy Angels. Before the platform was moved away, he knelt in prayer, finishing with the invocation "Into



SHRINE WITH HEAD OF BLESSED
OLIVER PLUNKETT.

*In Memorial Church, Drogheda,
Ireland.*

Thy hands O Lord I commend my spirit." While the outrageous details of the Death Sentence were being carried out, he yielded his happy soul unto God his Master.

The assembled multitude unanimously voiced his sanctity and amazing christian fortitude. The solid conviction was

expressed that if this slaughter of Catholics continued, all England would speedily become Catholic.

Fr. Croker was permitted to possess the mangled body of the martyred Primate. He had it interred in the Church of St. Giles. It was afterwards transferred to Germany by Benedictine Fathers, and in 1883 to the Benedictine Monastery at Downside.

In 1721, Mother Catherine Plunkett, secured the head from Rome for the convent of Dominican Sisters in Drogheda, Co. Louth, where she was Prioress, and a relative of the Martyred Primate. In 1921 the head was removed to the Blessed Oliver Memorial Parish Church, in Drogheda, and the good Sisters found it grievous parting. However they still probably retain part of St. Patrick's hand as a most venerable relic. A.D. 1918, in February to the exuberant joy of the Irish, Pope Benedict XV, solemnly approved the Cause of the Primate's Beatification and in 1920, declared him one of the Blessed, with a Mass on 11th July, of a Bishop and Martyr. It was one of the many great days for the Irish, but the Irish are always willing to share their glories with fellow Catholics and ask fervent prayers to be joined with theirs that Holy Church may soon glorify Blessed Oliver Plunkett with the Honour of Canonization.

Prayer

O, God, who through the labours of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Thy Martyr and Bishop, didst preserve the Irish people in the Catholic Faith, grant through his intercession abundant favours and graces, so that he may soon be glorified by Thy Church with the honour of Canonization. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.

THE WORLD NEEDS ST. JOSEPH

By REV. MICHAEL O'CARROLL, C.S.Sp., D.D.

ON THE 7th September two years ago, I stood in the Square of St. Peter's in Rome and saw a unique event.

The Pope for the first time in his Pontificate was borne on the Sedia Gestatoria through a multitude packed into the Square. When the Italian crowd had released their vigorous motion by exclamations and flag waving the slight figure clad in white and ermine stood on an improvised platform and made a speech which was heady wine to his fellow countrymen. It was a fighting speech in a different manner from the discourses which we have read on the occasions of previous pontifical appearances. It was the kind of speech which he made last April on the eve of the elections: "The hour of the Christian Conscience has struck." The audience to which the Pope spoke was made up of young Catholic men from all over Italy. They are the young men who want to create a new Christian Order. No nonsense, not too much incense! Fairplay for all and no more of the litanies and processions on Sunday followed by exploitation and profiteering for the rest of the week.

To these ardent pioneers of a better world the Pope spoke in a realistic practical manner. He used an idiom which they could readily follow; he gave them ideas easy to assimilate. I kept the copy of the *Osservatore Romano* which reproduced the text of his address. I find a passage which to some might appear misplaced. It is a strongly worded appeal to the young man of to-day to seek inspiration in the historical figure of St. Joseph.

Why St. Joseph? He is remote from us and do not remote persons and things remain ineffectual? If you were to recommend St. Therese of Lisieux to a mixed gathering of work-a-day Catholics they might for a moment object as she followed a very special and a secluded way of life; but you could easily convince them that her interests are now as universal as life



ST. JOSEPH AT WORK

because there is scarcely any situation or person whom she has not touched with the miraculous. And she is almost of our own age. If she were alive to-day she would be just a few years over seventy. She has become a presence. But where is St. Joseph? How are you going to establish plausible links between him and the mentality of our time?

The question goes even deeper. Can we say and hope to gain credence in saying it, that he has ever played an active role in human affairs? The historical argument has been frequently used in pleading for a cultus of this Saint or that. We use it very rightly in our sermons or essays on the Blessed Virgin. She has intervened in many of the great crises of history and since the Message of Fatima, we hope she will renew her manifestations of power in the crisis which is pounding over Eastern Europe. Her intervention is not a thing of physical evidence for the supernatural is rarely so. But it is sufficiently manifest for any man of good will. Is there any such record of public favour attributed to St. Joseph?

It appears that there is not, though the appearance may be more a result of our ignorance than absence of fact. Only to-day I read that John Sobieski took up arms for his Crusade under the patronage of St. Joseph. John Sobieski was public enough in his decision and in his triumph and his name is one which has some comfort at the present moment. Two Popes who were genuinely gifted with vision in world affairs—Pope Leo XIII and Pius XI—proclaimed that the Saint could exercise a healing function in the major disease of this age—social injustice. Irrespective of any argument based on history, however, I should say that in the near future St. Joseph's intercession will have a momentous effect in the solution of mankind's problems.

I do not make this affirmation with any sentiment of extraordinary prediction. It is based on an analysis of the present position of the Catholic Church and the forces hostile to it which are named in Scripture and tradition.

It is very clear to the student of Church history that for

some time the Church and the world have been preparing for a clash which in its outcome may be decisive. I do not say final for I cannot believe, as many do, that the end of time is near. The terrors and horrors of the last thirty years—in Mexico, Spain, Russia, Germany—appear as preliminary trials of strength. They were isolated and disconnected and to the Enemy it must have appeared that they have failed for want of unity. Another thing was the admixture of non-religious elements. Catholics were persecuted in Germany in the name of the Nazi creed, in Spain, in the name of the Republic.

These things were but names of course and did not conceal the reality. But they had to be used, and the confusion of using them meant that there was a loss of simple intensity. Suppose that the whole attack on the Catholic Church were to assume such proportions and such cohesion that it could be directed from one source and lay aside all efforts at concealment. Suppose that instead of reading about priests brought for trial because they had collaborated with some alleged or imaginary enemy and Catholic editors thrown into prison because they had differed from the party ideology—suppose instead of these faked charges appearing to-day in Warsaw and yesterday in Belgrade, that we saw priests and faithful in peril over vast areas of the earth, over as much of the earth as was held by the enemy and that he made it clear that it was the Christian mark on them that he detested and sought to destroy. Things would be very bad but, it would be the last act in the tragedy of Christendom opened in the East in the 11th and in the West in the 16th centuries. We are to-day faced with the effect of two schisms in the Church, two splits in Christendom. We rarely think of the first—our present plight is largely a penalty for such indifference. The last act will resolve both of them. After that it will be the end of all or it will be a decisive overthrow of the world which will release the Church for vast and fruitful expansion.

Towards such a crisis we are moving. As we approach it one effect will be seen in our midst. We shall have to reach

a sort of public identification with the existence of the Church. We shall have to live with a constant consciousness that we are the Church—we here on this side and against us the World. This will demand a new type of sanctity—a sort of sanctity toward, which various trends in the Catholic body have recently been pointing. In this development the values of piety acceptable to the Church as such will have pre-eminence. That is why with the widening opposition of Church and World, there has come a revival of genuine devotion to our Lady. It is because the times are so dangerous that men turn to her for her power is immeasurable.

For the same reason they will turn to St. Joseph. He is Patron of the Universal Church and he is the greatest of the Saints.

These two privileges of the Saint might leave us unmoved if we are not passing through a crisis that threatens death. Men fighting for their lives choose the best weapons available.

There has been recently a very great increase in the Saints proposed to our veneration. We are surrounded by them and we must seek some principle of selection. Enthusiasts bid us to take this one or that according to their preference. An objective guiding principle is very useful. Such a one is the patronage sanctioned by the Church.

In the case of St. Joseph this is threefold. He is Patron of the whole Church, of the working classes and of the dying. Now all three are very much in our thoughts at present. The Church as an institution amongst men faces the greatest challenge it has met in all its history—a challenge offered by the world wide Communism. This movement is largely bound up with the status and rights of the working classes and in the circumstances of our age which renders life a precarious thing, the challenge comes to each of us a mortal threat.

We have no longer the security of Victorian days when differences of opinion provoked hostility but not bloodshed.

Even if the shock of two completely different philosophies of life—the Christian and Communist does not lead to a universal war, we all feel too strongly that the Machine-age has brought death nearer to us and has given it larger scope. The one who softens death by making it an encounter rather than a separation has become a necessity to us. He is St. Joseph.

REDEMPTION

THE sky grew bright
With marvelous light,
And hosts of Angels with adoring eyes
Watched in wonderment an Infant's cries.
The tiny bundle lay
Upon the blessed hay,
And the wintry Cave in undreamt wise
Became man's second Paradise.
Rest, Child, rest
In warm embrace on Mary's breast.
And the lonely ox's stall is bliss,
As all of Heaven's love is equalled
In a Virgin mother's trembling kiss.
O Earth, be hushed this sacred hour, and draw near
Where Mary kneels, and let creation hear —
It is the way she sweetly sings
That gave Redemption golden wings!

LaVerne Wilhelm, S.J.



FLIBBER COMES THROUGH

By PAUL KAY

THREE o'clock finally comes, even on Mondays, though Mr. Flibber sometimes thought that time was caught fast somewhere along the sixty minutes that ran from two P.M. on. Blue Mondays! Ho HUM! Especially when one has Greek the last period. It was not that Mr. Flibber disliked the language of the Ancient Spartans. If anything he felt an affinity for Athenagoras and his boys. But Greek had dealt an unkind blow to Flibber. He had to teach it.

In fifteen years of pedagogy Mr. Flibber had run into that variegated type of homo cantankerous known more commonly as the student. He had seen it in every possible manifestation of mood. And subjunctive was definitely not the word for it. One can take an ordinary human being and expose him to the severest trials with a hope of seeing him come through with his best. But try to teach him Greek the last period of the day, and man at his worst sits before the eyes.

Flibber had given the problem more than sufficient analysis. Being a man unafraid to face facts, he had taken the enigma by the throat and tried to solve it. After fifteen years he was convinced that it was not the enigma he should have taken by the neck; not with so many deserving necks around. Fortunately for his students Greek had taught Flibber many things, one of these being self control even in the face of provocation to murder. No court in the land would have handed down a verdict of guilty if Flibber had run beserk and batted a few heads; even the board of education would have smiled sympathetically. But Flibber held back. Somewhere in the dim recesses of his classic-befogged brain was the dream that a day would come. A day when even the dreariest student would look with glee to that last period with a feeling of "Oh, Boy. Greek!" A man can dream, can't he?

A teacher's land is the great wide Disillusion. False hopes and copious mis-leads point the way thereto. And so it was with Flibber. He had his bruises but he nursed them secretly. It was in the recesses of his dingy chamber high atop Kelly's Boarding House that he counted his woes and aired his grievances to the unfeeling walls. It was there that he and Greek had it out face to face, man to monster. Greek the lifeless! Greek the tyrant, its breathing rough, it's sigma's elided, and its liquids syneopated. Greek had cost him his chance at romance. Elsie would have married him but for that! It was when he told her that she was as refreshing as a second aorist that she dropped him. Elsie had been raised on the principle of total abstinence from spirits, and a second aorist sound worse than a second Martini. Greek had cost him a fortune. His one grasp for wealth had trickled from his hand like a tau mute before a sigma. He had been called to the phone.

"How did the Athenians form the perfect?" a voice had said.

Quick as an Alpha changing to eta Flibber had come through, "By reduplication of the initial consonant, of course."

Then the voice let him have it. "I'm awfully sorry. This is Ignorance Please program. If you hadn't known the answer to that question we would have sent you twenty-five thousand five dollar bills, a hundred and fifty foot yacht, a—" But Flibber had rung up. He knew his fate. Greek had done for him.

Yet, Flibber was incorrigible. Despite all warning he went ahead. In blissful ignorance that even worse disaster could befall him he stuck to his Homer and stood by his Sophocles. "Even a Greek cloud must have an argent lining and every dog must have his hemera," he told himself. But little did he wot.

It was two P.M. Monday. The classes were straying into the room, the hapless looking if possible a little hapless; the hopeless even more so. The greatest possible number of minutes were wasted by the students of Homer in getting to their "thronos" but they finally made it.

"We left Achilles sulking in his tent." Flibber almost began the class with some such brilliant remark.

The class wits were holidaying id'y in the back of the room. Flibber knew it was a waste of time but he ventured. "Will one of you gentlemen in the back of the room take up the text."

There were cries of, "Let me, Doc. Let Me!" Flibber, after restoring a semblance of order settled on one.

"We'll start from line 200."

"On your mark!" somebody wisecracked but Flibber paid no attention. This was part of the slings and arrows, the fardels which he would bear to sweat and toil in this weary class.

The chosen one read the Greek original with the utmost apathy, deigning occasionally to pronounce one of the smaller words correctly. As for the translation, the student's feeble effort was sufficient indication that he and Homer were not on speaking terms; perhaps not even acquainted. According to custom Flibber filled in the translation, rounding it off in fine sonorous periods which almost ennobled the text. He stopped just once and that was to ask one of the boys to stop smoking during class.

The professor managed to secure sufficient attention from another member to get a venturesome rendition of the next few lines, and so on patiently until the assignment was covered, Flibber himself having carried ninety-five percent of the effort. It was only two-twenty five. The weary teacher took out his rather cumbersome timepiece; looked at it accusingly and set it upon the desk. He walked to the board.

"Let's have a quick rundown on the rules for conditions in Greek and their application in Homer's idiom." The entire class stretched in a body. Any new material was bad enough but a review was the coup-de-tat and they were in no mood for it.

"Tell us a story, Doc," one of the local huskies shouted.

"Let's have quiet, please . . ." Flibber started. Then

suddenly and to the complete bewilderment of the class, he started to take off his coat. "I'll tell you a story but for this narrative I must ask that you permit me to be relaxed. Hence I shall remove my coat."

Flibber never told stories. He was the proverbial dry as dust guy and this was strictly a departure from form. A couple of the boys gave a slight cheer but choked it off when no one else encouraged it. For once in his life Flibber had the attention of the class. He had to strike. Now! While the iron was hot!

I'll tell you a story, the like of which you haven't heard since Inner Sanctum went off the air. And queerest part of of all about this tale, it's fact and not fiction. At the outbreak of the war a lot of hot-headed kids were all rushing right out and licking the enemy bare-handed, even before they knew who the enemy was. A close pal of mine, a good bit younger than myself, was in such an outfit. Chaps who were fighting at the bit just to get in the thick of things. Well, as always happens, his chance came. And maybe he got more than he bargained for. I'll never know 'cause, you see, he didn't come back. But the gang that was with him, they supplied the facts. I want to keep personalities out of this, so let's just call my friend G.I. Joe. Joe was over there only two months when he fell in with the roughest and hardest fighting man an army can produce. You've heard of the type. Once they hear that call to arms they start pouring it on. Well Joe's friend had been around plenty in this war; he had been decorated on just about every field and for almost every act of heroism in the book. He was so good that even the enemy knew about him and if they had the dough they certainly must have put a price and promise of promotion on his head. Naturally. Joe's kicking around with this hero brings in a lot of hand-shaking for our boy. And after a while it got to be almost a legend. Joe and this kid everywhere together. Then, bingo, it happens. Our hero draws a rough deal. Something goes wrong one day. Something pretty serious because the fellow

with the medals all of a sudden decides he's had enough. He puts away his gun; takes off his medals—of which he is pretty proud and settles down to waiting this war out behind the battle-lines. Well the headquarters staff is up against it. They can't court-martial this boy as a coward. They know better. So they make it sound as though they're begging him to reconsider. They even tell him that a lot of the success of the war rests upon his shoulders. They're not kidding either, 'cause from the day he sits out his first skirmish things go pretty rough for our boys. One man can have a lot of weight with a bunch of boys and that's the way it was. With the hero avoiding the bullets the rest of the soldiers with him kind of lose heart for mixing it with the enemy. Some of the boys tell me that finally the enemy got wise to what was what and really started to apply the pressure."

Flibber paused to catch his breath. He wet his lips. Every eye in that room was upon him and every ear was listening.

"Meanwhile our boy Joe is doing his all to swing the deal and make his friend see sense. But it's tough going and the hero is not buying any persuasion. But something that Joe said must have taken effect. That very night the enemy came in and up there leading our boys was the old reliable medal-bearer. His decorations were shining all over his chest. That's how the boys knew him. It turned out to be a good night for the army and the enemy is probably still running. But when they found him he was a very dead boy. Right through his biggest and most treasured award, right through it, they had hit him. Guess those medals made a pretty fair target on a moonlit night. The roughest part of the story is that the dead boy wasn't the hero at all. It was my pal Joe. Joe had staked his chance on the darkness of night. A chance that any chest with all those medals would make his buddies think that their glorious warrior was back in their midst. Joe had put on the medals. That's all."

Flibber looked at his watch. It read twenty after three. And that class still did not want to move. "What did the big

boy do when he found out about his pal? What did he do, huh?"

Flibber smiled. "Maybe I'll tell you some other time."

* * *

Sitting alone in his dingy room atop Kelly's boarding house that evening, Flibber gloated in his moment of triumph. He wondered what would happen if those boys of his ever found out that his true story had been told by a fellow named Homer, many years before.

SAINT JOSEPH

Saints know thee best, O hidden, silent Saint!

And would that I could feel a little part

Of that great love Teresa's kindred heart

Felt for thee, Foster-Father! But the taint

The chill is on my soul; and few and faint

The prayers that from this earthly bosom dart

Up to that heavenly throne whereon thou art,

In glory not too high to hear my plaint.

Patron of all who work in humble ways!

Pray that from pure and earnest motive I

May fill with patient toil the moments flying;

Patron of happy death-beds! when my days

Have reached their term be thou dear Joseph! nigh,

With Mary and with Jesus, while I'm dying.

Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.



THE CHURCH AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

By RICHARD M. McKEON, S.J.

THE right, not to mention the propriety, of priests speaking on such topics as industrial relations is still being questioned. We are conscious of this attitude from years of experience in teaching and in appearing before many types of audiences. Frequently those who pride themselves on faithfulness to ordinary religious duties will be the severest critics. Their smug advice is for the Church to keep close to religious affairs and not to enter the arena of public and economic problems. The modern pagan condemns our social doctrine even before he has given it serious study.

By what authority do we priests teach, especially in those matters which seem far beyond the ordinary function of the clergyman? Well that authority is simply the voice of Christ speaking through His Church. His words to teach all nations "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" have a direct bearing on social and economic life. That authority has been confirmed repeatedly in the famous encyclical letters of the Popes.

And there is the reason for the Christian schools of industrial relations throughout America—indeed throughout the world—and their main purpose is to bring the spirit and the principles of Christ into economic order. Great evils still exist in the industrial world because Christ is forgotten. Here is the true challenge of industrial relations and on its acceptance depends the future prosperity and security of the country.

About a year ago the writer was proposed as an arbitrator in a small dispute. The union approved of us but the corporation refused to do so with words to the effect that it did not wish the Church to be concerned with its affairs. We mention this as indicative of an attitude all too common. Let us present an objective answer to such critics.

We maintain that every social and economic problem is

fundamentally a moral problem. We realise we are engaged primarily in religious duties, but we are also citizens and cannot separate ourselves from human problems in the social order. The official history of industry shows terrible failures and disasters. In our own generation men have listened too eagerly to other men who have promised them freedom, equality, opportunity, and security only in time to discover their lot embraced slavery, inequality despair, and want. Hitler and Mussolini with their new orders are dead. But please don't forget that Stalin lives and communism spreads all over the world. Has America forgotten the weary and desperate years of depression? Where were our economic experts in 1929? There are economic reasons for war and so we sadly admit that two world wars and a great depression are no worthy tribute to the brains of men. What follows? It is high time for men to listen to the voice of the God-man Christ speaking through His Church and proposing true and basic principles for the social order and industrial peace.

That voice spoke with authority in the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. And to-day Pius XII proclaims: "Only on the principles of Christianity and in accord with its spirit can the social reforms, called for imperatively by the necessities and aspirations of our times, be carried out." Our complaint is lack of true foresight and zeal in not having these principles taught at all levels of Christian education from the grade schools on to the university. This is highly necessary in novitiates, minor and major seminaries. For the clergy and religious must be qualified to explain the social doctrine of the Church. Great progress has been made. But the enemies of Christian civilization are still more zealous with powerful means to influence the minds of millions. So the Pope calls for an awakening of apostolic spirit which "may painfully disturb the smug tranquillity of those to whom the daylight of reality points inexorably to sacrifices and changes to which in their slumbers they had not given a thought, and from which they can no longer escape."

Let us state that the Church is not interested in purely practical matters and technology. She knows her limitations. But she also knows that ethics and morality enter into major social and economic problems and it is her duty to decide if a given social order is in accord with God's unchangeable order.

Now it is interesting, sometimes alarming, to hear the comments expressed after one has presented a topic dealing with the social doctrine of the Church. Too conservative is seldom heard, although many people believe that the Church is the defender of the existing order and is opposed to change. Others maintain that the doctrine set forth was too radical and productive of harm. Few seem reluctant to admit that the Church can be progressive. Of course we do not propose to discuss all the meanings surrounding the proper use of these adjectives. There are classical, political, and social usages. We shall limit ourselves to practical applications in the social order.

The Church is conservative in her social doctrine because she must protect the truth which Christ has given her. She cannot depart from it. Thus she maintains that marriage is a sacred thing, a sacrament, with a bond that cannot be dissolved. She must condemn the philosophy of individualism and unlimited free competition in economics. Why? Because she holds that the worker possesses spiritual dignity as a child of God, that man is not a cog in the machinery of industry. A very great part of the New Testament deals with social problems and there will be found the fundamental principles so necessary to-day.

Radical to most people indicates an extremist who would resort to violence to achieve his end. It is opposed to conservative. It really means proceeding from the root or foundation. To advocate radical change in the social order would mean striking the root of the present system. Thus communism attacks capitalism by attempting to destroy the right of private property. The Church knowing that the right of private property is a natural right bestowed by God will ever defend it. This, however, does not mean that the Church approves

the many abuses prevalent in the present system of capitalism. The roots of the Church, her radicalism, were planted by Christ. Only from these roots will spring the principles which will bear good fruit for all men.

Progressive is too frequently a political label. But it has a good economic meaning as well as a dubious one. We need not dwell on the gigantic advances made in the world of science and industry. The discovery of atomic energy with its terrifying threat to the peace of the world simply astounds us. Again efficiency is to be praised. But what of a system which would and does make a mere machine of the worker? Should he be scrapped at the first sign of inefficiency?

Progress supposes a goal. What, let us ask, is the goal of management to-day? And please remember that management is often divorced from ownership. Mr. George Sokolsky gave the answer when he said: "Management in the United States is trained to produce profits—an adequate compensation for the use of tools and adequate savings to replace tools. It knows no other reason for operating." We trust that this is not an indictment of all management. It does emphasize a materialistic philosophy. It contradicts the Divine Economist who once said: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Reasonable profits are a very legitimate end but not the sole end of economic life.

Everything must be modern, stream-lined, super-duper. That is the spirit of progressive secularism. But what have the American bishops recently said about this spirit? "Secularism takes God out of economic thinking and thereby minimizes the dignity of the human person endowed by God with inalienable rights and made responsible to Him for corresponding individual and social duties. Thus, to the detriment of man and society, the divinely established balance in economic relations is lost. In Christian thought the work of man is not a commodity to be bought and sold, and economic enterprise is an important social function in which owner, manager, and workman co-operate for the common good. When disregard

of his responsibility to God makes the owner forget his stewardship and the social function of private property, there comes that irrational economic individualism which brings misery to millions." Surely the cold facts of two world wars and a severe depression force us to link irrationality with modern secular progress.

The Church does approve of progress in the material order and she hopes that its benefits may be distributed to all men. But she never forgets the true destiny of man. She is progressive, really ahead of the times, in economic thought. The social doctrine of Leo XIII proves this beyond all doubt. At this point we may profit by a quotation from the author of "My Unknown Chum" who indicted the material progress of the nineteenth century in these words: "True progress is something superior to your puffing engines and clicking telegraphs, and independent of them. It is the advancement of humanity in the knowledge of its frailty and dependence; the elevation of mind above its own limited acquirements to the infinite source of knowledge; the cleansing of the heart of its selfishness and uncleanness; in fact, it is anything whatever that tends to assimilate man more closely to the divine Exemplar of perfect manhood." And that divine Exemplar is Jesus Christ.

In 1931 Pius XI in his famous encyclical "On the Reconstruction of the Social Order" reminded the Christian world that his predecessor, Leo XIII, in the truly progressive encyclical "On the Condition of Labor" had given to posterity a priceless heritage which "laid down for all mankind unerring rules for the right solution of the difficult problem of human solidarity, called the social question." The works of Leo gave the highest approval to the efforts of other brave pioneer workers in the social-economic field like Von Ketteler of Germany and Manning of England. It settled for all time the right and the duty for Christian clergy and laymen to enter the arena of social problems and surely industrial relations is now most important. Yet that position is still questioned even by many who profess to be staunch Christians, as we

mentioned before. Let us throw more light on this issue.

The doctrine of Leo was greeted with enthusiasm in certain quarters and with dismay and scorn in others. Were not his principles revolutionary? The answer is "yes" for the followers of socialism and economic liberalism and "no" for those who have studied the social gospel of the early Church. For Christ was the greatest revolutionist of all time and His followers were zealous in their efforts to overthrow the old order where slavery was rampant, womanhood degraded, the state despotic, and exploitation of the people widespread. Do we forget the Carpenter of Nazareth in His toil bestowed dignity on honest labor? Do we overlook the fact that He laid down principles touching wealth, property, the state, the family, and labor problems?

Down the centuries, despite persecution from those in power who did not like this revolutionary doctrine, the Church has continued to preach the very things which are so important in our own generation. Leo XIII again proclaimed to a world, distressed and confused by the inexorable laws of the new industrial economy, justice and love of neighbor, the true dignity of labor and the brotherhood of man. Indeed to any sincere student of nineteenth century industrialism with its terrible abuse of workers—sweatshops, child labor, excessive hours, and disgraceful working conditions,—the words of Leo condemning such practices and advocating reform might seem to be akin to the propaganda of the modern radical. While he opposed the socialist theory of common property, he did not, as a certain group would like to claim, give approval to the current system of liberalistic capitalism. The contrary is true as his emphatic appeal for a wider distribution of ownership and his explicit statement of the social duties of the state in promoting the common good will prove.

Now why are we stressing these principles and the warning uttered nearly sixty years ago? Because a proud, rather a stupid world ignored this doctrine and sowed the seed of economic discontent and insecurity which lead in great part to two world wars and the social chaos which is now domin-

ated by communism. If manifold evils still abound, should not common sense and the fear of total catastrophe from atomic warfare compel civilization to avoid the false and to turn towards the truth? And that is why we beg our leaders in industry, in government, and in education to ponder the solemn declaration: "It is the opinion of some and the error is already very common, that the social question is merely an economic one, whereas in point of fact, it is first of all a moral and religious matter, and for that reason its settlement is to be sought mainly in the moral law and the pronouncements of religion."

For men will deceive and cheat other men if they do not accept the true dignity and nature of man. History bears too constant witness to the sad debacle of greedy men exploiting their fellowmen for the sake of riches. And they will continue to do so till they realize their dignity springs from God, their true unity is from Christ who redeemed mankind, and through Christian social principles alone will justice be assured and the common good advanced. That the world might not forget these saving principles, so long ignored or only slightly realized, Pius XI clearly defended the economic and social doctrine of Leo and again proclaimed the duty of the Church to help in the urgent crusade to reconstruct the social order. For in this trying post-war period, with communism obstructing all efforts for peace and diabolically plotting the destruction of Christian civilization, let every loyal Catholic be a crusader for social justice. What an honor under God's providence for all men and women of good will to unite in building a better economic order for a weary world to admire and to imitate. Now is the hour for decision. What will our answer be?

* * *

Editor's Note:—Father McKeon is director of the Le Moyne College School of Industrial Relations, Syracuse, N.Y.

GEORGE BROWNE,
HENRY VIII'S ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN,
RETURNED TO THE FAITH

By VERY REV. M. V. RONAN, P.P., D.Litt.

WHAT became of George Browne when Henry VIII's daughter, the Catholic Queen Mary, came to the throne, has been one of the great mysteries of the so-called Reformation in Ireland. Did he die an apostate or did he return to the Faith? No historian had been able to throw any light on the question.

The year before the last Great War, I went to Douai, in northern France, to examine the Registers of Cardinal Pole, the Apostolic Legate in England under Queen Mary, and there I found the Cardinal's Absolution of George Browne and his command for his restoration to the bosom of Mother Church.

To appreciate the full meaning of George Browne's return to the Faith it is necessary to get the back-ground of this arch-reformer's activities in Henry VIII's Anglican Schism in Ireland. In 1532 he was Prior of the Augustinian Friars in London, and, in the following year, "in his sermon recommended the people expressly to pray for Queen Anne (Boleyn); at which they were astonished and scandalized. and almost every one took his departure with great murmuring and ill looks, without waiting for the rest of the sermon." So wrote Chapuys, the ambassador of Emperor Charles V at the Court of Henry, to his master a few weeks afterwards.

Soon afterwards, Browne became Master-General of all the religious houses in England, and proceeded to visit them and take their submission for their suppression. Through the influence of Thomas Cromwell, Henry's vice-gerent, and Lord Rochford, Anne Boleyn's brother, he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin (1536), without, of course, any reference to the Pope. He occupied the Catholic See of Dublin for seven-

teen years, during which he identified himself with the destruction of Romanism, the burning of St. Patrick's staff, the suppression of Religious Houses and the deletion of the Pope's name from the liturgical books.

When the Catholic Queen Mary succeeded her Protestant brother, Edward VI (1553), on the throne, Browne was deprived of his See, not only because he had married, but because he had accepted the Book of Common Prayer as a substitute for the Catholic Mass during the reign of the boy-king (1547-1553). He then appealed to Cardinal Pole for absolution from heresy and all his other crimes and for re-union with the Mother Church.

The Apostolic Legate's letter to Browne states all the particulars of his career in Dublin as Archbishop; "he had married a corrupt woman, by compulsion", carried out the Liturgy of the Book of Common Prayer, and discarded the Catholic Mass and the Catholic Ordination Service. As a matter of fact he was forced to use the new Ordinal of 1552 for ordination of priests and consecration of bishops. However, he was responsible for its use in Dublin. The cardinal mistake made by this Ordinal was that it deliberately cut out the reference to the essence of the priesthood, "the office and work of a priest", which was chiefly the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. Though Queen Mary restored the Catholic Ordinal in 1553, Elizabeth substituted the Edwardine Ordinal in 1558, and so, for over a hundred years the Protestant Church in Ireland and in England continued its invalid ordination and consecration; it had cut itself off from Apostolic Succession.

It was not until 1662 that the Anglican Church saw its mistake and that all its ordinations and consecrations had been invalid. But it was a hundred years too late. The Holy See, on consideration of the Edwardine Ritual of 1552, decreed in 1896 that the Apostolic Succession had ceased in Anglican Orders and could not be resuscitated. So ended, for Catholics, the great question of the validity of Anglican Orders.

Browne was absolved by Cardinal Pole for his part in

the acceptance of an Ordinal that has caused such confusion down to the present day in the Protestant Church in Ireland and in England. He was granted by the Cardinal, after his recantation, the prebendary of Clonmethan (North Co. Dublin) in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, which he retained from 1553 to 1558, during the Catholic Queen Mary's reign. During those years he must have lived in the vicinity of the Cathedral to attend as Canon at the Catholic Services and he continued until Elizabeth came on the throne (1558). After that, his name disappears in the Registers of St. Patrick's Cathedral as prebendary of Clonmethan. So, he himself also disappeared from the Annals of Dublin.

What became of him between 1558 and his death is a matter of conjecture. That he died a Catholic is beyond dispute as he was deprived by Elizabeth in 1558 of his prebendary; apparently he did not subscribe to the Elizabethan Reform—if he had subscribed, he would have been the greatest gift the Reform Church could have claimed. But, he did not subscribe and went down to his unhonoured and unknown grave.

It would seem that it was the great Barnwall family, who received the lands of the famous Convent of Grace Dieu, of the Augustinian Canonesses, north of Swords, in North Co. Dublin, who temporised and gave him shelter, and buried him in their family graveyard at Turvey. So ended the mystery of the career of the greatest enemy of the Catholic Church in Ireland—happily in the bosom of Mother Church.



THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

Joseph, honoured from sea to sea
This is your name that pleases me,
"Man of the House"

I see you rise at the dawn and light
The fire and blow till the flame is bright.
I see you take the pitcher and carry
The deep well water for Jesus and Mary,
You knead the corn for the bread so fine,
Gather them grapes from the hanging vine.
There are little feet that are soft and slow,
Follow you withersoever you go.
There's a little face in your workshop door
A little one sits down on the floor;
Holds his hands for the shavings curled,
The soft little hands that have made the world.
Mary calls you; the meal is ready;
You swing the Child to your shoulder steady.
I see your quiet smile as you sit
And watch the little Son thrive and eat.
The vine curls by the window space
And wings of angels cover the place.
Up in the rafters, polished and olden,
There's a Dove that broods and his wings are golden.
You who kept them through shine and storm,
A staff, a shelter kindly and warm.
Father of Jesus, husband of Mary,
Hold us your lilies for sanctuary!
Guard me, mine and my own rooftree,
Joseph, honoured from sea to sea,
"Man of the House".

Katherine Tynan



SAINT JOSEPH

Dear Saint! Thy name was spoken with love by lips Divine,
The Hand that sways the planets was placed with trust
 in thine,
The Little Feet that faltered upon the earth He made
Were led by thee, while angels stood in awe dismayed!

All Wise, He sought thy counsels! A King, at thy command
He rose to do Thy bidding! A prophet in the land,
He dwelt obscure and humble, and silent day by day
With only thee and Mary, a God He knelt to pray!

Beside thee in the workshop, unknown to all the world
He laboured at thy calling, white shavings peeled and curled
Beneath the plane He handled, His hammer rose and fell,
And lo! He smiled to hear thee! "My Holy One, 'tis well!"

And Mary sat enraptured, adored and wondered much
At all the mystery 'round her, the wood thrilled at His touch,
The sun shed softer radiance, and moon and stars afloat,
And there was more than music in ev'ry song bird's throat!

Dear Saint! O holy Joseph! O man of men! How great
Must be thy light and power to guard each human fate!
Beneath thy sweet protection and tender fost'ring my care
How safe are all our wishes, if we but lay them there!

C. W.





St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto

Joy bells are pealing
Their gladsome tones revealing
The years fulfilled for Christ
His answered plea,
And through their cheery singing
To God's throne our prayer is winging
For His Spouses Happy holy, Jubilee!

St. Joseph Lilies joins with the many friends who on the Feast of the Epiphany offered congratulations to Sister Mary Agnes, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, and to Sister M. Remigius of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital, Toronto, on the joyous occasion of the Golden Jubilee of their entrance into the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph. To the Jubilarians came many greetings and other tokens of esteem and to these we add prayerful good wishes for many blessings for the Jubilarians for the coming years. On the same day the Silver Jubilee of Profession was kept by Sister Maura, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Natalie and Sister M. Cornelia, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister M. Zita, House of Providence, Toronto; Sister M. Eustace, Sacred Heart Orphanage, Toronto; Sister M. Jeanne, St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Ethelburge, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister M. Donata and Sister M. Marius, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto; Sister M. Amata, St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto; Sister M. Mildred, St. Joseph's Hospital Comox, B.C.; Sister M. Odilia, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto.

We are grateful to Dr. T. Currelly, former curator of the Royal Museum of Archaeology, for his gift of treasure from ancient Egypt—a small blue frit bead. Some time ago we had an interesting chat on colours used in the pictures of Madonnas,



ST. JOSEPH, OUR PATRON

and the learned Professor mentioned the bead and its history.

It seems that when the worship of Isis superseded that of Hathor, the people ascribed to Isis many of the attributes of Hathor, among them this blue colour which had been sacred to her. The goddess Hathor simply gradually became Isis—for a long time the names were practically interchangeable. Blue really became a holy colour. In early Christian times it was natural that the veneration for the colour should remain? and so it came about that representations of the Madonna usually showed her dressed in blue—the shade of blue may have changed with the centuries, but anyone who sees the bead will agree that the blue in this little bead is very lovely.

In the recent sudden death of Rev. John A. Sabinash, Ph.D., Litt. M., St. Mary's of the Mount, Pittsburgh lost a beloved and zealous assistant pastor and St. Joseph's Lilies a gifted and generous contributor. For seventeen years not only had Father Sabinash laboured indefatigably in parish work but had also contributed frequently to both the religious and secular press. At his death he had just completed an original study of the philosophical writings of St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas Aquinas. To his three sisters and his brother, Sr. M. Baptist, C.S.C., Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Mary Geiger, Lancaster; M. Magdalen Sabinash and Joseph, Lancaster, Pa., we extend sincere sympathy.

St. Michael's Hospital

In late November, class dances were held for Seniors and Intermediate Students.

The Sodality held a Reception on the Eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and a successful bazaar, December 18th and 19th. Catherine Palmer, '49, Dr. R. B. Welch, were among the winners of several interesting draws.

At a recent Sodality Meeting, an interesting debate—"Resolved that the nursing profession offers greater opportunity for sanctity than any other profession," was conceded to the affirmative.

Preliminary Students held the annual Silver Tea in November, closing with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the singing of the Preliminary Students' Choir.

Christmas brought joy to needy families in this district who received baskets from the Preliminary Students.

The Christmas Nativity Play was presented by the Preliminary Students, December 14th for the Sisters and the Alumnae Members, and December 18th and 19th for the Student Nurses their parents and friends.

The Preliminary Students Choir sang Christmas Carols at the Graduate Staff nurses' dinner on December 6th in the Hospital Assembly Room. On Christmas morning their voices could be heard throughout the hospital as they sang in the wards and corridors.

As many were home throughout the Christmas season on holiday leave, Student Nurses' Christmas dinner was held January 6th.

Our congratulations and prayerful best wishes to Helen Bradley '41 and our own Zita McAuley '48, who have recently entered the novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto.

Closed Retreats for the February classes were held at the Cenacle, Lawrence Avenue, January 15-18th, and 18th-21st. Reverend Augustine Bennett was Retreat Master; March 2nd-5th, and 5th-8th are the dates for the next Retreats.

Mary Shaver, R.N., has been appointed to the teaching staff of the School of Nursing. Barbara Wriscinski, graduate of St. Joseph's College School was among the 32 preliminary students who arrived on January 31st.

One hundred and twenty doctors from Toronto and various parts of the Dominion enrolled in the refresher course sponsored by St. Michael's Hospital Medical Staff Division of the University of Toronto. Sessions were held on January 27, 28 and 29th, closing with the luncheon on the afternoon of the 29th.

Twenty Students attending the University of Toronto School of Nursing from foreign countries visited the Hospital on the afternoon of January 23rd. Following a reception and tea in the Assembly hall, they attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Countries represented were: Sweden, Colombia, Switzerland, Lima, Formosa, China, Korea, Jugoslavia, Venezuela, England, United States, Australia, Japan.

In the recent death of Doctor Wallace A. Scott, St. Michael's Hospital and School of Nursing has lost a sincere and generous friend.

St. Joseph's Hospital

On December 12th, the Preliminary Students sponsored a successful Silver Christmas Tea the proceeds to be used for the Xmas baskets for the needy poor, and under the direction of Miss Marie Caruso, A.T.C.M. entertained with a varied programme of Christmas Carols.

Dr. Gordon Bell, Director of Shadow Brook Health Foundation, was the guest speaker at the Alumnae Association meeting on Jan. 10, where he spoke on "Alcoholism" and was introduced by the new president, Miss Betty Mulvihill.

St. Joseph's students were well represented at the Inter-School Student Nurse's Association Dance, held at the Palace Pier, on Jan. 25th.

The Annual Stripe Dance held in honour of the Graduating Class was held on January 14. The Intermediate students made the dance a memorable one for their seniors, decorating the Auditorium with blue and white stripes and balloons, and presenting their guests with individual thermometers in cases.

"No Room in the Inn" was presented by the Preliminary Students on Dec. 21. Guests included Rev. Father M. Dodd, the Sisters and their parents, friends and fellow students.

The Christmas Party was held Dec. 23 at which each class packs a basket for a needy family. Santa Claus, in an arm chair in front of the fire-place, with a radio in his lap. the gift of the Sisters to the students, awaited them. Carols and refreshments completed the evening.

On Jan. 12 with Rev. Dr. Markle guest speaker and Sister Louise, Superior, presented thirty students with their caps. Vocal solos were given by Miss Ruth Watson, and the students were addressed by Miss Josephine Conlin, who with lighted taper passed on to them the symbolic flame of love, faith and loyalty for their profession. The ceremony concluded with the School Pledge, a dedicatory hymn to St. Joseph and O Canada.

On Dec. 8 thirteen students were received into the Sodality. Rev. Father M. Dodd, Spiritual Director of the Sodality, officiated. A party followed at the Residence with the new members as guests.

After the January business meeting, at which plans were formulated for the annual Formal Dance, the sodalists enjoyed

the picture, "The Perfect Sacrifice". Later a skit was presented on Family Life.

During Christmas Week the Students entertained with their Christmas Carols for the patients of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital.

Sister M. Josephine

After forty-seven years of Religious Life, Sister Josephine Johnston died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, December fifth.

Born in Whitby, Ontario, where she received her early education, Sister later came to St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto. Soon after her graduation she entered the Novitiate, at the completion of which she began a career in educational work to which her whole life was devoted. Except for some time employed as Directress of Schools, Sister Josephine was engaged in teaching High School one year in Vancouver and the remaining years as Principal of St. Joseph's High School or in St. Joseph's College School.

Sister Josephine was one of the most energetic and successful of teachers, who, while equipping her pupils with the knowledge necessary to meet the demands of the world, instilled in them the importance of the "one thing necessary". The best tribute to her zeal is in the numbers of her pupils who have entered Religious Communities as well as those who have been successful in other walks of life, many of whom after her death came to pay their respects to one whom they held in grateful memory.

Forced by ill health, Sister Josephine retired from teaching two years ago, and obedient at all times, resignedly accepted a less active life, focussing her whole attention on the ultimate goal to which her whole religious life had been directed.

Besides her Community there remain to mourn her loss, one sister, Sister M. Christina of St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Scarboro, and two brothers, Fred of Bradford, Pennsylvania, and Norbert of La Jolla, California. Another sister, Sister Madeleine of St. Joseph's Community, predeceased her five years ago and a brother, Doctor Johnson, of Los Angeles, just one month ago.

Sister M. Fidelma

Sister M. Fidelma died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, on December ninth. The deceased Sister, Brigid Hackett, was born in Altadavin, County Tyrone, Ireland. She came to Canada in nineteen twenty-nine and five years later entered St. Joseph's Novitiate. During the fourteen years of her religious life she was employed in the works of the Community at the Mother House, St. Catharines, Thorold, House of Providence and St. Michael's Hospital where she was stationed longest and where she was loved for her generosity and genuine kindness. When hospital work was made difficult during the War years, owing to the lack of help, Sister Fidelma carried on as usual in her own quiet generous way. It was during these same trying years that God called her to the Apostolate of Suffering, for the illness which finally caused her death, inflicted long periods of intense pain. Drawing ever nearer to her Suffering Lord, she found the courage to persevere in her work until God asked a complete holocaust. A willing victim, she accepted the months of painful prostration and helplessness.

Of Sister's immediate family there remain her mother, Mrs. Patrick Hackett of Altadavin, County Tyrone, Ireland; two sisters, Ann and Margaret, of Ireland; three brothers, Arthur in England; Peter of Scarboro, Ontario and Patrick of Toronto.

Sister M. Ildefonse

Sister M. Ildefonse, a native of Ireland who came to Canada fifty-five years ago, died recently at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. Although she had been ill for more than six months, her death was unexpected.

Born in Killeeven, County Monahan, Ireland Sister Ildefonse was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McCann. Her long religious life began when she entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Toronto.

A great part of her career was devoted to the care of the poor at the House of Providence and the children at the Sacred Heart Orphanage. For a time she assisted with the resident pupils of the Academy. For the past twenty-five

years she was at St. Joseph's Hospital, but was persuaded six months ago to take a rest at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake.

She is survived by a number of nephews and nieces living in Ireland.

FOLLOWING FROM AFAR

By S. WALDRON CARNEY

Beside my couch of pain He paused, as though
To rest His wearied frame. He bore the Cross,
Its cruel arm on bruised shoulder pressed;
Its heavy length dragged back the bleeding feet;
And all His patient pain and yearning love
Encompassed me.

His thorn-crowned head He turned
As if to ask why I refused the Cup
Whose lees He drank, its bitterness His share;
Why, stumbling sink beneath a paltry cross
When "Follow Me" means "Rise and stagger on!"
His pleading eyes searched deep my shrinking heart
Until it throbbed, "Yea, Lord, I follow Thee."
He passed.

I understood and moaned no more;
I rose, and though afar, I follow Him.





**ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1948 - 50**

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

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* * *

Our Congratulations To:

Maxine Purvis and Philip Bolwell who were married January 22. Their wedding trip took in skiing at Limberlost Lodge. Joan O'Neil, formerly of Toronto and St. Joseph's, now in Quebec City, arrived to attend the bride. A reception was held at the Prince George Hotel.

Alice (Ratchford) Phelan, a daughter born in December.
Isobel (Conlin) Walsh, a son in November.

Theresa (Conlin) Read of Oswego, N.Y., a son.

Helen (Hallinan) Eigo, now living in Newark, N.J., a daughter in January.

Margaret (Staley) Jones, a son born in November. They plan to move back to Montreal shortly.

Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament (Alice Hayes), who made Perpetual Vows in the Chapel of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, at Edmonton, Alberta on February 11.

Frances Corrigan, who was married to Ronald Morrisette in the fall at Newman Club Chapel.

Catherine Wough, whose marriage to John Engle took place in St. Patrick's Church, Toronto.

Teresa Peckloff, whose marriage to Anthony Karsh took place in St. Patrick's Church, Toronto.

Our Sympathy To:

His excellency, Bishop John T. Kidd of London, Ontario, and to (Kathleen) Mrs. P. D. McGoey of Colgan, Ontario, on the death of Miss Mary Kidd in January.

Sister M. St. Cyril and Sister Mary Inez, and to Zita and Constance Hurley and their brothers, on the death of their mother, Mrs. Isabelle Hurley, on January 31.

Helen Monkhouse, on the death of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. McCann (Theresa Knowlton), on the loss of their small son, John, aged 2 years.

* * *

And To The Families Of:

Mr. H. Benham, Mr. Moffat, Mrs. Cooney, Mr. Charles Foote, Mr. Moher, Eileen Kelly, Mr. Dandenault, Mrs. Mary Moreau, Miss Bertie Dowdall, Mrs. H. McQuillan, Mr. Albert Schmaltz, Mr. Haggerty, Mr. Wilfred Sheehan, Mrs. A. J. Chalue, Mrs. A. McGrath, Mr. D. Healey, Mr. Deakin, Joseph O'Donnell, Miss Mary O'Keefe, Kathleen O'Brien, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Ed. McKinnon, Mrs. Creamer, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Kohler, Mrs. Alarie, Avila O'Neil, Mrs. Dutli, Agnes Mahoney, Thomas Winterberry. Dr. Kennedy.

* * *

Here and There With Alumae News

Margaret (Carolan) Henry in town for a few days from Ottawa, was entertained at luncheon by her sister Bernadette Apted.

Mary (Morrison) Murphy, now residing in Washington, spent the holiday season with her parents. Mary and her husband plan to move back to Toronto as soon as he has completed his study in Accountancy at the University of Washington.

Margaret Roach, doing display work in Montreal, spent Christmas with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Roach.

Mary Lou Purvis has entered the School for Nursing at St. Michael's Hospital.

Barbara Brazill, Barbara Lobraico and Joan Sothern enjoyed a trip to St. Adele Lodge, St. Adele, the middle of February to ski.

Joan O'Neil, recently in Toronto for the Purvis-Bolwell marriage, has an interesting position in Quebec as a bi-linguist.

Agnes (Conlin) Heinz, Utica, N.Y. was home for Christmas with her sisters, and had with her her little 2½ years son.

Anne Marie (Henderson) Needles has moved to Hamilton, Ohio.

Catherine (Cuthbert) Bartlett has moved into her new home.

Mrs. Rea Laurance Finkle, of Buffalo, N.Y., visited recently in Toronto with her son Alec.

Mrs. G. Gillard had an enjoyable visit in the Canadian West, Victoria, Vancouver, Jasper, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake and Banff. She writes that the "loveliest of all perhaps was seeing the sun rise and set on the prairies when the wheat was golden".

Lucia and Netta Bauer of Waterloo spent over two of the winter months in Phoenix, Arizona.

I think one of the most attractive Christmas door decorations I saw was that of Anne Lorraine (Healy) Heenan. To begin with, Anne's door is a bright red, so it just took Mary (Walsh) Noll to come along with her original and artistic ideas to decorate this door. To make a long story short, there appeared a Santa Claus on the door when Mary was finished, wearing high black boots of oilcloth, red tam and long beard. Mary just pasted on all the pieces that go to make a Santa Claus with adhesive tape, and it all came off very nicely without harming the paint on the door.

Mary Callahan, Secretary.

Extracts from Letters:

San Carlos Hotel, Phoenix, Arizona.

We left Toronto at 7.15 a.m. for Malton. The sun was coming through a mist of frost. Temperature around 30. We had sun till near London when clouds obscured the sun but London was warmer than Toronto. Here we surrendered our travel permit and returned to the plane. Crossing Lake Erie we saw nothing but clouds above and below. We reached Cleveland and found it colder and wet. We stepped from Canada to United States and resumed our Visitor's Permit along with printed instructions of how to be a good Alien Visitor of four paragraphs. Our baggage was examined and in the Administration Bldg. our baggage was weighed and tickets OK'd before we transferred to American Air Lines. The Nashville plane didn't leave till 12:15 so we had a chance to write notes. Planes arriving and departing constantly made this an interesting stop and not a dull or quiet moment.

The Nashville plane, seating 50 or over, was on time and lunch was served soon after we got on—Grand Food. From me that sounds rather odd to say "Grand Food." On sea and land I usually shake my head and just hold my midriff when food is mentioned but in the air I enjoy it. We had tomato cocktail, chicken sandwich, ham sandwich and raisin bread and cottage cheese sandwich, big ones too, vegetable salad as well as fruit slices, strawberry shortcake, tea or coffee. Salt and pepper in tiny paper bags about 1 inch long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide—sugar in bag about 2 inches long and 1 inch wide, cream and salad dressing in tiny cups. Very neat and easy to handle. Since our first air trip to Vancouver in 1946, we found a great improvement in planes—bigger, easier to ride in, less noise and more frequent service.

To Nashville we were above fleecy white clouds, had sun, no wind and some rain. Owing to fog we by-passed Dayton, Ohio, and went to Columbus to allow Dayton passengers to take train at the expense of the Air Line. We lost time over this. We were about an hour late in getting to Nashville, Tennessee, but the Los Angeles plane waited while we in the Administration Building had baggage and tickets checked. From here the weather was clear with sharp tang. A wonderful sunset lasted ever so long and nothing is more conducive to prayer than a sunset viewed from the air. The immensity and power of Almighty God make one feel so small and humble—and then

one realizes that He really holds you in the palm of His hand.

The moon and stars appeared before the sunset faded and the Southern Cross beckoned us onward through the night. Looking down we could see the lights of the cities and towns we passed over. The most colorful sight was Dallas, Texas. The color of the Neon signs mingled with the street lights looked like a lavish display of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds and amethysts scattered on the ground by a great hand. I think I will never forget it for it thrilled me so. Now we're going to eat again—a full course dinner. Hot soup, cheese and cabbage salad, dressed pork, green beans, candied yams, fruit salad and cup cakes. The plane seated close to 60 with two hostesses. Nifty wash rooms up front and tiny cloak room amidship. The bigger they are, the better they ride, and so comfortable for resting in reclining position! Between Toronto and Arizona we gained 2 hours, so our day was about 22 hours from time we got up Saturday morning till we went to bed Sunday Morning. We reached Phoenix, Arizona at 12:50 or 2:50 E.S.T. and when we got to the hotel it was about 4 a.m. We were surprised to find it wet, cold and muddy here. We just tumbled into bed with a mumbled message to our Guardian Angels to wake us for Mass whenever that was—we were just too weary to inquire.

Well, Guardian Angel was on guard. We awakened at 8:30 and I was as hungry as a bear. I grabbed the phone to find out what was cooking. Yes, I could eat anytime after 7 in the cafe or after 9 in my room. Of course there was a Catholic church—4 blocks east. I didn't have to look long for the east as the sun had awakened me by shining into my eyes, and the church was straight ahead of us.

We made the 11 o'clock High Mass easily and Benediction followed. St. Mary's Franciscan Church is large and bright with lovely carved oak altars. The bulletin informed us they have Mother of Sorrows devotion at 3:30 and 5:15 and 7:30 on Fridays. Only one collection is taken up—which is for parish support—they put it very neatly—at least one hour's wages at least 2% of your weekly income—for your withholding tax in the service of God—followed by the schedule—\$50.00 a week earnings—Church Contributions \$1.00, etc.

During the week the Grade and High School pupils recite the Mass prayers in English. Missals and Franciscan prayer manuals are in every pew so everyone can "pray the Mass".

No color discrimination here—White, Indian and Negro children side by side. The boys wear blue jeans which give them a jaunty air. You do see some cute cowboy outfits for kids which really are nifty. The clothes are all colorful and look so bright in the golden sunshine.

On Saturday and Sunday, California and parts of Arizona had a heavy snow which made driving perilous and caused that blizzard! The storm came from the south and west. Here the temperature has been 48 and 31 degrees and 56 and 33 degrees, the highest.

We can get around without the fatigue and lassitude which sudden heat causes before you become acclimatized. We haven't seen much as we think it better to go slowly first.

The food is excellent and tastily served. The stores—Sears Roebuck, and Montgomery Ward are not as large as Eatons and Simpsons. They have many smaller stores—some low priced others high—but the average price is about the same as in Canada in clothing and furnishings. Haven't checked on food stores as yet.

(To be continued.)

Lucia Bauer.

* * *

I am sorry you won't be in Montreal that we might hear about your trip across the Atlantic for I am looking forward to my visit to England—it may come next May. (I hope not in the winter.)

We spent Christmas at Marjorie's and Harry's in Pointe Claire, about 17 miles outside of Montreal. The next day we left for New York to spend a holiday together before Wis sailed December 31 on the "Brazil" for a business trip to South America. He will return in May. My aunt (Mrs. Sheedy) left for Florida in November, so I'll be on my own till May. I'll be busy with my hospital work but it will be a long four months. I remained on in New York and returned home January 10, so that was a break.

Mrs. Vernon G. Wisby (Evelyn Krausman)

* * *

New York

Most Catholics who work in the canyons of Wall street have no doubt been to Mass or other services at St. Peter's church on Barclay street, in the shadow of the Woolworth building.

St. Peter's, with a roll of only 300 resident parishioners, has a daily attendance of about 1,000 at morning Mass and 500 at Rosary and Benediction in the afternoon. In the auditorium below the church, other hundreds gather daily for lectures, meeting of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and other parish activities.

Monsignor Edward Roberts Moore, who has been at St. Peter's for over 25 years, saw in the scores of business executives and workers of the neighborhood a field for Catholic Action and initiated a program that has developed into what is probably one of the most active in the United States.

The Barclay Street Institute of Catholic Action has 14 activities every day from October through March. The parish has a lending library in charge of a professional librarian, which circulates 1,200 books a month and has 1,400 subscribing members. "Catholic Books for Laymen," a reading list published by the library, was recently described by a professional reviewer as the most competent he had ever seen. Housed in a century-old building adjoining the church, the library hums with activity every weekday.

The newest project in the Catholic Institute is a marriage forum. Two hundred and fifty persons, most of them young women are looking forward to founding homes, attended the opening session. Other features of the Institute are a Round Table in Liturgy for the Layman; St. Peter's Labor School, which has a registration of 250; a Current Topics round table; a course of lectures on interracial justice; a Round Table on Current Literature; an Information Center on Catholic Teaching.

Last year 13 conversions resulted from a class in Catholic doctrine and history. The parish program is well known around Wall street through the Barclay Street News, published monthly by the church. It finds its way to desks in many offices. The real interest in the program is evidenced by the fact that participants come to the meetings and lectures straight from a long day's work.

K. Clark

* * *

Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

In Lakelse Lake, some miles from Rupert, there is a hot spring which will be famous some day I am sure, and soon too, because it has been bought by an American.

The pool is a hundred yards across; the water is of unknown depth and so hot that an egg can be boiled in it. It is sulphurous so should be good for health.

J. Fenn

* * *

One of the most attractive shrines to Our Lady of Fatima is in the Church of St. Mary Immaculate, Richmond Hill. The statue of Our Lady, the gift of a young parishioner since dead, is a replica of the statue blessed by Our Holy Father, and recently carried in triumphal procession through Canadian, European and United States cities.

Rev. Frederick McGinn, pastor of St. Mary's has provided a beautiful setting for the statue to the left of the main Altar, and the people of St. Mary's are Our Lady's enthusiastic devotees, while scores of pilgrims visit the church. The first Separate School in the district was built last year, and Our Lady of Fatima receives full credit for overcoming the obstacles encountered in the way of labor and building material shortages. The pupils of the school say the Rosary every morning during the 8 o'clock Mass.

Motorists on Yonge St. are cordially invited to stop at the Church for a visit and to obtain a medal of Our Lady of Fatima, a supply of which Father McGinn always keeps in front of the statue.

R. Fox

EASTER WISH

May the glad dawn of Easter morn
Bring joy to thee.

May the calm eve of Easter leave
A peace divine with thee.

May Easter night, on thine heart write
O Christ I live for Thee.



SODALITY — The primary purpose of the Sodality is to instill in its members devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and to induce them to lead a life that is Christ-centred. This is the theme that our Sodality is attempting to keep before its members.

A Communion Sunday is held once a month, and at the Sodality Mass the celebrant reviews some aspect of the life of Our Lady, or some one of her virtues that is to be imitated. After Mass the general meeting is held at which the Little Office is recited. In her capacity as Moderator we hope to have our Dean, Sister M. Blandina, explain the Office for the benefit of the members. We feel that a more perfect understanding of the Little Office will be a means of increasing the personal devotion of each sodalist to our Mother Mary.

Eleanor Sherlock, 5TO

* * *

THE AT HOME — All was flurry and gaiety the evening of January twenty first, as dozens of young ladies made ready for the annual St. Michael's College At Home. No one from the seniors to the youngest bright-eyed freshie was too sophisticated to give vent to excitement. Corsages had begun to arrive in the afternoon and the exclamations of the recipients were echoed by those of their friends who were granted a pre-view. The rooms were filled with light-hearted laughter and chatter as the girls helped each other with final touches, fastening a corsage, lending a piece of jewelry; each underwent the inspection of friends when she was ready, and the warm approbation gave her confidence ere she sailed forth. Not a little did the evident participation of the Dean in their happiness mean to the girls. Nor did they forget to spend a few moments in the chapel to ask Our Lord's blessing on their evening.

A coffee-party in the common room served as a prelude; there was mutual approval as beautifully gowned young ladies descended to meet their formally attired escorts. Coffee was poured by Sister Superior and the Dean at a lace-covered table centred with tulips and daffodils. Dainty refreshments, introductions and gay conversation put everyone in a convivial mood; and gradually St. Joseph's grew quieter, as, group by group, all proceeded to Breman Hall.

Hung with silken drapes, lighted softly, adorned with flowers and palms, filled with the mellow music of Art Hallman's orchestra, the hall furnished a lovely setting for the black-and-white of the men and the brilliant gowns of their partners. A gleaming floor made it easy to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet." Throughout the evening, one sensed the spirit of comradeship with other St. Michael's students, and the presence of many of the faculty added to this feeling. At midnight a buffet supper was served to such as were willing to forego a half-hour's dancing; need it be said that there were those who were not willing? Photographers provided for many couples a tangible souvenir of the occasion. Never before had time seemed to flit as quickly, and to the strains of "Just a Minute More" hundreds danced the farewell dance.

Many small parties afterwards added the final touch, and four o'clock saw the girls in the front hall of St. Joseph's, eager to convey to the Dean their glad impressions. Little groups assembled in rooms to exchange confidences and to begin already to reminisce.

The At Home would be one of their most precious memories of college life, for: "God gave us memories that we may have roses in December." On January twenty-first the girls of St. Joseph's College planted the seeds of one of those roses.

Mary Ann Wheeler, 5T2

* * *

WEEK END AUX CARABINS — Friday morning, January twenty-first, forty University of Toronto students left the "good" city for Montreal to repay a visit. In December forty of the Carabins, students of the University of Montreal had visited Varsity, put on their *Revue Bleu et Or*, and won many friends here. It was in accepting their return invitation, forty lucky students were pulling out of Union station eager to learn what they could of the French Canadian ways,

anxious to help bridge the gap in Anglo-French Canadian relations.

Just a short summary of events, as they happened to us: reception Friday night, given by Monseigneur Maraud (Chancellor of the U de M), followed by movies and a party; Saturday—a tour of the six and a half miles of marble corridor in the University, luncheon, a tour of Montreal, civic banquet, Toronto University's own Blue and White Revue, followed by a dance;—Sunday Mass at College Jean Broeueuf, and a farewell reception for forty tired, but happy and much wiser people who boarded the train at Windsor Station that Sunday afternoon. We had been shown what true, warm, spontaneous hospitality is. We had learned something about another university—one differing widely from our own, but having many and impressive advantages. Singing French songs, pronouncing the mellifluous names of French streets, getting to know our gracious hosts and hostesses had been a marvellous experience. It was an experience to remember, and to value as unique in our university careers.

Sue Decker, 4T9

* * *

PAGEANTRY OF FASHION—On January thirty-first, a "Pageantry of Fashion" held in the Common Room, sponsored by Lever Brothers and presented by Mrs. Halls of the Lux staff, followed the fashions from 1450 to the present, portrayed by miniature eighteen inch life-like dolls. Not only were the actual dresses worn at the periods described, but the jewelry, lingerie and hair styles were discussed.

Starting with the Renaissance period of 1450, styles worn in France, Italy and England were shown. Velvets, damasques and rich satins were the main materials used. As the dyes were not permanent the dresses could not be washed and it has been estimated that Queen Elizabeth had over three thousand in her wardrobe. The type of dress worn in France during the reigns of Louis XIV, XV and XVI were next portrayed, lavish and utterly feminine creations from the frilly, starched petticoats to the fussy hats. It was at this time that cotton first made its appearance; since cotton was imported owing to poor dyes, could not be washed, one had to be very wealthy to have a cotton dress. In the Mid-Victorian era with its conservative, reserved lines, the dresses

were made of wool, tight fitting and tailored. The "Gay Ninety" Period showed more freedom. It was the era of women's franchise and the spirit of the times showed itself in the dress. The "Flapper" of the early twenties with its short, shapeless dress, long torso effects and the cropped hair topped by a cloche hat were unbecoming and not feminine. The "new look" of 1947, with its graceful, flowing lines and accents on bustles and flounces in the back was familiar to us. An exquisite evening dress with an overshirt of black lace and a stole of the same material ended the pageant.

Mrs. Halls concluded by saying that there is always something to cause a change in fashion; a war, a revolution, a national movement or feeling; even a great historical figure can change the style.

The presentation was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Helen Martel, 5TO

* * *

"HOIKETY CHOIKE" — "She shoots, she scores." Unfortunately this year St. Michael's women's puck seldom reached the netted area on the ice to provoke such a jubilant cry. Why? That is a mystery to everyone, including coach Johnny McCormack. (Ever heard of him?)

"Point, point, point," says the ref. ad infinitum when St. Michael's volleyballers serve. The players are strong and skilful (but feminine) and they have visions of the cup residing at their colleges. Many of them have the athletic ability and quality to make the Varsity Team.

Speaking of Varsity Teams, after a lapse of three years, St. Michael's has a representative on the University basketball team, none other than our crack centre shot, Betty Fitzgerald.

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DEBATING SOCIETY — "And furthermore, we affirm . . ." a clear voice states at the front of the room. A slight crackle of paper can be heard at the back. One of our noon hour house debates is in progress and has attracted people with lunches and knitting and lots of interest. The active participation of new members has made these less formal debates successful; besides, it is a proving ground for their rhetoric.

In addition to the house debates the Congress has done well in outside debates. Early last fall at a debate in Brennan Hall Teresa Houlihan and Margery Vice formed the Opposition against Chuck Thomkins and Miles Kennedy. The Senators had to admit defeat on the issue that "A Date Bureau on St. Michael's College Campus would be beneficial to the life of the student." Judges were used for the first time, but after much amusing discussion it was found that the vote from the floor was in agreement with them. Against Loretto we again had the negative. This time it was "Resolved that a man can get rich honestly." Elaine Maloney and Helen Martel went down to defeat. After Christmas a debate was held at the College with St. Michael's Senators. Dave Quigley and Tom Popp severely defeated Rose Marie LaPalme and Julie Richardson on the issue "That Preoccupation with sports in St. Michael's College is detrimental to wider University interests."

With more debaters eager to try their skill, the remaining debates of the year should be as interesting as the ones in the past .

Jean Rutherford, 4T9.

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RECOLLECTION DAY — Reverend Joseph Keating, S.J., directed our annual Recollection Day, November 20. The three conferences were based on Cardinal Suhard's pastoral letter, "Growth or Decline." Father Keating discussed the Church's contemporary mission and the directions and forms that to-day's apostolate must take. At five o'clock Benediction was given, after which Father joined us for tea in the Common Room.

* * *

SERMONS — We are happy over the recommencement of Father Klem's Sunday sermons. This year Father is giving us a series of short talks on Grace, each of which leaves us with a keener appreciation of the real meaning of "Life," and of the manifold ways of living that life each day as we work, pray and play.

* * *

ANNUAL RETREAT — We are now looking forward to our annual 3-day retreat which will begin on March 3, and will be conducted by Reverend Father Stone, C.S.P.

THE DAY HOPS—Every year St. Michael's University College braces itself, closes its eyes, clenches its fists, says a prayer, and opens its doors to the "freshies." Somehow, a year later these formidable freshies are turned into respectable "sophs,"—every year so far, that is. We have yet to see what '49 will do with the following day hops:

ADRIENNE BURKE, a lass in Pass, is the first on our list. She is a graduate of the Mount Forest High, which, she tells us, is situated in Mount Forest.

PHYLLIS BURKE—no relation—is a '46 graduate of Humberstone Collegiate. She too is entangled in a Pass course.

EVELYN CASIATO, a former S.J.C.S. gal, is trying her luck at Pass, and is doing very well I'm told.

MARY ANN DANIELS is a charming day hop from North Toronto, who, on leaving North Toronto Collegiate, plunged into a Modern Languages course.

HELEN DEWAN, an Art and Archeologist, came to us all the way from Ingersoll (an important hamlet near London.)

ELIZABETH FRASER, as you know, is a '48 S.J.C.S. scholarship winner. She is undertaking the Household Science course with a great deal of vim and vigour, and has not yet let it get the best of her.

ELAINE FITZPATRICK, another graduate of '48, is very content in her Philosophy and English course. Her choice of French as her pass subject surprised a few besides moi-meme.

DOROTHY "DODDIE" GILCHRIST has chosen Soc. and Phil. to occupy her leisure time. She is enjoying both her course and University life on the whole.

MARY AGNES GARVEY, another S.J.C.S. graduate of '48, has joined the rank and file in Pass. She is also going out of her way more than a little to foster a good neighbour policy, as are her compatriots Elaine and Daphne.

CAROLYN GRATTON, our vivacious '48 Hummer Editor, is humming around as only she can do. Another scholarship winner, she is doing well in her chosen field of Eng. Lang. and Lit. despite her diverse interests.

MARY AGNES HAFFA is a graduate of '47, a quiet little Miss, with long locks. She is in Pass and "hopes to get her B.A. period." And speaking of hope, we have another charming Miss with us this year, **HOPE HANDA**. She is a '46 graduate of S.J.C.S. and is happy in her Pass course.

MARGUERITE HOGG came to us from S.J.C.S. She is now in Pass and hopes to end up in a nursery (as a teacher, that is.)

Last year KATHERINE KENDALL came to S.J.C.S. from Liverpool, England. This year she is trying Soc. and Phil. but is still uncertain what branch she will take in her second year.

JULIE LANDRIAU graduated from Sacred Heart College School in Ottawa. She is now keeping Helen company in the Art and Archaeology classes.

AGATHA LEONARD came to us from St. Margaret's in Kirkfield. She is now in Pass and has a few "pipe-dreams" about eventually going into Phys.—Ed.

KAYE McGOVERN is a '47 graduate of S.J.C.S.—at least it is rumoured so. Kaye, besides being an active member of the pass brigade, is also our rip-roaring First Year president.

ANGELA MELADY—the pretty Miss from the Kingsway, is taking a course in Household Economics for no particular reason . . . I wonder!

TERESA MERAW, from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, began as a boarder, but "resigned" when the family came to Toronto. Teresa too is engaged in a Pass course.

GWEN SMITH is another '48 graduate of S.J.C.S. and a scholarship winner. Her talents are pouring forth in Eng. Lang. and Lit. division.

ANN SULLIVAN has visions of working some day in a lab. (cleaning up, I suppose, or blowing up?) She is now in Pass Arts and seems to find her Chemistry classes interesting.

JANICE WARLE, another '48 graduate of S.J.C.S., has left us all behind and has tackled Commerce and Finance. Because of this we seldom see her, but the last time we chatted she was fairly radiating her satisfaction with University life.

DAPHNE WYLIE, who came to S.J.C.S. last year, is involved in an Honour Science course. Her only regrets, methinks, is her work with—ugh—frogs, and her necessary absence on St. Mike's campus.

These are the day hopes, twenty-three in all. They are an interesting group of individuals, who all alike share in their love and loyalty to St. Joseph's College. I think the faculty and "sophs" will agree that "There has never been a class like them." I wonder if I have interpreted that remark correctly I wonder!

A boarder, B. Holland, 5T1.

EGO DILECTO MEO In the Church of the Holy Cross, St. Louis, Mo. on the eve of the New Year, Thelma Helen Marcelin, a graduate of St. Joseph's College, and John Thomas McKay of St. Michael's plighted their troth in a Solemn Ecclesiastical Engagement.

During the Holy Hour, Monsignor Martin B. Hellriegel explained to the Congregation the significance of an Ecclesiastical Engagement: It can be traced back in Christendom to the betrothal of Our Blessed Lady to St. Joseph and brings with it immeasurable graces of purity, honesty, tolerance and gentleness during that difficult period of adjustment which must take place between two souls before they enter into Holy Matrimony. Mother Church smiles on her children who beg her Blessing on their Betrothed and emphasizes the solemnity of their promise by refusing dissolution except upon the advice of one of Her Ministers.

Monsignor Hellriegel spoke of the young couple who were shortly to follow him to Our Lady's Altar where they would give their promise of Marriage: Miss Marcelin, originally from Scotland, is the eldest daughter of Dr. H. G. Marcelin of Trinidad. She was educated by the Sisters of St. Joseph in the West Indies and furthered her education under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, and is now a graduate student at the Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies. Mr. McKay, the only son of Colonel John T. McKay of the American Army has a similar background as he received part of his education in Hawaii and the Philippines and spent three years at the University of Saint Louis before coming to Toronto. Monsignor Hellriegel pointed out the universality of the Catholic Church who impartially watches over and carefully guides Her Children eventually uniting, for their greater sanctification complementary souls—no matter how far apart their respective homes.

"In the The Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen. Before Almighty God and His Heavenly Court, and in the presence of the witnessess whose names are affixed to this document, we the undersigned promise to one another by this ecclesiastical engagement Marriage in Christ. We further promise that by the frequent devout reception of the holy Sacraments, by prayer and charity, by mutual respect and chastity we shall assist one another in preparing worthily for the blessed day of our Marriage in Christ. We have made this promise

before the altar of our most holy Mother Mary. We humbly ask the Virgin Mother Mary to carry our promise to the throne of God and to obtain for us His grace and blessings."

This promise, witnessed by the whole congregation, beautifully inscribed upon embossed paper and stamped with the seal of the Church of the Holy Cross was signed at Our Lady's Altar by the betrothed couple.

The Blessing of the Ring then followed. Monsignor Hellriegel blessed it, took it out of the case and gave it to Mr. McKay who, turning sideways so that the whole congregation could witness, placed it on his fiancée's finger. The couple, after receiving a Blessing, turned towards the congregation with the Monsignor who, taking them by the hand, congratulated them and assured them of the best wishes and Prayers of the Parish. The betrothed then with happy, hopeful hearts received the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Rose Marie La Palme, 5T0.

IDENTITY AND THE FUTURE

Time will erase,
No doubt,
The heart-ache, and the dry tears
By night, and the watching fear by day.

Some time we shall laugh
And gaily remember.

The hours now are harshly wrung together;
The pain of pretence and the misery
Of self-knowledge fold in a ceaseless rhythm
Of anxiety.
Joy-sparked moments are feathered
With a lowering gloom.
Forgetful hours are pain-punctuated
By the twisting dart of self-remembrance.

The dreaming days, the ordered, slowly smiling days,
O Gothic visions and Mozartian harmony,
Are paled into spectres by the neon-lit economy
Of a world, poised on an atom, futureless.
In after years, will there come a time,
Some time we shall laugh,
And gaily remember?

Joan Walsh (graduate of '48).

(This poem was selected from among many entries, for publication in the Christmas Literary Supplement of The VARSITY.)

THREE FIDDLERS

To a cobbled street where the lamps are dim
Three fiddlers came to play,
And one had rotted in his grave
A twelve month and a day.

And one was fool whose motley hid
A wretched man and worn,
And the witching one that brought the wine
Was a woman yet unborn.

The Jester's two companions
Were each a part of him:
His body and his starveling soul
Were governed by their whim.

So all night long beneath the lamps
They held their carnival,
While up and down the sleeping street
A shadow dogged them all.

The fool's desires, the woman's whims,
Were in the melody,
And the dead man echoed back their notes
In cynic travesty.

The woman gave the jester wine,
But scarcely could he sup
When the dead man snatched it thirstily,
And swilled it from the cup.

Then turned and scuttled as he came,
The jester made his way,
Back to his lonely fears by night,
And mimic smiles by day.

The woman melted, vapour-like,
Into the time to be,
And as the fiddlers went their ways,
A shadow dogged the three.

Elizabeth Trollope, 4T8.

We offer our sympathy to Father Joseph Keating, S.J., our last year's retreat master, and to Mr. O'Neil, in their recent bereavement of a beloved mother, and to Winona Clarke, on the death of her grandmother.

ST. PATRICK'S, MAYNOOTH, IRELAND

"The slowly moving line of priests down through the Chapel of St. Patrick's College is never-ending; it goes into four provinces of Ireland; it crosses the seas into neighbouring England and Scotland, and the greater seas into the Americas and Australia, and Africa and China; it covers the whole earth; it goes wherever man has gone, into the remotest regions of the world; it is unbroken, it is ever renewing itself at the High Altar in Maynooth, and setting out again before the fathers and mothers of Ireland, whose eyes are dim at the sight of it . . ."

Book Reviews

THE SHADE OF HIS HAND

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn.

This series of talks given to a seriously ill man by a priest, is written in a pleasing, although thought-filled style. Father Coreoran takes the seven last words of Our Lord, and develops his series from them, showing how, we, by suffering or sharing in the Redemption, a very necessary suffering, for our attainment of Heaven. By contemplating Our Lord's suffering Father Coreoran points out how infinitely less our suffering, no matter how great, is in comparison. In time or trial or pain, this little booklet is bound to bring consolation.

Muriel Rouleau, 5T0.

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JUST WAGES AND SALARIES

By **RAYMOND J. MILLER, C.S.S.R.**

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn.

Recently, the Pope issued an Encyclical "On the Condition of Workers", in which he devoted a commendable amount of space to "Just Wages and Salaries". The question of wages is one of importance not only from the economic standpoint but also from the moral; not only to the common good of society, but to religion and the salvation of souls. It is a moral question because the observance of the moral law in a family often depends on the wages of the breadwinner. In the present condition of human society, it is more advisable that the workers and other employees become sharers in ownership or management, or participate in some fashion in the profits.

The just amount of pay must be calculated not on a single basis but on several. To establish a rule of pay in accord with justice many factors must be taken into account. For instance, the worker in question, an able-bodied man, is he physically or mentally handicapped, is he skilled or un-

skilled in his trade, how much of his wages is 'take-home pay'? These are particular factors, but governing all cases there also exists general factors. For instance, can his pay support his family in accordance with prices of the day, is his employer able to pay, how will a just wage effect the general welfare, will it tend to raise prices, restrict production, bring on unemployment? This is a most difficult problem and it is not solved by the application of a single rule or measure. The average able-bodied worker is entitled to a living, family, saving wage insofar as the condition of the business and of the employer gives him the ability to pay such a wage and as such a wage is in accord with the common good. Human work is a man's natural God-given means of self support, of making a decent living, founding and of raising a family and of attaining financial independence. It follows then that nature and nature's God have put a price tag on human labour and the price or wage of nature's God is a living family saving wage.

The worker must be paid a wage sufficient to support him and his family. That the rest of the family should also contribute to the common support, according to the capacity of each is certainly right. But to abuse the years of childhood and the limited strength of women is grossly wrong. Mothers, concentrating on household duties, should work primarily in the home or its immediate vicinity. It is intolerable abuse, and to be abolished at all costs, for mothers on account of the fathers low wage to be forced to neglect their proper cares and duties, especially the training of children. Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage large enough to meet ordinary family needs adequately. Social justice demands that every adult working man will be assured of such a wage.

In determining the amount of the wage, the condition of a business and of the one carrying it on must be taken into consideration. It would be unjust to demand excessive wages which a business cannot stand without its ruin to the employers. If, however, a business makes too little money, because of lack of energy or initiative or because of indifference to technical and economic progress on behalf of the management that must not be regarded a just reason for reducing the compensation of the workers. But if the business in question is not financially stable enough to pay its employees an equitable wage because it is being oppressed

by 'sweatshop operators', price fixation, big business monopolists, unscrupulous stock speculators, then these oppressors are guilty of grave wrong, for they deprive workers of their just wage and force them to accept a wage less than fair. Let, then both workers and employers strive together to overcome the obstacles and let a wise provision on the part of the public authority by passing helpful legislation, aid in so salutary a work.

Frances Conlin, 5T0.

THE PRESBYTERIANS

By DR. L. RUMBLE, M.S.C.

Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minn.

This small pamphlet, written by a convert, now a Catholic priest, presents in a concise way the position of the Presbyterians. Two great figures in the establishing of Presbyterianism were John Calvin and John Knox. Calvin, a Frenchman, called his Church "The Reformed Church." Knox, a Scot and an ordained Catholic priest, was influenced by Calvin whom he met in Geneva. On his return to Scotland, he preached Calvinism and prepared the way for Presbyterianism as we know it today. This religion was brought to America from 1617 onwards, by the English Puritans and by later immigration from Scotland and North Ireland. The Presbyterians have believed the Bible to be the only authority on which true religion can be based and that membership in the Presbyterian Church is necessary for all who wish to save their souls. They generally accept the two Sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

The author shows that there is not one world-wide Presbyterian Church. The rise, spread and organization of this sect is told in a manner which will prove of interest to anyone whose circumstances place him in contact with Presbyterians.

Teresa Meraw, 5T2.



Comedy XIII B presented a musical comedy "Music at the Crossroads" on January 13.

Basketball is absorbing the interest of the school at present. The first formers are showing keen rivalry in the practice games before the play-offs.

Debates between first forms and first and second forms hold the interest in the lower school. Such subjects as "Do girls Dress to Please Boys" and "Do Parents Shirk their Responsibilities" have been the subject of lively discussion.

Cheerleaders were chosen from senior and junior school to lead the school in basketball games. The two groups chosen were—Moirá Flaherty, Lise Bienvenues, Joane Price, Louise Creelman and Margaret Garvey, Joanne Housley, Elaine Fahey, Joanne Ryan.

Fashion Show under the direction of Simplicity Patterns was held at the School on February 25th.

The Library of the school now has a brighter lighting. The bases of the old fixtures were removed to give a stronger light for those studying.

Father Lord gave an interesting talk to the choral group at the school on January 17. The Jesuits intend to present a drama of the Jesuit Martyrs during the summer and the co-operation of the girls is assured.

Pray for Russia week took place during the first week of Feb. The Rosary was said each afternoon at three in the Auditorium.

CANADIAN'S MEMORIES OF CHICAGO

Upon my return to Toronto, after five years in Chicago, I recall memories of that city. Chicago, the third largest city in the world, has made rapid strides since the great fire of 1871. It occupies a commanding location on Lake Michigan, and is a port for lake and ocean vessels. In the docks, small ships from many foreign countries may be seen. Should St. Lawrence waterway scheme be completed, Chicago would be the terminus, and the largest ships could bring goods from the far corners of the earth to that prosperous city.

The largest Catholic Archdiocese in the world, Chicago has many beautiful churches and a fine parochial school system, with Catholic high schools and universities. All the principal orders of Sisters and Priests are represented in Catholic activities.

Fine parks and play areas are provided by the city and good beaches on a lovely mile stretch of Lake Michigan skirting the city allow the people to enjoy this great natural asset. The people are friendly and ambitious and try to live up to the city's motto, which is, "I Will." People from every country in the world have come to this city to live and many retain their native customs and languages, so that Chicago is truly a cross-great city.

It was a rich experience to live for a few years in this section of the world.

Barbara MacKell, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

IMPROVED AUTOMOBILES

On account of the demand for safer and more stylish automobiles, American automobile producers are constantly designing improvements.

The most apparent change in automobiles is in the lines of the body. The cars are longer with torpedo backs. Car fenders are no longer protruding humps over the tires. Fenders are curved at the front and blend back into a straight line with the doors. The fenders extend low enough to hide the tires from sight.

In the new cars panoramic new visibility allows almost perfect vision in every direction.

Cars are being turned out in a variety of colours, silver, gold, canary yellow and even mauve.

The new models are being built with a low centre of gravity. As well as providing more head space, this gives the car more stability, and helps it hug the road on curves at a high speed.

Most of the new models have a longer wheel base which provides a smoother ride. In cars with the long wheel base, the seats are positioned ahead of the rear wheels, permitting the seats to extend the full width of the body.

A great feature in the new automobiles is the automatic gear shift. This shift allows you to accelerate as long and fast as you like in pick-up gear; then if you lift your foot momentarily, the gear shifts to high. Button control on the

instrument panel provides instant change to conventional driving if desired.

The amazing claw-grip tread of the Seiberling Safe-Aire tire provides twenty-three per cent more stopability than conventional rib treads. The fourteen per cent lower pressure safely cushions you on more air for greater traction, safer steering and softer riding. Patented heat-vents protect you against internal heat.

Buoyantly restful Airform seat cushions and Big Airplane-Type shock absorbers take severest bumps with controlled rebound of springs. Front End Sway Eliminator stabilizes car on curves.

Safety-rim wheels prevent fatal blow-outs. A new vacuum-sealed headlamp has been developed to prevent dust and moisture from rusting the reflectors and dimming the lights. One car has been developed so that the back seat folds down, a mattress is laid over it which extends into the trunk, thus making a comfortable double bed.

Nearly every car has an electric clock, an electric lighter and a radio. Telephones have been introduced into taxi-cabs. Special window devices cut out sun glare.

America loves the new cars.

Patricia Lauber, XIII-A,S.J.C.S.

EXPERIENCES

Everyone has had a great experience. Each individual thinking hers the best. I think mine was educational as well as thrilling.

To be king of clouds; your own thoughts flying high in the grandeur of the sky. The light fluffiness of the clouds like packs of snow and the sun glittering like a thousand little diamonds. The rugged, rough outline of the Newfoundland coast line. The dark spots, and the green colouring for miles around.

The lashing and splashing of the ocean waves against the steamer. The white caps and the sunset on the ocean is a marvellous sight.

The humming in your ear, the sun's ray falling around you, the shining steel of the great wings of the plane. Finally all good things come to an end.

The red light bulb flashes on "fasten safety belts," the steward and stewardess see that nobody is afraid, then will see the gray field and tiny figures; that is where you will land. Suddenly a terrible pain in your ear, the plane is going farther up, then with one swoop of the wing you are on good old earth again.

Thus was the end of my greatest experience. I hope that I will be able to fly more in the future.

Shirley Matthews, XI-D, S.J.C.S.

AT THE EX.

By ten in the morning at our house everyone was excited as our dog Teddy was to swim in the Toronto Star Dog Derby at the "Ex" to-day. He was brushed, combed and fed well before the event. When we reached the waterfront, Teddy made an attempt to get into the water.

The starting gun was fired by Barbara Ann Scott, and my brother Jim, who was doing the rowing, began at once, and I began to call Teddy in my loudest voice and continued to do so until I became hoarse.

Teddy finished first and won for us a new bicycle. It was about ten o'clock when we started home tired but satisfied.

Helen Macpherson, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

LITTLE HOUSE

"The children were not accustomed to it and never ventured near!" This is the description of the vacant cottage set in a clearing. Like many others in the district it was old and deserted.

Windows and doors were boarded up so that the sunshine never penetrated. The doorstep was still erect and inviting to the weary traveler.

In the back was an orchard of old-gnarled apple trees like figures arrested in the middle of a dance. Weeds fought with the wild flowers for sun and rain. Lawns once green and neatly trimmed were now brown with sun and very unruly.

Such houses are sometimes new and sometimes old but each tells its own story.

Marie Doran, 1X-B, S.J.C.S.

DISLIKE WEARING A HAT

You spend an hour putting your hair in curlers and someone makes you wear a bandana. You place a bow in your hair and Mother says, "Oh no, dear, you do not look dignified enough to go down town, wear this hat." Or you go to a hockey game while you are turning always the hat slides over one eye then down the back of your seat; then when you have pulled it tightly down on your head, your head aches. In the bus, you remove your hat and the next time you look for it, it has rolled down to the end of the bus.

Doreen Urquhart, 1X-E, S.J.C.S.

OUR SUMMER COTTAGE

As the summer vacation draws near, we pack and leave Toronto for two months in a big white and blue cottage at Grand Bend, situated on Lake Huron.

The cottage consists of a large screened-in porch, a living room and dining-room combined, a kitchen, four bedrooms and

two washrooms. In town, which is about four blocks away, we have all the amusements our hearts desire; and even though we built the cottage with the intention of selling it and building a smaller one later, I am sure we never will, for we have grown to like this one very much.

Shirley Anne Beattie, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

To be or not to be, that is the question many people are asking in regard to that so called "New Look" which is really centuries old.

Will it be fashionable to wear a whirling long skirt with a peek-a-boo petticoat in a few months from now? Or will you have to put it in the trunk with mother's or grandmother's?

If this is so, they are too expensive to buy, so the only thing to do is borrow Granny's till you find out if the "New Look" is here to stay.

Mary McStravick, X-D, S.J.C.S.

BOOKS

Of all books in general, the largest class is labelled fiction. This is a type of book that is not true but is not altogether untrue as a part of it could represent a happening in reality.

The other class is non-fiction, which takes in prose and poetry, autobiographies and biographies, science and health, history and travel, religion, and countless other fields.

As a rule, most people like to read fiction, as books of fiction usually end happily leaving us with a satisfied feeling.

Of these two classes, which do you prefer?

Shirley Bedard, X-A, S.J.C.S.

WAR OR PEACE

Were they fighting or playing? We still do not know.

The other evening Mother called us to the window. Outside on the back lawn were two large brown rabbits, acting in a peculiar manner. They sat on their hind legs facing each other about five feet apart. Now and then one of them would wash his face with his front feet, something we had never seen a rabbit do. While he was thus occupied the other bunny would dart at him like a flash of lightning, but up in the air would jump the face washer. Then they would switch roles and repeat the manoeuvre like two bouncing balls of fur.

Laurel Grimsdale, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Going back to school this year means a great deal to me. For years I have looked forward to attending St. Joseph's College School.

My school years in the past have been spent at a public school and I have never been taught by the Sisters. This is the main reason why getting back to school this year is so interesting to me.

Jesse Ketchum, the school I attended, was just across the street from where I live and I went home for lunch, but I like having my lunch in the lovely cafeteria at St. Joseph's.

I have heard from other girls, who have attended this school, that the teachers here are very jolly and well liked and I heartily agree with them. I especially like the uniforms we wear. I like coming to St. Joseph's now and as the year goes on I think I will like it even more.

Lorraine Racioppa, IX-D S.J.C.S.

MY FAVOURITE COMPOSER

Do you like Bach's music? Perhaps if you knew of his life you would enjoy it better.

Bach was born in Eisenach, Germany, in 1685. His ancestors were all musicians. His first teacher was his brother Christopher who died when the young musician was in his teens. Having a fine treble voice he became chorister at St. Michael's convent in Lunenburg where he remained until he was eighteen. He was organist at many churches. Once he was dismissed because of his freedom in accompanying the chorales—old German hymns—and his lack of training the choir. Bach preferred to play beautiful melodies on the organ than teach choir boys. He never made a good teacher for he had a fiery temper.

Bach died in 1750 and it was many years before people realized his worth. Bach was very religious, and said the object of all music should be the glory of God.

Ellen Leonard, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

THE TRIP I ENJOYED

The feeling inside me as we left the old green and white house and travelled along the new highway could never be explained. We were off on another journey on the bikes, our last destination being Buffalo and our present one the little spot just outside of Clarkson. If it had not been for Rita, my sister, and fellow travellers, we never would have found it.

It took will power to go on and plenty of leg muscle, but the dazzling beauty of the white-capped lake and the feel of sand between one's toes made one wish one had ridden the tiresome journey to this little bit of heaven.

Before retiring to our comfortable cabin we went for a moonlight swim in the clashing waves. It seemed as if Our

Lord Himself had changed the weather just for us. I think because He is so kind He just could not let anything spoil the wonderful week end.

I dream of another adventure into the unknown to spend one more such week end.

Veronica McGuigan, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

DOUBLE TROUBLES

I am the oldest in the family. We have twins in the nouse, a boy and girl. This is about the troubles with doubles.

When you want to bath one, you don't know which one should come first. Usually the one that wakes up first. Then if you have a special formula of milk, you give the boy's milk to the girl, and the girl's milk to the boy.

The girl usually makes the most noise. She'll cry day and night, but the boy just lies in the carriage and laughs. When you have one baby quiet the other starts. Then both are quiet, and all of a sudden you hear two organs competing and you don't know what to do.

At night, one wakes up to get its milk, then the other. By the time they get to sleep it's feeding time again. Sometimes I feel sorry for the mother and oldest sister of a family of twins. I wonder if I should start taking Dr. Chase's Nerve tablets.

J. Marak, X-C, S.J.C.S.

RAINY DAYS

There is nothing so miserable as rainy days. Definitely every one is out of sorts. The alarm clock went off late, therefore you eat your breakfast quickly, dash out of the house, running for the street car. Finally succeeding in getting on, a woman pokes you in the ribs with an umbrella.

At school everybody is down in the dumps. So by three o'clock you have had about a half dozen scoldings and three detentions.

Why does it have to rain so much?

Shirley Mathews, Grade XI-D, S.J.C.S.

ONE OF GOD'S CREATIONS

What is coal? Where did it come from? How does it become a mineral? These are a few questions which are rarely asked. If people asked these questions more often, I am sure that they would have a greater appreciation for God's creations. Coal is a combination of dead trees, grasses and leaves which have penetrated into the earth during numerous years. There are very many uses of coal which I am sure everyone knows. By just taking one of the creations of God we learn the greatness of His creative power.

Betty Corcoran, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

SWIMMING

Everyone should be able to swim; first for pleasure, and second in order to save your own or another's life. With this idea the Dolphinettes have opened swimming classes for seven weeks in the summer in high schools throughout the city. The children are divided into four groups. In the first you learn to float, in the second to flutterkick and combine the floating and kicking; in the third the arm movements plus floating and kicking, in fourth you combine this and the breathing and all this makes up the crawl. It is a golden opportunity to learn to swim under supervised instruction. You have fun doing it.

Maureen Forrester, X-B, S.J.C.S.

FASHIONS

Fashions, ah! Never before have I ever seen such changed fashions. Last fall when people saw someone on the street with the "New Look" they vowed never to be caught in such long dresses, but now when you walk down the street in last year's clothes people stare at you as if you had committed a crime. Yes, we are back in grandmother's days. Long skirts with a frilly petticoat showing, full coats and the hats that are all ribbons. Well, they are fashions and we just have to get used to them and like them.

Margaret Plaus, X-D, S.J.C.S.

A MODEL TOY RAILWAY

My hobby is a model or toy railway. It is a family affair in which we all take part. My brothers started it years ago and now it is our hobby. It is built in our large cellar and is constructed on baseboards over three feet high. Besides the actual track and train we have stations, towns, villages, farms, coal mines, signals and every kind of scenery. My older brother has King's Cross, a huge glass-roofed station with London in the background. My other brother has Newcastle with a coal mine attached and a large station. My sister has Peterborough North which affords only a signal box and level crossing. I have Ploverby, a little farming village which has a little station and signal box. My young sister has a big farm which has a barn, farmhouse, pig-sty, chicken pen and "acres" of land. Large rolls of blue wall paper behind the tables when fittingly painted make lovely scenery. It varies from smoky London, pleasant pastures, rolling hills, a little village, a coal mine and just plain scenery. We make our own models from stations down to the tiny grain stocks on the farm. The greatest fun is in running the train. It starts from King's Cross, goes through

a long dark tunnel and is stopped at every by-path by signals worked from the signal box by pulling a peg. It stops to pick up milk cans from the farm, cows or pigs or maybe sheep or chickens and even ducks. It takes on cargo at every station and there is great fun in loading it and unloading it.

The great thing about this hobby is that it is never finished and we can always add more to it.

Molra Somerville, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

MY PATRON SAINT

My patron saint was christened Martina. She was a holy and wise saint mostly because of the teaching of her mother who was a very good woman.

She was kind to the poor, and made many sacrifices for them. Because of this and her other deeds many people loved her.

One day an Emperor saw her and asked her to marry him but because he was a pagan, she refused. Then he tried to make her by ways of torture but God was with her and He protected her. The Emperor finally had her murdered but she died a happy death because she was going to be with God.

Martina Malcolm, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

HOW TO SPEND YOUR LEISURE TIME

Never say 'I am bored,' for this shows lack of interest and imagination. There are many interests to satisfy every type of person and one should excel in her own and make it perfect. The quiet person might take an interest in music, drama or reading; one who is industrious might take up a hobby or an art; the energetic or outdoor girl perfect herself in physical exercise and sports. Do not fret over the time you have lost, start now and get real enjoyment out of life.

Anne Platon, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

LEISURE TIME

My leisure time is quite limited as indeed it is with most people but with an interesting book I usually spend it with profit and pleasure. The radio is also a means of pleasure. Hobbies such as stamp collecting, movie stars, pictures or filling a scrap book or photo album often fills free time. All year round, all the world round, sports holds the timelght for spare time.

Yvonne White, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

HOBBIES are very useful, giving us a better outlook on life. Look at the hobby of reading. This can be interesting or boring. There is a book to suit every person in the world but the trouble is finding them. Some are interested in geography, which is helpful as well as fun. Others like history and science, etc. Most people like fiction. Although fiction is interesting we must read non-fiction too. It is really more helpful to us. There is a book for every person, that is, in every field of life.

Rita Cruickshank, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

My favourite hobby is collecting stamps. It is interesting to see different stamps of foreign countries. Some people might say: "Oh, she's a sissy collecting stamps." But it is one of the most interesting hobbies. When we see stamps from Australia, America or England we might say that they have better stamps than our country; but, what is the difference? We only send them on letters, and then most of the people throw them away, even when the Chinese Missions are looking for them. So if anyone cannot think of a hobby she enjoys, just start collecting stamps.

Joan Adam, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

MENUS

There are many hobbies a girl can have:—swimming, stamp collecting, cooking and many others. Mine is collecting menus. I first started this collection when a friend went travelling through the States. She brought back with her numerous menus from Main to California. Thinking that I might be interested, she gave them to me, promising more after her next trip. I bought a large scrap book and pasted them in it. I have thanked my friend for starting me on this collection for it is both exciting and interesting.

Sheila Ahern, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

TRIP TO VANCOUVER

The summer of 1948 I will never forget. For how could one ever forget the glistening blue waters of the Great Lakes, the level vast plains, the magnificence of the mountains and the fascination of the Pacific shore. All these I saw on my trip from Toronto to Vancouver by way of the United States.

We drove through the states of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, but my

favourite was Idaho. The towns and cities of Idaho are in fertile valleys between mountains.

We also drove through Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and British Columbia and I liked British Columbia the best.

Our travels were full of adventure, unusual people, curious customs and best of all the scenery of the majestic purple and green mountains. I think that if any girl has an opportunity to travel to the Pacific coast by car I'd advise her to go through the States and especially Idaho.

Sylvia Young, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

I own a large scrap book in which I keep all my pictures, which I cut out of the daily newspapers. Each time a game has been played I reach for the nearest paper and massacre it, to collect my pictures. I send away for them and in return receive photographs of hockey stars. You are wondering which team I favour. Well it is the "Toronto Maple Leafs" of course. I know that Torontonians are not too proud of their champions but I believe they will be right back up there soon, winning every game. Just give them a chance. I also collect the hockey stars autographs. I have most of them and intend to get the ones I missed. I find this to be great fun. Personally I don't think I will ever stop being a Leaf fan because no matter what they are like now I believe that they will pull up and show their real fighting spirit.

Freia Kaiser, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

FIGURE SKATING

My hobby is figure skating. To me it is a most interesting sport and most enjoyable. To be a figure skater one must have much perseverance and ambition, for skating can often be most discouraging. The advantages of this sport are many. Skating often leads to seeing new towns, cities and people because of the many travelling ice-carnivals. It is an extremely clean sport due to the fact that smoking or drinking often make a person short-winded and this interferes greatly. It also occupies idle time and this keeps one out of mischief.

Sonja Phenner, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

There is such a pleasing variety of hobbies to choose from that it is difficult to write on one outstanding hobby. Photography can prove interesting and exciting, while sewing and knitting are useful. Oil painting and writing short stories or

poems develop character. Finding a hobby that is pleasant may bring out talents unknown to yourself beforehand. If work and time are put in any hobby, the result will be pleasing and likely profitable.

Marion McGuire, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

Everyone should have a hobby.. There are strange hobbies such as collecting combs, hair barretts, bottles, shells and other things. Then there are the common ones, such as knitting, embroidery, sewing, reading, shell-work, skating, collecting stamps, scrap-books, photograph, etcetra. These hobbies become more interesting as they go along. If your hobby is knitting, there is a new stitch to be learned. If it is stamp collecting there are different stamps to be obtained. If it is skating it is a new stunt to be practised. These hobbies are not only a pastime, but they also develop character. They teach us to follow one line and not to go from one thing to another.

Kleona Quesnelle, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MATCH-BOOK COVERS

One of the most interesting hobbies I have ever come across is my father's. It is collecting match-book covers. He has them from all over the world, night clubs, restaurants, hotels and even a sidewalk cafe in Vienna. He has one interesting book which he had sent from England. On each layer of matches is a scene from Hamlet. These varied books of matches are attractive and historical. My father has been collecting them for four years and has over one thousand.

Donna Peddell, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MATCH-BOXES

"Oh! daddy, another one? How wonderful! Look mother, another match-box!"

This is the way we greet my father practically every night. Why? Well, you see, my hobby is collecting match-boxes. I have hundreds in our spare dresser drawer, at least, it was spare until I began putting the match-boxes in it. I have a various assortment of sizes, colours, from different cities. This hobby is by no means profitable, but then I just collect the boxes for some way in which to spend my leisure time. The only way it could become profitable would be if some one bought the entire collection.

Therese McCool, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

PICTURE TAKING

My leisure time is spent in many ways and one of these is picture taking. This is a skilful hobby because there are many things which might interfere with the picture. I prefer pictures of scenery rather than of people. Picture taking is at times discouraging, for a slight move of the camera will ruin the snapshot. If the picture is exceptionally good I colour it, which brings out the beauty of a scene. These coloured pictures are pasted in my album; the finest is the one of "Niagara Falls." There is not a blur in it, which seems strange because of the moving water. To look over these snapshots is an interesting pastime.

Nancy Fatta, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

AN ODD HOBBY

My leisure time is spent in collecting match covers. Yes, it must sound very, very queer, but it is my form of pleasure. Have you ever looked closely at the top of the penny match cover? They advertise articles and places of interest as well as people, and well-known business firms. These covers come from all over the world. On the bottom of the back cover you will find the place in which it was sold or manufactured. My leisure time can also be used by putting these in boxes. To make my leisure time hobby known, I have given away five covers with my picture on the front, and written on the back, "It's a wonderful hobby."

Jacqueline Huard, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

DO PARENTS SHIRK THEIR RESPONSIBILITY

This is a question to which one cannot give a definite affirmative or negative answer. We cannot say that it depends on the atmosphere the children have lived in for many children of wealthy parents spend money too lavishly and carelessly as compared to the actions of the middle or lower classes. It is not only the working or uneducated classes that participate in unruliness and gang warfare! I think that many parents HAVE grown more careless. I said "many", by no means do I mean "all;" but sometimes I feel that the majority of parents have little interest in their teen-age sons and daughters.

Ann Anderton, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Debatable is a short word to apply to such a subject. Where do parents shirk their duty in regard to their teen-agers? Certainly not in their physical welfare. Most teen-agers are well fed and clothed, parents seemingly thinking that this is all that matters. Teens of to-day have a difficult task, and parents do not lessen it by leaving their guidance of their children to others.

Joan McGuigan, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Parents on the whole do not shirk their responsibility to teen-agers but usually the teen-ager of to-day shirks receiving this responsibility. To-day the teen-ager is glorified as the holder of the world of to-morrow. Can we blame the teen-ager for feeling that he is more independent and wise than he really is? Parents try to know their children's friends, and enjoy meeting their children's teen-age friends. Parents always ask where their teen-ager is going and if they do not approve suggest something else. It is not the fault of the interested parents if their teen-ager forgets well meant advice or order, the moment they are around the corner.

Jean Hanson, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

Do parents shirk their responsibility to teen-agers? No! Teen-agers are old enough to be responsible for themselves. The parent's duty is to supervise and discipline the young child; most parents, in my estimation, do a presentable job of this. A teen-ager who is worthy of the name does not act juvenile. If one has grown in years to a teen-ager and is not responsible for his own action, this is a pity and a tragedy. It is a teen-ager's responsibility for himself.

Mary L. Palumbo, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY BASILICA

I was invited to visit Our Lady of Victory Basilica in Buffalo. When we first stepped into the marble church my breath was taken away by the towering ceiling, which is so gorgeously decorated, and the lovely marble stations, which are like little altars all around the church.

We went downstairs to look at Father Baker's bedroom and office. His room was just as he left it when he died. There was a big brass bed with his slippers underneath. In his office he had a big desk and a clothes tree with his overcoat on it. On the wall there was an old-fashioned telephone.

Across the street we saw the orphanage.

Father Baker must have been a wonderful man and I am sure a saint.

Denise Reddin, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

BABY-SITTING

This Friday I minded a child of four.

A duty I absolutely adore.

For she's pretty and innocent,

Small as can be,

She listened in wonder as I told her that day
Of tropical islands and lands far away,
Of how little Eskimos fish through the ice,
And how ancient China is filled up with spice.

She then asked me questions; a hundred at least,
And I thought for a while that I'd have no peace
But her bedtime had come and I took her upstairs
And she climbed into bed after saying her prayers

Lucille Rutledge, XI-C, S.J.C.S.

OBEDIENCE

I do not believe anyone realizes the value of obedience, until it is too late.

We think back on all the things we could have done when we were told, but the book was too interesting or the chair too comfortable. So we waited until we were told a second time, or mother tired of waiting and did it herself.

Or perhaps the time we were told to do the dishes, but we said, "Just a moment," and went on with what we were doing. When we were ready to do them we remembered we had made a date, and it was time to go. So we hurried to mother and pleaded until she said, "Yes, I'll do the dishes." We go and have a good time. And so mother, worn out from all her daily work, takes on the task of doing the dishes, while we have a good time.

There is another way of looking at the Value of Obedience—the graces we would have received if we had done what we were told, when we were told, just as we were told. These graces all add up to give us a higher place in heaven.

Loretta McCarthy, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO MAKE ME FURIOUS

Everyone has a pet dislike and mine is when the person who sits beside me in a movie starts telling me all about the picture when I don't want to know about it. Usually as it draws near the most exciting part of the show, my companion bursts out with her solution to the mystery. Of course, my first impulse is to strangle her, but, I am unable to do this so I just politely ask her to be quiet. Many times I feel like leaving the movie when its not enjoyable because of my friends chatter. Quite likely there are many girls in school who have the same problem as mine. Take a hint, "TALKERS," and be popular by keeping quiet in a movie.

Nancy Ann Love, X-C, S.J.C.S.

DETENTIONS

What could possibly sound worse than to hear a teacher say, "Write that out five hundred times and hand it in before nine"?

Can anyone tell me what the sense is of writing out detentions? It takes at least half an hour of your study time

and it's wasting paper because Sister just throws it in the basket unless she is collecting autographs. It dulls your brain, writing the same thing over and over again, and it makes you resent all the more the teacher who gave the detention.

Joan Kintish, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE SPORT WHICH I ENJOY MOST

I had never been a sports enthusiast, in fact I disliked sports vigorously. One of the reasons for that dislike was an experience when I was about ten years old. My mother and dad, a few of my cousins and myself decided to go to the beach one Sunday afternoon to swim. I was convinced I knew the sport when all I was able to do was splash. My mother allowed me to play in the water for she was watching and had asked my cousins to watch me also. But as youngsters do, my cousins swam off, forgetting me, and I was terribly jealous of them. I followed and was in quite deep water before I realized it. I sat down and the water rose over my head, choking me. I got to my feet and called for help, but my suit was soaked with water and I was pulled down again. I remember thinking as I was gathered into the lifesaver's boat that I was drowned but hadn't gone to heaven yet.

I wasn't drowned but my experience had another effect on me. I resolved to learn to swim the next summer. That year, we went out to our farm where there was ample opportunity for swimming. My aunt, who was an expert at swimming, taught me the fundamentals. Besides learning the different strokes, I learned to dive, float, to breathe properly, the latter being one of the most important things to know in swimming.

Though I still haven't been won over to other sports, I enjoy swimming for it provides exercise and healthy recreation.

Joan Gardener, IV-B, S.J.C.S.

HOMEWORK

"Who likes doing Homework?" Hardly anyone likes it. It is annoying at times, but it comes in handy, when it is time to do the dinner dishes. If you were nearby, you would probably hear this, "Oh, mother, I have a tremendous amount of homework and my Latin is getting me down." Then my brother would say, "Well, Mom, I had better help Cay with her Latin, we do want her to get along." Just then I make a mad dash for the dining room and scatter my books all over the table. Then my brother comes in and then we start, or try to start, my Latin.

About eight-thirty or nine, I slowly wander into the living room. Mom mentions that I could have done the dishes after all. Then I come out with the big question. "Um, um, Mom, um, may I go skating for an hour?" "You certainly may not," she says. "But, moth-er, please? I have to meet the kids down

at the corner." "You are NOT going skating." That's all I needed. Gee whiz! I had skipped doing my studying and I sure wanted to go skating. Oh, gee, just when the ice is superb. Ah, well, I guess I just have to put up with this mad studying. Now you know the position I'm in. This is when HOMEWORK really makes me furious.

Catherine Odette, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE SPORT WHICH I ENJOY MOST

I have always had a fear of water. This fear was sharpened by a near tragic accident. The water on the sand bar of a lake was only waist deep and I enjoyed a good walk around, only to fall into a hole. The feeling is one of falling into a stupor as you are gagged by water.

Two years ago, I forced myself to overcome this fear and began to take lessons.

Many people have seen beautiful aqua displays by talented swimmers. These swimmers practise week upon week to perfect a stroke. It is strenuous work, but good for building up the body, and swimming can be done twelve months a year.

Maybe this is the place to give a few points on good form in the water. Many have seen and admired swimmers who cut the water like a knife or glide like a fish. This is a rare spectacle but most enjoyable to watch. The main point is to keep the legs and feet below the surface of the water and move the arms with graceful ease. Only practise will help you to do this, believe me!

Graceful swimming I have given up as a bad job; diving is my main interest. A good diver, low or high, takes a chance in the unknown. In my mind a swan is one of the prettiest dives, but also give me a person who can climb a forty-foot tower and do a few good twists and I'm happy. Oh! well, it is possible for one to dream, I suppose; if ever I conquer the jack knife or back dives I'll be satisfied.

I'm no authority on swimming, but enjoy the sport to the utmost. On looking back over the years it seems barely possible that I was ever afraid of water but when I recall that I nearly drowned, I am very careful.

Doris Robichaud, IV-B, S.J.C.S.

ENJOYING(?) A GOOD MOVIE

"Wait until you see what happens next," whispered my companion. "The girl, see, that one, well, she gets murdered and they don't know who did it until . . . Oh! you wait and see."

I felt like screaming. I like a good movie and would have enjoyed this one if Jean had not been with me. I knew everything that happened about ten minutes before it did happen. Suddenly I was almost knocked out of my seat by Jean punching my arm.

"See, that one," she said. "Well, he did it and that young detective, he traps the murderer."

"How nice," I murmured. "Now we know the whole story. Shall we leave?"

Jean got awfully mad and I haven't been to a movie with her since. This little episode shows one way to stop hearing "second hand" movie stories.

Shelagh Mallon, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE QUICKEST WAY TO MAKE ME FURIOUS

A person who makes plans with you to go somewhere and then at the last minute changes her mind, for some ridiculous reason, really infuriates me.

Not only because of the injustice to me, but because it shows their lack of dependability. If a group of girls plan to go out for an afternoon, one girl will find something better to do and will try to sway the opinions of the others. Sometimes she succeeds and sometimes not, but in either case lowers herself in my opinion. This also shows her disregard for the feelings of others. It has to be her way or else. The best reason for this incident making me furious is because the girl who steps out of the plans at the last minute is usually the one who suggests them in the beginning.

Girls who are apt to change their minds at the last minute are those who will have to try very hard to have good dependable friends.

Helene Lynch, X-C, S.J.C.S.

I DON'T LIKE RAINY WEATHER

I know it sounds odd, but my pet dislike is wet, rainy weather. I like skating and swimming more than anything else and rainy weather stops me from enjoying the two things.

I have heard that farmers wouldn't agree with me but then, I've never met a real farmer and asked him his opinion, so I just go happily on my way hoping for dry weather. I really don't care whether it's hot or cold as long as it's in season. I feel sorry for people who like rainy weather for their lives must be just like it, miserable, cold, dark.

Another reason I don't like rain is the flowers. They need rain, I know that, but they look so beaten and rundown after a storm that I can't look at them. Mind you I won't argue with a person who likes wet, miserable, dark days, but I just don't enjoy them.

Rita Moriarty, X-C, S.J.C.S.

CROWDED STREETCARS

"Oh, to get on an empty streetcar at eight-thirty in the morning." This is the dream of every student who rides to school. This morning I got on the streetcar, no room to stand except

in the middle of the aisle and nothing to hang onto. People are standing in front and behind you. Suddenly the streetcar starts with a jerk, my Latin book falls on somebody's toe and I fall on somebody else, and the morning starts off with a bang. I try to pick up my book but drop my lunch and an orange rolls away. Oh well! who wanted an orange for lunch anyway? By this time I've been pushed down to the rear of the car and my stop is next. I start pushing and pulling and finally get to the door one stop after mine. Coming to school is one of the easiest ways to be killed.

Marilyn Mathews, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE SLAPPER

I loathe the man who greets you with a hearty slap which rattles your bones and is liable to knock your teeth out. This person usually meets you at the wrong time, claps you on the shoulder which has been sprained or any other aching place making you wince and become bad-tempered for the rest of the day. He is a nerve wrecker, boisterous and bound to give people a bad impression of your friends. Needless to say the "slapper" is a person who is bound to get me into a fury which will set me on the wrong foot for the rest of an otherwise sunny day.

Stan Linycia, X-C, S.J.C.S.

NEVER MISSED

I have an aversion to certain rather stout ladies, one of whom you will always find in any movie theatre. She always picks the seat next to you. She wears a heavy fur coat, which finds its way over the arm-rest into your seat. She usually soaks herself in exotic Parfum (that's French for perfume). Often she has a companion with whom she came "to have a little chat." And while they chat, they eat popcorn . . . Crackle, crackle—"So I just told her—" crunch, crunch—"And do you know (crunch) what she said?"—Crackle, crackle, crack—"No, I haven't seen (crunch) Sophie in ages, but Phoebe told me that—" crunch, crunch—. And so it continues.

Whenever this happens, either I sit there or I leave. But—I simply will not suffer the indignity of submission to the tyrant by moving over a seat or two.

Nora Landriau, X-C, S.J.C.S.

DON'T CALL ME "RED"

I have what some people might term red hair. The thing which makes me most furious is to have someone call me "Red." For one thing my hair isn't red, well not exactly, anyway, but I think I get most furious when I think of being christened Mary

after the mother of God and then some character calling me "Red." I'm sure anybody with red hair will agree that anger surges in them when some one calls "Hey Red."

Mary Lyons, X-C, S.J.C.S.

LIMERICKS

There was once a man named Chaucer
Who always kept the law, sir.
He wrote the Pilgrims Tale
Of pardons up for sale,
'Bout knight and nun and hostler.

James McNamara, VIII, St. Patrick's School.

There was once a man named Chabot
Who had a sea-going habit.
He rigged out a ship,
And went on a trip.
North America—he had it!

Lola Lombarde, VIII, St. Patricks School.

There was once a man named Drake
Who sailed on many a lake.
Queen Elizabeth would say;
"You're the best, any day,
I'll dub you a knight in a shake."

Adam Litzinger, VIII, St. Patrick's School.

There was once a Stuart king.
For whom a knell did ring.
They said he was a traitor
And he lost his head later,
Although he was himself the king.

Joan Faragher, VIII, St. Patrick's School.

There was once a man named More
Who wasn't very poor.
With Heaven in sight,
Stuck to the right
And for his faith he got the door.

Tom Conway, VIII, St. Patrick's School.

WHAT THE FAMILY ROSARY MEANS TO ME

Ever since I can remember we have said the Family Rosary. Every night Dad would start leading, with each child, as he grew old enough, leading a decade. This way each felt he was doing his part a little more.

To me the Rosary means unity—a spiritual bond binding our hearts together. With unity comes peace and happiness,

love and understanding—the ingredients of a true Catholic home.

As I go to my material mother for material needs, likewise, I go to my spiritual Mother for spiritual needs. My soul craves for its next talk with Mary. It longs to pour its sorrows, its joys, its failures, its victories into the ever-listening, ever-sympathetic ear of its Mother.

If I need a favour granted, I go to Mary. She won't refuse me. As I say the rosary, I praise her, I praise her Son and her Father—her Creator; I also affirm my beliefs in my Faith. What Mother wouldn't listen to that plea? Then in love I turn to her and thank her after she has heard my prayer. The Rosary is my assurance of eternal happiness. At the time of my eternal commencement, Mary will remember me as her lifelong friend. God and Mary walk by my side in this life, they shall also walk by my side in eternal life.

"Ask and you shall receive," stated our Lord. While I am praising God and Mary I plead for my daily bread, forgiveness, protection from evil, now and at the hour of my death. The Rosary means all this and more to me.

It can mean all this to you, too. Try it. Persevere in the Rosary Pledge and the joy of keeping close to God and Mary will be with you all your life.

Charlotte Casey, XI, St. Joseph's Convent School, Rosetown, Sask.

HOME

What is a home? The French call it "la maison"; the Latins call it "domus"; the Germans call it "heim", but whatever way you say it, it means the same thing. There are no exterior requirements for a home. Homes have been established in anything from lowly hovels to sumptuous mansions. In a home, it's the spirit that counts.

The dictionary defines home as a place of rest and safety. Fundamentally, that is what it is but with so much more added! Home is the place where, by example, we are taught to live truly Christian lives, where prayers is as much a part of the routine as three meals a day, where the amenities of everyday life are intensified and practised, where husband and wife work together to establish their salvation and that of their children, where cares drop away and peace and contentment take their place. Longfellow has aptly described this feeling:

"When the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

What does home mean to most of us? Ask the boy away from home. He will tell you it means more than a source of parcels and pocket money. In this case, the old maxim, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," is very true.

Yes, home plays an important but indefinable part in our lives. Do we, the home-builders of the future, realize this?

Beverly MacIsaac, St. Joseph's Convent School, XI, Rosetown, Sask.

Dear Friends:

It is such a long time since you have heard from the High School in Rosetown that we fear you will have to be introduced to us all over again. Those who wrote last year have left us to take their place in this big world, filling hospitals, schools and serving in a dozen different ways from east to west. We would like to renew acquaintance and tell you a few of the things which go to make 1948-49 a banner year.

First there was our part in the Rosary Crusade. Our province played a pioneer role and St. Joseph's Convent School not only furnished the choral numbers at the meeting when Father Pat Peyton himself spoke but its students entered into this crusade heart and soul. No doubt news of its ninety-five percent success must have reached you. Everyday we hear of incidents which indicate the far-reaching effect of this province-wide crusade. Charlotte Casey, the winner in the essay contest for Grade XI in Saskatchewan, received a beautiful rosary.

Our Sodality is steadily increasing in number and, we trust, in fervour. The reception on December 8th gave us sixteen new members. Helen Barry is our prefect—ably assisted by the vice-prefect, Beverly McIsaac.

The year brought its sorrows as well as its joys. Father Drapeau's failing health forced him to relinquish his duties as pastor. However, we feel we have not lost him and it is like old times to see him occasionally offering Holy Mass for us. On Christmas Eve the parishioners endeavoured to show Father Drapeau their appreciation and esteem by presenting him with a substantial gift. Father Provost, whom His Excellency, Bishop Pocock has given us as our new parish priest, needs no introduction. His kindness and affability have endeared him to us already.

The year's sporting activities started with a successful field day. Although the weather man gave us his poorest choice we got sixty seconds' worth of fun out of every minute.

We could tell you of our activities—both spiritual and social, but we shall conclude our note with just a word about our Christmas programme. If ever you have heard our girls' choir, you will be thrilled with delight at the mere mention of it. You can imagine just how beautifully it worked in with the Nativity Play. We are still talking about the Gloria scene—our parents thought they were actually present at Our Saviour's Birth—so transposed were they by the beautiful singing, splendid acting and exquisite costuming.

We promise to be more faithful in our correspondence in future, and extend a cordial welcome to you to give us news of yourself or even visit in imagination our Western Prairies in forty below zero weather!

Your Rosetown Correspondents,

Per Eileen Fitzmaurice, Grade XII.

Dear Fellow Students:

I read some of your very impressive articles in St. Joseph's Lilies and realizing that we, here in Rosetown, are the only

fortunate pupils in Saskatchewan to have a St. Joseph's Convent, I know that you would be anxious to hear about it.

Playing outdoors seems to be everyone's main interest, so I will tell you first of our playgrounds. We have eight acres to play on and we have put every bit to good use. To the south is our softball diamond where many a hotly contested game is played; to the west and behind the building is our tennis court which for the present has been transformed into a rink where we try everything from figure skating to broom hockey. Running parallel to the tennis court is our basketball court where Grade IX was forced to bow to the prowess of Grade XII on Sports Day. This fall our golf wizards showed their ability on our new miniature course while interest was awakened in the ancient skill of archery.

The interior of our school is fairly large. We have four classrooms, two for the elementary school and two for the high school. Our Chemistry Lab looks more interesting every day as we continued to complete our equipment. The auditorium, where we hold our concerts and graduation, has a good sized stage equipped with lights, scenery and wine velvet curtains.

Rosetown, our friendly little town, is in the "Heart of the Wheat Belt." For miles around the wheat covered plains can be seen from our convent windows.

Don't our school and town sound interesting to you? If you would like to hear more about us, we would be glad to hear from you and carry on a correspondence. We, in Rosetown, are all agreed that it would be fun to hear personally from fellow St. Joseph Students throughout Canada.

Marjorie Schnedar, X,
St. Joseph's Convent School, Rosetown, Sask.

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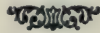
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OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS XII

March 12, 1949, tenth anniversary of his Coronation.

April 2, the fiftieth anniversary of his Ordination.

With deepest filial devotion, "St. Joseph Lilies" joins with its readers in praying that God may bless our High Priest, and "Shepherd of Souls" and spare him to us for many years.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1949

No. 2

THE GREAT WHITE SHEPHERD

By REV. V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

IT HAS been well said that a man is truly great on his knees. Pictures showing the kneeling figure of the Great White Shepherd of Christendom open up avenues of speculative thought. Surely our gloriously reigning Pontiff is a great man, a fearless man, a holy man; but he is a man like unto the Man of Sorrows Whose government is also upon his shoulders. The Holy Father's countenance mirrors the weariness of his sorrow-stricken flock behind the Iron Curtain. His aching heart is consecrated to compassion for the starving children of Europe, innocent victims of a barbaric war. He grieves for those who lie in foul prison camps, eking out a miserable existence as slave laborers. The news of the false arrests of priests and prelates by Communist leaders has caused profound sorrow to the Sovereign Pontiff. The ignominy suffered by Archbishop Stepinac brought anguish to the Holy Father. The daring arrest and inhuman treatment of Cardinal Mindszenty forced the Pope to write a letter to the Hungarian Bishops, January 2, 1949: "Conscience and duty impel us to express publicly our sorrow and lamentation for what has been perpetuated against the rights of the Church."

Viewing the conflict between good and evil persons from the Vatican citadel, His Holiness shows how joy and sorrow are commingled in His mind. His exhortation to

the bishops of the world, February 12, 1949, is a magnificent threnody, "While we look out upon the world, we are filled with admiration and joy at the sight of good people resplendent with those virtues, which particularly in the glorious fortitude of martyrs, recall the early ages of Christianity: yet on the other hand, we are overcome by grief and anguish as we perceive the iniquity of the unrighteous reach a degree that is incredible and without parallel . . . Those who cast scorn on the name of God are guilty of a heinous crime, since 'hatred of God is expectedly a sin against the Holy Spirit' (Summa 2-2., q. 34., Art. 2., Ad 1) . . . If atheism and hatred of God be a grievous sin, we can, in the font of Christ's blood, which the chalice of the New Testament contains, wash away the abominable crime, efface its consequences, implore pardon for the guilty and furthermore provide a splendid triumph for the Church."

The Pontiff's allocution at the secret consistory, February 14, 1949, unfolds the depths of his bitter grief. He convoked this extraordinary consistory for this purpose, saying, 'You will readily understand the reason of this sorrow: it concerns a most serious outrage which inflicts a deep wound not only on your distinguished College and on the Church, but also on every upholder of the dignity and liberty of man . . . Justice which is worthy of the name does not begin with prejudices and is not based on a decision previously taken, but gladly admits of free discussion and gives everyone due facility for thinking, believing and speaking.'

Christendom has prayerfully celebrated Pope Pius XII's fiftieth anniversary to the sacred priesthood on April 12, 1899. Taken from among men, Eugenio Pacelli was "ordained for men in the things that appertain to God." He has well described in *Encyclical, Mystici Corporis* (June 29, 1943), the supernal role of the priest in the Great Sacrifice of the Altar. "Here the sacred ministers act in the person not only of Our Saviour but of the entire Mystical Body and of every one of the faithful. In this act of sacrifice through

the hands of the priest, whose word alone has brought the Immaculate Lamb to be present on the altar, the faithful themselves with one desire and one prayer offer It to the Eternal Father—the most acceptable Victim of praise and propitiation for the Church's universal needs.”

Entering upon the eleventh year of his Pontificate the Great White Shepherd has ruled the Church of God with zeal, with prudence and with wisdom. He has fed the sheep. Unapprehensive of his own safety he has gone out among his flock after the air raids to ascertain the damage but more to encourage and bless his frightened lambs. His rare qualities of mind and heart and his penchant for diplomacy as well as for mastering modern languages has attracted those outside the Church to the Vicar of Christ.

As Supreme Teacher, the gloriously reigning Pontiff has walked in the Saviour's footsteps, preaching the word of God to all. In his apostolic desire to have the Gospel preached to the poor is seen the Master's great apostolate. His magnificent Encyclical (September 30, 1943) on “The Promotion of Biblical Studies” praised the progress made in the textual criticism of Sacred Scripture and urged Catholic scholars to avail themselves of scientific findings and the techniques of modern scholarship that they might have a more comprehensive knowledge of the Bible. The splendid letter, “Mediator Dei” (November 20, 1947), on the liturgy sets forth the relation of the Blessed Christ and Christians to liturgical worship, especially to Holy Mass. Finally, under the Holy Father's auspices a new Latin translation of the psalter was given to Christendom, March 24, 1945.

On November 1, 1942, Pope Pius solemnly consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and added to the calendar this latest feast of Our Lady to be celebrated on August 22. Moreover, the Holy Father has canonized twelve new saints. He has shown his love for the far-flung mission posts by the creation of Cardinal Tien, in the epoch-making public consistory which drew the attention of the world. Likewise the creation of Cardinal McGuigan of To-

ronto won the applause of the entire Church and evoked sincere praise from His Eminence's separated brethren of the North American continent.

The interest of the Great White Shepherd in peace measures has been phenomenal. In his 1948 Christmas allocation the Holy Father condemned pacifism and neutrality, and begged all nations to heed the call for solidarity for peace. He has urged us to pray for the deliberations of the



POPE PIUS XII

United Nations and has approved the Marshall Plan and the idea of the Western European Union. He has shown by his courageous acts the Master's love for displaced persons, for little children orphaned by war, for Jews, for hungry, houseless and ragged victims of tyranny.

The Shepherd King of Rome and the World daily shows forth the spiritual courage of his Crucified Master. From his Vatican citadel he radiates Christliness to the wavering. He calls to the fickle "to stand fast in the Lord." He praises those who have fought the good fight and died in the Lord. He encourages all who still languish in prison, in slave-

labor camps and private custody. May his voice be heard above the strident, raucous clamor of his enemies! May his motto "Peace, the work of justice" find a speedy fulfillment in his own lifetime. God save the Pope!

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To canonize a citizen of the United States—St. Frances Xavier Cabrini.

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To have visited all of the American Cardinals in their see cities.

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Whose election was announced directly from the Vatican to the world by radio.

To have visited both North and South America.

Elected since the settlement of the so-called Roman Question.

To receive a personal representative of the President of the United States at the time of his coronation—Joseph P. Kennedy, then Ambassador to London.

To receive a personal representative of the President of the United States with the rank of Ambassador—Myron C. Taylor.

To appoint as many as 32 Cardinals at one time.

Since 1667 who had previously been Cardinal Secretary of State.

Since 1721 who was born in the City of Rome itself.

Since the middle of the 14th Century to establish a non-Italian majority in the Sacred College of Cardinals.



HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS XII



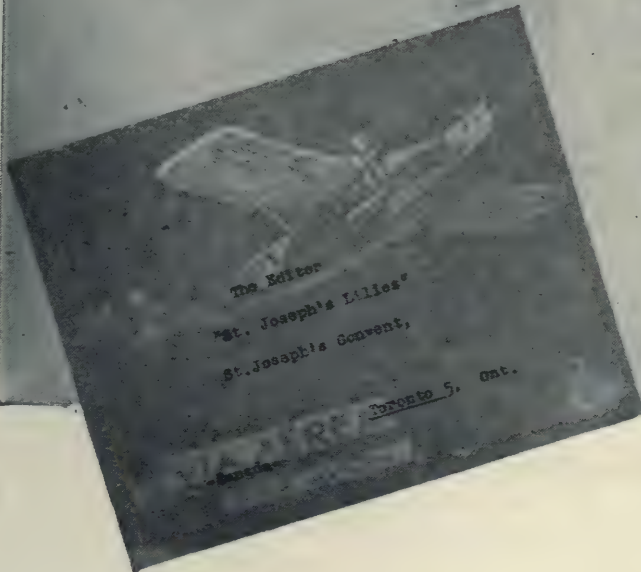
SEGRETERIA DI STATO

Vatican City, April 7, 1949

SUA SANTITÀ

N. 199306/SA

The Secretariat of State of His Holiness,
in acknowledging receipt of the copy of
"St. Joseph's Lilies" (March 1949) forwarded
for the Holy Father's acceptance, has pleasure
in expressing the Pontiff's grateful appreciation
of this filial gesture and in conveying to the
Faculty and students of St. Joseph's College
the paternal Apostolic Benediction of His Holiness.



THE POPE'S MESSAGE TO "ST. JOSEPH LILIES."

TERCENTENARY

By REV. WILLIAM H. HINGSTON, S.J.

CANADIAN Catholics are preparing to mark this summer by fitting celebrations of the Tercenary of the Martyrdom of four of the Jesuit Martyrs of New France, canonized in 1930 and later declared Secondary Patrons of Canada. Solemn religious functions will take place throughout the dioceses of the Dominion but especially at the Martyrs' Shrine near Midland, Ontario, some ninety miles north of Toronto on the shores of the Georgian Bay. To this hallowed spot, erstwhile scene of their labours among the Hurons and of their glorious martyrdom, organized pilgrimages by train and boat and bus will bring pilgrims in their many thousands from every part of Canada and from the neighboring United States to honour these heroes and to pray at the spot sanctified by their blood poured out for Christ.

And not Catholics only but all men, and practically all Canadians, whatever be their religious beliefs, will gladly pay their tribute of honour to the heroic pioneers of civilization in what is now our country.

The ruins of Ste. Marie are the oldest on the North American Continent outside Mexico. Those crumbling walls recall that here three hundred and more years ago in the remote forest, there stood enclosed within those fallen walls on this very spot the first house west of Quebec; here was the first hospital and around it the first farm, with none nearer than Quebec, seven hundred and more miles away. To the interest of the historian in the earliest monuments of the historic past, is added the admiration which every man must feel for men of lofty ideals and of unflinching courage so cruelly put to the test. And there is pathos too in the sight of ruined Ste. Marie, for it appears a burial place of splendid hopes, and the close of what had seemed the beginning of a glorious era of conversions. For the remaining Jesuit missionaries themselves set the torch to their

central mission, and the sad remnants of the once proud Huron race, tardy converts accepting baptism only in their death agony, struggled east to find refuge from the Iroquois near the protecting walls of Quebec.

The Centenary celebrations while predominantly religious in character will also necessarily have a national and patriotic aspect and this fact is brought out in a grand Pageant, or more accurately a Masque written and to be directed by Father Daniel Lord, S.J., entitled "Salute to Canada."

For the benefit of readers little familiar with the scenes of the Martyrdoms and perhaps rather hazy in their recollections of that episode in history, I have been asked to present a bit of background and recall in outline a few salient points.

The Martyrs were, of course, all Frenchmen, who belonged to the first and heroic Colony of New France before the days of Frontenac. All suffered at the hands of the Iroquois, or Mohawks.

The vast territory extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the head of the Great Lakes was sparsely peopled by Indian tribes belonging mostly to the Algonquins or Algonkian stock. These Indians were all hunters and fishers wandering in search of game with no fixed abode and little care of agriculture.

Like an island in the midst of the Algonquin family of Indian tribes there lived the Huron-Iroquois, a people united amongst themselves by blood and by speech that was almost identical, yet differing totally from the speech of the Indians by whom they were surrounded. In fact their language differed more from Algonquin than English does from Greek, since it is said they do not have one single root in common; and what is more they do not share even in the same few consonants which each employs. All these Indian tongues are considered wonderfully beautiful but also extremely complicated and difficult to learn.

Those Indians whom Jacques Cartier met at Hochelaga

(Montreal) and Stadacona (Quebec) in 1535 were undoubtedly Huron Iroquois. When about seventy years later Champlain came (in 1603) he found that the Indian vocabulary preserved since Cartier's time was of no use, for the Indians he now met were Algonquins, for the Huron-Iroquois had vanished from the St. Lawrence. A deadly feud had broken out, it is thought, between Hurons and Iroquois. The former had migrated southward, probably by way of the Richelieu river and Lake Champlain, to settle along the banks of the Mohawk river. In their confederacy of Five Nations (Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Senecas), the Senecas were the most numerous, the Mohawks the most war-like. Together they occupied that country that stretches from Lake Erie, eastward and southward to Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. Unlike the Algonquins, the Hurons and their cousins of the Confederacy tilled the soil, growing Indian corn and pumpkins or squashes, and lived in long huts in palisaded villages. It is chiefly for this reason that while not neglecting the Algonquin tribes, the missionaries addressed themselves chiefly to the conversion of the Hurons, whose population was more compact and stable, in preference to attaching themselves to the wandering bands of hunting Algonquin Indians.

Attempts at converting the Indians were first made by the Jesuits at Port Royal, in what is now Nova Scotia (in 1611) but this settlement was conducted by the French Jansenists and their hostility, together with the interference of the neighboring British colony of New England, rendered the efforts of the missionaries fruitless, and after two years they were obliged to withdraw. The Récollets, or Franciscans of the Strict Observance, were the first missionaries to go to the Huron country, but they made almost no converts and in 1625 asked that the French Jesuits should come to their help. In answer to this request, Father Brébeuf and other Jesuits arrived from France that year.

The illustration that appears on the opposite page por-



MARTYRS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

trays in double setting the whole of our eight Martyrs arranged in two distinct groupings. They are represented of heroic size, standing in the clouds above the sunset, the head of each encircled by a halo, while high above them the heavens are opened, and angels are seen descending with crowns and palms. Then the same figures in the same order are represented below in miniature on earth, each undergoing his martyrdom.

Beginning at the extreme right St. Anthony Daniel is depicted in surplice and stole near his blazing chapel into the flames of which, wounded by a gun shot and arrows, he will soon be flung. By the river bank St. René Goupil is being tomahawked. Close to him is St. Isaac Jogues, treacherously invited into a long house, while the assassin makes ready to cleave his skull—a speedy death, but the Martyr had already suffered all the horrors of torture twice, and Goupil once. In the centre of the picture, St. Jean de Brébeuf is being burned slowly at the stake. Fires are lighted at his feet and around his waist a belt of bark and resin scorches his chest and back. A collar of red-hot axe-heads hangs on chest and back and shoulders; an Indian on one side pours boiling water over him in mockery of baptism while another carves a piece out of his shoulder to be roasted at the fire and devoured before his eyes. Soon they will stuff burning bark into his mouth to keep him from encouraging his Christian fellow-sufferers and from warning his captors of the fate that will overtake them unless they turn from their sins. His torturers will cut off his lips and tear out his tongue, the more effectively to stop his preaching. As his eyes can still look reproachfully upon them, they will tear out those eyes and put burning coals in the sockets.

To his left and somewhat in the background is his disciple and fellow-martyr, St. Gabriel Lalemant, a delicate young priest, but lately arrived from France who has reached the Huron mission only in time to suffer his seventeen hours of

terrific martyrdom. St. Charles Garnier falls under the blows of the tomahawk. ' .

In the distance can barely be discerned St. Noel Chabanel, and finally in lay garb St. Jean de Lalande, mortally wounded, trying to rise to his knees to receive the last blessing of his master, St. Isaac Jogues.

These are the heroes whom we are to honour particularly this year, Three Hundreth Anniversary of their glorious deaths.

THE HOLY FATHER'S BLESSING

The Holy Father's Blessing is something to be coveted; and when given treasured, and its significance deeply pondered.

He blesses in the name of Christ, with an authority unequalled on earth.

His blessing is a royal sanction, a privy but sacred seal that confers upon the people and works blessed a mark of his approval, of his pleasure, of his longing to see them prosper; something to be coveted, like a well-earned prize.

To be treasured also, once given. Because his blessing entails a prayer, the prayer of the Viceroy of Christ the King, and as such, is an act of mediation that is always answered, that is invested with power; for, "whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in Heaven"; and Christ does not regret having thus delegated His Powers to Peter and Peter's successors.



ROBERT HOLMES

Artist Interpreter of Our Flowers

By SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

"The flower thine eyes beholdest to-day
Hath in God's spirit bloomed eternally."

THE current exhibition of Picasso in the Art Gallery of Toronto is a subject of controversy. This is not surprising. In Paris, Picasso having abandoned his easel to launch out in ceramics is holding an exhibit of this work regarding which Parisian comments are either enthusiastic to the utmost or withering to scorn; no one is indifferent. In contrast with these divided opinions is the unanimous approval which the collection from the Pinacothèque of Munich arouses. The French, jealous of the treasures of the Louvre, still find thousands of words to express admiration of such perfect examples of the art of Murillo, Vandyck, Rembrandt, Veronese and a host of others.

So we in pardonable pride call attention to the work of one of our Canadian artists, who never took flight in the grotesque nor in extreme modern styles.

In the world of flowers and plants, science has brought us into the presence of wonders and mysteries, that widen the horizon of the mind; poetry has furnished us with an abundance of striking imagery, whose beauty and grandeur are doubled by its truthfulness; but Art, as given us in a series of studies by one of our own Canadian artists, Robert Holmes, has united poetry and science and has enriched our ideas and elevated our conception of Nature.

Robert Holmes has left us perhaps the most complete authentic record of Canadian wild flowers, for he has painted more than a hundred varieties, in water colours. This medium



CARDINALS

Robert Holmes
Courtesy of Art Gallery, Toronto.

has distinction and dignity and gives the elusiveness of the shy things of the wood, showing forth their peculiar delicacy and transparency, yet, as used by this artist, possessing the solidity and strength of oils.

The studies are out of the usual trend and have a distinct self-created distinction. They show the flower, not as a still-life composition, nor as a scientific record, but as a living object of beauty, growing as he found it, in the hidden depths of the wood, or by the translucent pool. The soul of the flower has been captured; the flower portraitist, by his treatment of the subject shows his own gentle, lovable disposition, for he was a poet by nature and outlook.

Some one has said, "Flowers prink up when they hear Holmes coming." He chose Wild Flowers for the best part of his life's work, and for a man whose master passion was design in art, what greater and finer field for design and colour could he have selected!

His was a loving, exhaustive study. He knew the botanical biology and translated it into beauty. He travelled thousands of miles within a radius of a hundred miles of Toronto to get his records.

What led him to paint wild flowers seriously and exclusively was his desire to give his pupils as much Canadian inspiration as possible. At first, he asked them to base their designs on flowers on something native, and characteristic of the country, and to assist them in this, his first sketches were made. He had a passion for elements of form in nature—in trees, in plants, in flowers, in snow, in water, in clouds. He never painted full landscape. To him, the wonder of God's creative power was mirrored in each tiny part. After all the great master Leonardo de Vinci, whose genius had mastered the science of his time, designed to give his most careful attention to a hidden flower and has left us a wonderful series of studies of the lowly violet.

Holmes, too, bent down close to mother earth that he

might show some of her enchantments to those who were busied with the material things of life. Hill-tops, hidden hollows, deep glens, secluded woods, bright meadows, meandering brooklets—all were invaded to record the beauty of



WILD GERANIUMS

*Robert Holmes**Courtesy of Art Gallery, Toronto.*

form and colour, in the grasses, the soils, in rocks, in leafage, in the overhanging branches of the dignified maple, of the trembling locust and of the stately balsam.

He looked into nature with such easy sympathy as the

open-eyed daisy looks in the face of the sky. Many a long, lone tramp he made with his kit, over valley and hill, far into the wildest woods he could find, so that all alone, he might transfer to canvas one more glorious bloom with all its environment.

His love of nature was affectionate. Had he not chosen to paint flower pictures one supposes he might have selected children, or birds or butterflies. In several of his pictures we notice a glowing moth, worked in for the mere fantastic effect.

Holmes' pictures apart from their intensive delicacy as studies in form and colour, are wonderful gradations in green, in all textures and depths, with all manner of lighting and shadow and suggesting cool, quiet depths in solitude. He was as particular about the lowly Skunk Cabbage of the road side as about the dignified Cardinal Flower. He saw beauty in all.

Several almost complete exhibitions of his pictures have been held in the Art Gallery of Toronto, and it was not to be wondered at, that the admirers of his art are varied in age and culture. His flowers speak a language understood by all. The moment one stepped into the room where the pictures were hung, there was a sensation of being where the flowers grew. I heard a visitor remark as she was leaving: "I feel as if I had had all the pleasures of a ramble in the woods, seeing their beauty and feeling the delightful freshness of the atmosphere without getting my feet wet."

Standing alone in the room, one almost heard the chirp and twitter of the birds, the leaves rustling in the gentle breeze, the insects drone and hum as they flitted happily from flower to flower; even sensed

"The perfume from the blossom's cell
On every zephyr stealing."

There is hardly a flower that has been overlooked by Holmes.

How he loved the Pink Trailing Arbutus, emblem of the Land of Evangeline:

Sprinkled with star dust fine.
In the glow of dewy daybreak
How the waxen petals shine!
Fairy magic on her way, pearly petals.
Scented are the spring-time breezes
With a mingled incense rare.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit appears in state surrounded by draperies fit for a king. Peeping up from under the purple and green sheath, this member of the calla family delights the artist and expresses a kindred feeling with the poet who wrote:

“With hooded heads and shields of green
Monks of the wooded glen
I know you well; you are I ween.
Robin Hood’s merry men.”

and then

Violets, their indelible impression of blue, tinged with lilac.

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
Or Cytherea’s breath.”

Indian Pipes, bunches of ghostly white stems close to the buttresses of the tree and guarded by fungus fairy tables. Weird odorless flowers, grouped perfectly and silhouetted against the dark deep recess of the woods and overshadowed by blue-green pine branches. As we look, we understand why the Indians regarded the pipes as symbolic of a departed friend.

Wild Geraniums in luxuriant tufts, finely detailed, beautifully executed.

Trilliums, graceful, drooping beds, that in the distance look like hail on the ground, but a close-up shows the exquisite delicate beauty that entranced the artist.

Wild Roses with their ample coloured petals glancing half concealed from among their own green bowers with a certain noble civility in their wildness.

Canadian Anenomes with their interesting leaves—these first heralds of spring.

Wild Sunflowers radiating the golden glow of the sun.

Black Eyed Susans, whose brilliant colours quiver with light.

The Evening Primrose of incomparable perfume.

“Stealing and giving odour.”

Lady's Slipper with its greenish purple bracts. In its native environment it piques our fancy for there is something mysterious and abnormal about all the moccasin group, and we gaze at them curiously as we might upon a veiled lady of the Orient who had settled in our midst.



BUNCHBERRY

Robert Holmes

Courtesy of Art Gallery, Toronto.

“Shapely the flower, so lightly poised
And warm its ruddy glow.”

Bloodroot—

“whose rolled-up leaves
if you uncurl, Each of
'em cradle to a baby's
pearl,”

fragile and dainty.

Milkweed of the wayside,
that never is quite as lovely
in flower as in fluff.

Queen Anne's Lace, forming
medallion patterns of ex-

quisite design whose beauty makes us forget the practical side of life and we become entangled in its meshes of soft ash green.

Perhaps the outstanding study is the Cardinal Flowers now owned by the National Gallery in Ottawa. Here are

dignified Cardinal Flowers from the Muskoka Highlands, brilliantly coloured, growing by a deep pool whose depth of colour shows the perfection of the water colour medium in a master's hand. Over-hanging is a lovely silver maple branch, quivering with life and forming a delightful pattern whose background colour and the faintly discerned dog-berry leaves, create a wonderful perspective depth.

"How carelessly it wears the velvet of the same
Unfathomed red, which ceased when Titian ceased
To paint it, in the robes of doge and priest."

There are many other pictures and there is a wonderful beauty in all; something intangible that tenderly reminds one of enchanted hours in Nature's solitude.

Robert Holmes was born in Cannington, Ontario, and came to Toronto to study medicine. A visit to the Art School changed his career. He studied in Toronto and then in the Royal Academy, London, England, under Gerald Moira. Later he taught in Upper Canada College and there started his life-long friendship with Stephen Leacock. He was an Associate and later on a member of the Royal Canadian Academy and also held, for some years, the Presidency of the Graphic Arts Society and of the Ontario Society of Artists.

In his death in 1930 tragedy and poetry were strangely intermingled. Replying to a toast to the graduates of the College of Art, he said he must have been assigned to this particular toast because he was a Futurist, but more likely it was "because of the affinity between my love for flowers, and the flowers about me—the boys and girls of the graduating class, who are the real flowers of life." He sank into his chair, his chin dropped on his breast and his gentle spirit passed on into eternity.

Robert Holmes was of a gentle, lovable disposition, a perfect gentleman. His sense of humour was as buoyant as it was chivalrous. He was a master of design, a competent lecturer in sculpture and architecture. His ideals were high

and he never stooped to create foolish things that he might be popular. He held his art as a clear mirror of nature which he loved to portray clear to himself and to the admirer and to give pleasure not only to the eye but also to the mind and heart.

He was a painter who made little poems of petals, that breathe the moist fragrance of the woods and that, hung indoors, would entice the bees and humming birds to seek their honeyed sweetness.

In his work there is a spiritual inspiration whose gentleness and sweetness drives out the gross and the sordid; an inspiration which uplifts the soul with a deep joy and happiness and which arouses the highest and noblest impulses in man, for

“God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man’s careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath power
To gather wisdom from the flower
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.”

The appeal of the beautiful flower, the delicate plant, the soft-shaded leaf, the sighing of the tree boughs make man better and wiser.

Flowers are thoughts of the spirit of God,
Their love is love of His grace,
Their fragrance is breath of divinity,
Their beautify the light of His Face.





INDIAN PIPES

Robert Holmes

Courtesy of Art Gallery, Toronto.

A MIRACLE OF MODERN BELFAST

By MALACHY MAGEE

A STRANGER to Belfast who happened to find himself in the middle of the Falls Road any Thursday afternoon might be mildly surprised at the unusual crowds of people moving along the road. He might deduce that they were going to a cinema, a meeting, or some form of entertainment.

If he were to stand there long enough his curiosity would grow into amazement. For hour after hour he would see these crowds coming and going and growing ever larger. Only at around ten o'clock at night would the Falls Road begin to assume its normal appearance.

Eventually he would follow the crowds to discover the source and the attraction. This would lead him to Clonard Street in the heart of the working-class district. He would find the street periodically congested with crowds of men and women streaming downwards, and a long, patient queue slowly making their way upwards. Moving up the long, wide street he would finally perceive that all these thousands of men and women were going to and coming from a church!

The church is that of Clonard Monastery, established by the Redemptorist Fathers and dedicated to the Most Holy Redeemer, where continuous congregations participate every Thursday in the Perpetual Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour.

The phenomenal success of this Novena is truly a Belfast miracle. Belfast Catholics, forming a one-third minority, are accustomed to fighting for their faith and traditions and to overcoming persecution and hardships. That is why they have been classed as among the finest Catholic types anywhere in this world. They cling tenaciously and staunchly to this precious heritage, nurtured in sacrifice, reared in adversity and guarded with a jealous love. Both inside and

outside the church during the Novena this mass demonstration of faith is a striking and moving sight. Modern young men and girls, elderly folk, shipyard workers in overalls, linen mill workers in their shawls, housewives and business folk, rich and poor, all kneel in a fervent concentration of prayer and devotion. No matter what sacrifice it requires, the Novena must not be missed. That is the guiding spirit.

IMMEDIATE SUCCESS

The Perpetual Novena was instituted in Clonard Monastery in December, 1943. After the first few weeks it was evident that the church, one of the largest and most magnificent in Belfast, and one of the six great Catholic churches in the Falls Road area, could not accommodate the huge congregations who desired to take part in this great act of devotion to Our Blessed Lady. Even the sanctuary tribunes and sacristy were overflowing. It was then decided to hold the Thursday evening devotions twice, at 7 and 8 p.m.

Even this new arrangement soon became inadequate with the ever-increasing numbers, and a new hour was added, 6 p.m. But the fame of the great Novena grew and the church was besieged Thursday after Thursday. From all over the city the people came in their thousands, by trolley-bus, car and bicycle. Eventually it broke the city limits and special buses were hired weekly to bring people from outlying country districts.

And now every Thursday the church is thronged from three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly ten o'clock at night. Nor indeed is that sufficient to meet the wishes of the people, and now a second day has been added, the Novena devotions re-commencing every Saturday at 7:30 p.m. Every Thursday morning there are five Masses celebrated at the Clonard Shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour at which the Novena prayers are read. Here again the church is overcrowded for these special Masses. The school children have a special session to themselves, at 4:15 p.m. And it is remarkable that

they come—thousands of them—completely of their own accord, unshepherded and unattended by their teachers.

Many have been the spoken and written tributes paid by distinguished visitors who have witnessed the Novena devotions. Writing in the *Redemptorist Record*, the bright bi-monthly magazine published at Clonard, Rev. Gavan Duffy, S.J., during a spell of leave from his South African mission, in the course of his impressions, said: “. . . It seems incredible, but it is true. One can only stand there and gasp, as queue forms after queue—simply and solely to pray to Mary. Why do they come every Thursday through the sun, the rain, the snow, the cold, and sleet of Belfast—some twenty thousand of them, Thursday after Thursday?

“It is not merely the music that attracts them. It is not a world-renowned orator who cast his spell over them. It is not a service framed to arouse the emotions. It is all so simple, so very matter-of-fact. But it grips—and so, week after week, year after year, they come pouring into the Church until they overflow into the sacristy, into the passages, everywhere at the six separate Novena services every Thursday. They come and kneel and they pour out their hearts to Mary. They could scarcely come in greater numbers if she herself stood there and welcomed them. They cannot see her with their eyes but to their faith she is present with all her attractiveness and all her power.

Truly the Perpetual Novena at Clonard is a revelation of what the Faith can mean. I thank God that my steps were directed there in this September, 1948, to see with my own eyes the glories of Mary revealed in this wonderful and touching form of devotion towards her.”

Although Clonard still remains the focal point, the Perpetual Novena has spread to many other churches in Belfast and throughout the Six Counties, and in some of these the devotions have had to be duplicated. These are the tremendous results of the work started by Fr. Meighan in 1943.

In all churches in which the Novena is conducted a record

is kept of the thanksgivings recorded weekly. The number of such thanksgivings, indicative of Novena petitions granted in Clonard alone, gives some idea of the immense benefits and blessings which the Novena is bringing into the lives of the people. At the moment the average figure is about a thousand a month. Truly the Novena has been a source of light and life for countless souls.

On June 20 of last year, the feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, as a public act of gratitude to Our Blessed Lady for innumerable blessings and favours obtained, the famous picture of Mary in the Shrine at Clonard was solemnly crowned. The ceremony, which was performed by the Rector Very Rev. G. J. Reynolds, C.Ss.R., was a repetition of that which took place in Rome nearly a century ago. During the nine-days' preparatory novena, five thousand people thronged the church every night during the devotions, which had to be duplicated. On the day of the crowning, loud-speakers carried the devotions to the huge crowds outside the church, unable to gain admission. The crowns bestowed by the people to adorn the picture are exact replicas of those used in the Rome ceremony. Each is of beautifully-wrought gold, inlaid with twenty-six precious stones, many of them being taken from engagement rings and family jewellery. A royal gift for a Queen, a gift of heartfelt gratitude to the Queen of the World from the people of Belfast.

HOSTILE BACKGROUND

The history of Belfast has notoriously anti-Catholic background. Even to-day the sectarian atmosphere of the city is unmistakable. The seeds of hatred planted by generations of misrule may take a century to uproot before the fair Northern soil will blossom with the fresh fruits of peace, love and charity. Here again the Redemptorist Fathers of Clonard have shown remarkable courage and enterprise. By inaugurating a series of Missions for non-Catholics they took a revolutionary step, the wisdom of which was questioned even among Catholics.

On the first night of the first mission, no less than 800 non-Catholics attended. During the course of the mission—it was continued throughout the Sundays of Lent last year, the congregation almost doubled itself. The intense interest and enthusiasm aroused among a large section of Belfast Protestants by the mission may be judged from the fact that on St. Stephen's Night last—surely the one night in the year when a large congregation would be totally unexpected—some 1,200 people assembled to attend the close of the last mission.

These missions will surely help to break down the towering barriers of animosity towards the Church which exist in the North. Experience has already shown that this dislike is largely based on complete misconceptions implanted and fostered in youth.

One cannot discuss Clonard without mentioning its famous sodalities, the Holy Family Confraternity and the Confraternity of Our Lady, both of which celebrated their golden jubilees in 1947.

Despite the terrors of the war-time blackouts, when members had to make their way to and from the meetings in total darkness and the shattering effects of the terrible Belfast blitz of Easter Week, 1941, and subsequent air raids, the attendance never slackened but continued to grow.

Today the men's confraternity of the Holy Family consists of three divisions, with a fourth for boys. A census taken in June, 1947, revealed a total membership of 9,537. This impressive figure closely approaches that of the famed Limerick confraternity, also conducted by the Redemptorists, which has the highest membership in the world, and must be regarded as yet another Clonard marvel in "Black Belfast."

The women's confraternity of Our Lady also consists of three divisions, one of which is composed mainly of girls from fourteen to twenty-four. It has a total membership of almost 8,000 and is considered the largest of its kind anywhere in the entire Catholic world.

The Faith in the North is safe. Not that there was ever any danger of its extinction, despite repeated pogroms and persecution. Indeed the healthy growth and expansion of active Catholicism in the unfree portion of our country over the last twenty years has been truly remarkable. It was always there and always will be there, staunch and unyielding as the Northern character itself. But thanks to the inspiring guidance and leadership of the Redemptorist Fathers of Clonard it has been lifted up to new heights of glory and presented to the world as an inspiration—an admirable example of the Church Triumphant.

OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP

All the pity of the East gathered in her eyes
(Mother Mary, help us, for storms are round our head);
All the mercy of her Son by her distributed
(Mother Mary, help us; do not our prayer despise).
Some may call her icon more severe and colder
(Succour in our every need, how your heart is warm!).
Little hands on her hand, knowing all her charm,
Mother Mary's Christ-King nestles on her shoulder.
Crowned in the Redemptorist church with the Redeemer
(Mother Mary, help the unredeemed today);
Never has she failed those who for others pray
(Mary, help the prayerless, skeptic and blasphemer.)

B. F. Musser.



KYLEMORE JOURNEY

By MAIRE DAVIS

IT WAS Christmas Eve and, having travelled the 135 miles from Dublin to Galway, we decided to slacken our pace. We would spend an hour or so in this, the capital of Connaught, before entering the last stretch of our drive to the haven



KYLEMORE ABBEY, CO. GALWAY

in the far West of Ireland to which we had been attracted for Christmas. In Galway we would take leave of the tinsel, the fairy lights, the strip-lighting, the paper chains, the dwindling stocks of Christmas fare and, above all, the carol singers (the Lord bless them!) whose voices have become raucous from endless repetition of "ADESTE FIDELES" and "SILENT NIGHT". From now until we reach Kylemore (in Irish An Choill Mhor, the Great Wood), fifty miles away, in the heart

of Connemara, the spiritual observance of the great festival will become more apparent as we pass the little wayside churches with the bicycles stacked by the fences and the traps and cars in waiting for their owners who have come, some of them many miles, to Confession in preparation for tomorrow. But we make it a point not to reach before nightfall the village of Oughterard, the largest village now to be passed. As we approach, it seems to be wearing a golden cap, for every window—every pane of glass, in fact—throws up to heaven the beam of its candle—the first expression of welcome for the Babe of Bethlehem. We know that to our right stretches the lovely island-studded Lough Corrib and that ahead are the towering peaks, the Twelve Bens, but for another thirty miles we shall see nothing but the road flood-lit by our headlights and the gleaming all over the mountain slopes from the candle lights and turf hearths of the remote homesteads. Every door is wide open, every approach swept and sanded and, even when the family retires, the door will be left ajar. For must Our Lady and St. Joseph not be assured that here they would find a hundred thousand welcomes; that reparation must be made to the Holy Family who two thousand years ago had to listen to those icy words: "No room at this inn!"

At Recess we leave the main road for the pass which coils through the valley of Lough Inagh between the beckoning ranges of the Maam Turc Mountains and the Twelve Bens. For the next ten miles there will be fewer homely expressions of Christian faith, for there are not half a dozen homes in this silent lonely valley. Our headlights throw up grotesque shadows as we "dodge" potholes and little hillocks of wind-swept sand. When we have come to feel lost to civilization an object appears directly in our track. We slacken from our obligatory fifteen miles an hour to five; we are compelled to stop. The object seems immovable! But, no; it is merely a quite imperturbable donkey. Our headlights disturb him mildly. We switch off. He condescends to rise and stare at us. We switch on. He rather enjoys the light now, but

seems immobile. We sound—rather, bray—the horn repeatedly, determining on a more personal remonstrance should this fail. At last he decides rather contemptuously to remove himself to the side of the road and to amble nonchalantly in the same direction as ourselves, suggesting that he considers us just as insolent as the rest of the human race and with equally little reason.

A musical passenger hums some Hageman and the donkey's intransigence takes on a Chestertonian interpretation:

“When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.”

At last we have left the Pass and are now skirting Kylemore Lake, on the far side of which the brightly lit Benedictine “Castle” (now the Abbey and Guest House) reflected in the waters of the lake presents an unforgettable picture. In a few moments we are in the vast hall with its great log fire. Those of the Benedictines who are released from their almost continuous vocal and mental prayer to attend to the guests are extending hearty welcomes, and friends who spent last Christmas at the Abbey renew felicitations. We

part for a wash-up before supper and find log fires stretching perilously high from our bedroom hearths. Here, after supper, we shall rest and prepare for the great event of Christmas at Kylemore—Midnight Mass. It will be necessary to take our reserved places in the chapel an hour before Mass begins, for the vestibule and staircase will be crowded with Connemarians who have come, some of them as many as fifty miles, to avail of the privilege of attending the Mass.

Fortunately, there were two visiting priests and consequently it was possible to have the SOLEMN HIGH MASS, revealing as ever "the richest beauty, the teeming symbolism of the liturgy." Throughout the chanting by the Community of the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO ET IN TERRA PAX HOMINIBUS . . . CUM SANCTO SPIRITU, IN GLORIA DEI PATRIS, the bells tinkle continuously proclaiming the joy and glory of the morning; the Deacon chants the Gospel message from St. Luke, c. 2, the choir chants the offertory: "Let the heavens rejoice and let earth be glad before the face of the Lord, because He cometh;" and so on through the Canon familiar to every Catholic, but this morning more inspiring, if possible, than ever, when we seem "to see enacted the vision of Patmos, and, when the incense smokes up from before the altar, . . . almost the gate between the visible and the invisible worlds, . . . open to our eyes."

After the priest's Communion a tiny angelic figure approaches the altar rails, taking precedence even of the Lady Abbess and her Community. Clothed in white with wreath and veil she is to enjoy the unprecedented privilege of receiving her First Communion in these hallowed surroundings on Christmas morning. She is scarcely seven years old and is the youngest of a family of four girls who, and whose parents, having come from England, were received into the Church at the Abbey last spring.

The hour and a quarter in the Chapel has flown and we are "back to earth" and very soon in slumberland.

Christmas Day seems to follow a fairly uniform pattern

the Christian world over, and Kylemore was no exception. Cards and presents got a bit mixed up with porridge dishes and we hoped that the few simple gifts to the nuns would be such that their strict rule would permit of their accepting them. By special arrangement we would be permitted a few minutes with those of the community whom we knew personally or for whom we had messages from friends. Then they would retire to the chanting of the Divine Office and we to the seasonable celebration of Christmas—under the same roof physically, but how very far away in another sense.

And how did the Benedictines—these IERSCHE DAMEN of Ypres—find their way to this remote and beautiful countryside? The story stretches back through almost three hundred years of history and is much too long to narrate satisfactorily just now. But, even sketchily, it is full of interest. It brings us back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth when three titled ladies prevented by their sovereign from becoming religious in England, fled to Brussels and founded an English House of the order of St. Benedict. Affiliations were made at Ghent whose Vicar-General became Bishop of Ypres and there founded a Benedictine Abbey. On the death of its first Lady Abbess, (Lady Marina Beaumont) an Irish Lady Abbess was chosen—Lady Flavian Carey. From that far distant day to the present there were only three Abbesses of the Community who were not Irish. In 1688 Lady Abbess Butler, at the instigation of James II of England, established the Abbey in Big Ship Street, Dublin, leaving the house at Ypres as a house of refuge. The Royal Patent with the Great Seal of the Kingdom, dated June 5th, 1689, granted by King James was still a treasured historic possession of the nuns at Ypres when war broke out in 1914.

Unwilling to live under William of Orange, the nuns in 1690, availed of a pass which he granted them enabling them to return to Flanders that year, but not before their Dublin Abbey had been pillaged by King William's soldiery.

The fortunes of the nuns at Ypres were so varied that the

community never seem to have enjoyed a very considerable spell of peace. In 1793 their Abbey was broken into by armed soldiers who desisted only at the command of the General-in-Chief at Tournai who happened to be an Irishman—James O'Moran. Though Ypres was besieged by the French in 1794, the Abbey escaped. A violent storm deterred the nuns from leaving their Abbey on a certain day during the French Revolution under an order for the suppression of convents. A change of government the next day spared the Irish Dames the pain of evacuation, but during the Revolution the nuns of the other Benedictine Abbeys in Flanders fled to England.

And so the house of Ypres established in 1665 survived until 1914 when it was reduced to a mass of rubble by German shells. After harrowing experiences in their flight the refugees—with the exception of one who died as a result of hardship—found welcome and hospitality in England, notably at Oulton Abbey in Staffordshire. Eventually they came to Ireland, helped substantially by the late Mr. John Redmond, M.P., who opened a benefit fund for the sisters in the *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*. They cast anchor at Macmine, Co. Wexford, of all years, in 1916, which saw the Irish Insurrection and the subsequent menace of the "Black-and-Tans" who included the new Abbey in their unwelcome attentions, eleven of their armoured cars standing by when these worthies ignominiously searched the convent! But Kylemore, however, was the final destination of the Irish Dames of Ypres and for twenty-seven years bounteous nature's woods and lakes and hills and valleys surrounding the Abbey still try to rival the spirit of sanctity within its walls!

That is a long digression from Christmas thoughts, but it does successfully emphasize the peace and tranquillity now fittingly enjoyed by the nuns as well as the guests at the Abbey. Our party composed of visitors from places as far apart as England and Germany and Iraq, to say nothing of the loquacious Irish, were most stimulating and, after the conventional Christmas dinner, conversation interspersed with music

brought Christmas Day to a happy close with dreams of walks or climbs or drives tomorrow by russet mountain slope, or azure lake or the foam swept Atlantic shore, just as fancy led. But these are scenes of beauty that defy the efforts of this humble pen!

THE BOOK OF KELLS

In the Book of Kells is a picture thirteen inches long by nine and a half wide, in a curious border and representing the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus, the earliest extant Irish Madonna. It is calligraphic with the lines in a flourishing style, but it is doubtless a type of the pictures of the Blessed Virgin then commonly seen in the churches of Ireland. She is crowned and seated on a rich throne, with four attendant angels, all draped, their wings rich in colour, two bearing ringed crosses, and other emblems not now easily explained. The head dress of Our Lady is of saffron colour, her robe purple; that of her Divine Son is green. The top of the throne and escutcheons at the sides and top of the picture show curious interweaving of serpents and human figures, typical of early Irish art.

Quaint as the drawing is it is impossible to look on it without deep feeling. Before such pictures in many churches in Erin when England, Germany and Northern Europe were struggling with paganism, the faithful knelt in prayer and in the words of their ancient litany invoked Mary: "O Great Mary, O Mary greatest of all Marys, O greatest of women, O Queen of the Angels, O Mary, Queen of the Gael, imploring her to lay their prayers, trials and sorrows before her own merciful Son backed by her own all-powerful advocacy."

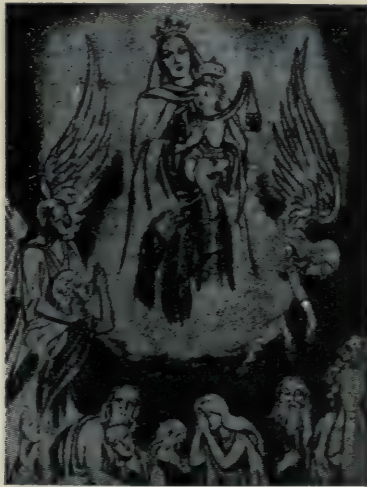


A SHORT CUT TO HEAVEN

By JEROME R. CALLAHAN, O.CARM.

MANY people have a "too-comfortable" idea of Purgatory. God does not send souls to Purgatory to get a much needed rest but rather He sends them to do penance for the too much rest taken upon earth. Purgatory may be the ante-chamber of Heaven but it is also the furnace room of purification.

Saint Cyril—after seeing a vision of Purgatory—exclaimed: "I would rather suffer all the pains that man has endured from the beginning of time, together with all that he shall endure



until the end of time, rather than spend one day in that place." Mary Magdalen de Pazzi maintained that "The pains endured by all the martyrs are a pleasant garden in comparison to the sufferings of Purgatory."

These are terrifying pictures to have of the place which in all probability awaits us when everything is said and done. Imagine, if a man like Blessed Claude Colombiere spent two

days in Purgatory and a saintly religious sixteen days for three venial sins what—pray tell—do you think will be our stay there. We who have a hard enough time keeping away from grievous sin, let alone slight sin. But such a thought need not disturb us. Our heavenly Queen has answered the problem for us.

Yes, Our Lady—true Mother that she is— in a vision to Pope John XXII so declared: “I, the Mother of Grace, shall descend into Purgatory on the Saturday after their death and whomsoever I shall find in Purgatory I shall free:”

Ponder over these words. Consider their meaning. To be released from Purgatory the first Saturday after one’s death. No wonder the Saints and Popes have prayed to die on Saturday for then they would go straight to Heaven. Should this not be our prayer. Or don’t you love yourself?

Now to merit this privilege it is most important to fulfill three conditions to the very letter. I say to the very letter because before the death of a saintly Carmelite there was revealed this startling news: “There are only a few who receive the Privilege because only a few fulfill the conditions.”

Here are the three conditions which we must fulfill. First—to wear properly the Scapular of Our Lady. Second—to keep chastity according to one’s state in life. Third—to say the Divine Office or the Little Office of Our Lady.

The first two conditions never vary but the third can be changed since in our times it would be hardly possible for many people to say the Divine Office or the Office of Our Lady.

Surely, you must admit that the obligations are not difficult. What difficulty does the wearing of the Scapular entail? Millions of Catholics already wear it because of its wonderful promise “whosoever dies in this shall not suffer eternal fire.” All of us are bound to chastity by God’s Commandment and Holy Mother Church has the power to arrange the third condition to our convenience.

Such a privilege seems to make worldlings like us say in our minds “is it really possible”. Yet, the Catholic Church—the receptacle of truth—declares it lawful for her priests to

teach that "the souls of those brethren who depart this life in charity and who whilst living on earth have worn the Scapular, have observed chastity according to their state of life, etc."

Every Catholic should aim to gain this Privilege—that is—to be sure of entering Heaven the first Saturday after death. It was Pope Pius XI who remarked that all should strive for this Privilege—the greatest of all our privileges from the most heavenly Queen.

Saint Alphonsus boldly declared that anyone who fulfills these three conditions and then does a little more will not go to Purgatory at all. Be thankful to our Queen by taking advantage of this Privilege—the greatest of all our privileges—Mary's Heavenly Express.

In ancient Ireland women followed many professions which in our day are regarded as new avocations for the sex. Doctors, lawyers and literature, old records show, included women. The great St. Ita is said to have been a poetess of no mean repute. In Pre-Christian Ireland there were druidesses. The druidess was supposed to have the power to cast spells on her enemies or friends and to divine the future.

Women have been prominent in ancient Ireland as warrior-queens, down to the more modern days of Granuaile or Grace O'Malley who is described by Carew as "the most famous sea captain who had three galleys and two hundred fightingmen at her command." Granuaile visited Queen Elizabeth in London and on her return called at Howth Castle, near Dublin. She kidnapped the young heir, St. Lawrence of Howth, to teach his family better manners and greater hospitality than to shut the doors of their castle while dinner was served. It is said that ever since the doors of Howth Castle are open during dinner. The castle is noted for its rhododendrons which to this day draw large crowds of visitors when they are in bloom.



IN THE 10.30

By M. O'FARRELL

IN THE main Mrs. Cleeves was an average woman; that is she was not more tidy or careful than most and not too much given to introspection. She dressed as smartly as she could on her husband's limited means and was average as to looks. Medium sized, hair a leaf brown, beginning to turn mousey with the years, and rather pretty.

On this particular morning she rose a little earlier than usual as she was due to take an early start for town to do her shopping. One day isn't very long and so her list was carefully made—her day planned, even to the quickest and most reasonable place for lunch, a consideration these days. She hummed a little as she dressed, and looked anxiously from the window to where the clouds were massed and hoped it would not turn to rain.

Hurrying through her household tasks, she left the little house neat and tidy. She kissed Mr. Cleeves affectionately as she left and gave him a few last minute instructions about his tea, which was carefully laid all ready for him.

Mr. Cleeves was a rather helpless individual, but, on the whole good-natured and didn't mind being left occasionally to get his tea, provided an egg was left in the egg cup and the tea caddy and kettle just to his hand, for he hated hunting for things. His lunch was a simple matter for it would be taken at the hotel. The last minute instructions nearly caused her to miss the train and Mr. Cleeves hooshed her off irritably, if affectionately.

"You are the limit for talking—will you get off now, it's five past already."

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Cleeves "where does the time go to?" "Goodbye, dear", and she flew down the path to be followed by

a rather more irate Mr. Cleeves with her handbag, which she had left on the hall seat, together with a letter from a school friend which had come by the morning post, and which she had read hastily. She stuffed it into her bag, waved her hand and was off.

She arrived flustered and a little breathless at the station, purchased her ticket, and, in the nick of time, flung herself into a 3rd class carriage.

She settled down presently, and began to take stock of her fellow passengers, or passenger, for, to her great disappointment, as she was a sociable creature, there was only one other occupant of the carriage and she was a rather forbidding looking person.

Mrs. Cleeves opened her morning paper, which she had not forgotten and gazed at the headlines. "Sick of strikes and governments," she thought, and turned to the Social and Personal, then studied the advertisements carefully in case there were any suggestions for Christmas presents. Well, there were, but all much too expensive. Why, she thought with a sigh, would advertisers always assume that one would of course give one's friends presents ranging from about £3 to £5 or more. Then the pictured fur coats caught her eye and she gave herself up to selecting the one she would like Mr. Cleeves to give her if his income could rise to it, instead of a new electric iron or two pairs of silk stockings that she knew she would in all probability receive.

"Ah well," she thought. "I'm lucky to get anything at all. Some husbands are very careless about Christmas and Tom is really a dear, if a bit inclined to be irritable at times." Her own present to him was to be bought to-day, along with some others and some necessities for the house, and a £10 note was to do it all.

She patted her bag where the note he had given her just before leaving, crisp and new, reposed.

However advertisements and speculations pall after a while and the scenery was not stimulating, so she fell to taking stock

of her fellow passengers, in the idle manner that travellers in railway carriages have.

The woman who sat opposite was elderly, very dark, with a swarthy, rather greasy skin, and black snapping eyes. She certainly had a very disagreeable expression. She wore an expensive fur coat, the approximate price of which Mrs. Cleeves had no difficulty in appraising, having studied the ads., far too often.

The woman coughed and looked sideways out of her little black eyes at Mrs. Cleeves. She kept looking at her in that peculiar sly manner until Mrs. Cleeves felt quite uncomfortable. To hide her confusion she essayed a remark about the weather, to which she received no encouragement only a grim nod.

The carriage, by this time, was becoming quite stuffy and Mrs. Cleeves felt she could bear it no longer and opened the window an inch. Instantly the woman snapped:

“Will you the window close, please.”

Mrs. Cleeves sniffed and subsided into her seat. “Some people are impossible,” she thought.

“Don’t you think it is getting very stuffy in here?” she said, rather stiffly.

“Not at all,” replied the woman, “the cold I feel very much” and with an air of finality looked out of the window. “A foreigner,” thought Mrs. Cleeves. “I wonder where she comes from. I wish I had her coat, must have cost £300 if it cost a penny.”

Still feeling snubbed and wanting to get out of the stuffy atmosphere, she decided that a cup of tea would cheer her. She made her way to the dining car and ordered her tea. She made it last as long as she could, feeling reluctant to go back to the carriage and her taciturn fellow passenger.

She called the waiter, looked for her bag to powder her nose and settle her bill and, to her intense annoyance, found that she had left it in the carriage. There’s a curse on that bag, she thought. Really I am careless.

She found a half crown in her coat pocket, paid the waiter and hurried back to her carriage, scolding herself.

She reached her compartment, dropped down into her corner and picked up her bag. The woman had apparently not moved. She still sat upright, looking out of the window with the grim expression.

Mrs. Cleeves opened her bag with affected nonchalance and looked instantly for the precious £10 note. It was not there! Wildly she searched in the inner compartment where she was sure she had put it when Mr. Cleeves had handed it to her in the hall. It simply was not there! What was she to do? She searched through her bag once more then looked at the woman opposite. Could she have opened the bag in her absence and taken it out? Would a woman wearing an expensive coat like that do such a thing? She didn't look like a thief, but you never know about people, and she was a foreigner. Why she might be a female crook! So speculated Mrs. Cleeves wildly.

What was she to do? She had to spend the day in town. There was no train back until the evening and she had exactly two and six pence in small change in her purse. Barely enough for a cup of tea and her fare from the station and back and she had to put in the whole day. And her presents! She could have wept. What would Tom say on her return? He was always scolding her for losing things and he would never believe that she had not lost it in town. It sounded so impossible to say it had been stolen.

Tears rose to her eyes as she faced him in imagination. Should she speak to the other woman? Accuse her of opening her purse? She looked into the forbidding face and shuddered. Just then the woman rose, made her way from the carriage and down the corridor to the wash-room.

Mrs. Cleeves stared at the seat she had just vacated unbelievably. Yes, the woman had left her bag behind her, just as she had done. There it sat fat and prosperous looking.

She was in agony. Dared she open it and look? She was morally sure her £10 note reposed in it. Dare she open the bag?

She must make up her mind quickly, the woman might return at any moment. She slid across to the far seat and opened the purse. There on top of everything lay her new £10 note! Brand new, as her husband had given it to her.

She thought quickly. Shall I accuse her when she returns? Shall I call a guard? Then there would be a dreadful scene and possibly an enquiry and I would have to go to the police station when the train arrived and make a charge.

No, she couldn't possibly face it, she decided. She took the note and quickly returned to her seat, her heart thumping rapidly.

The woman appeared, and the train slowed to a stop. They were at a station. She reached for a small suitcase on the rack, picked up her hand-bag and without a look in Mrs. Cleeves' direction, left the train.

Well, thought Mrs. Cleeves. Of all the nerve!

* * *

The lights of the main street looked very warm and friendly as Mrs. Cleeves walked towards her home that evening. She had purchased carefully and well, and hoped she had forgotten nothing. She was very tired when she turned into her own gate and more than thankful to see Tom opening the door and coming down the path to take her parcels from her. A rush of warm air from the room, and the sound of a kettle singing on the hob, were more than welcome to her as she sank into a chair while Mr. Cleeves made her a cup of tea. She was bursting with her news, but Mr. Cleeves' opening sentence halted her.

"Well! How did you get on? Lose anything?" he said cheerfully. She looked at him thoughtfully.

"No, I didn't lose anything. Aren't you disappointed, Mr. Cleeves? But I nearly had a tragedy all the same", and with a rush the whole story came out.

Tom was shaken. No doubt about it. "That was a terrible thing to happen," he said. "You'd have done better to call the guard."

They talked about it for a while and then Mrs. Cleeves opened her purse and began to collect her receipts. She took out the letter which Tom had handed to her that morning.

"Oh, I heard from Isabel. She's coming down at Easter," she said, and drew the letter from its envelope to show to him. As she did so something fluttered to the ground. She looked down. Her own £10 note lay before her.

What would you have done?

THE BUILDER

HE PLANNED no towers of steel or stone,
That soared in vastness toward the skies;
No bridge was patterned by his hands,
To awe men's eyes.
But daily, fashioned straight and strong,
Tested by faith, by love made whole,
With life's good deeds as firm foundation,
He built his soul.

J. Corson Miller

SHRINE OF THE MAGNIFICAT

It was in the little village of Ain Karin in the Holy Land, that the Magnificat of Our Lady was first uttered. The Church of the Visitation marks the place where according to St. Luke: "Mary entered the house of Zachary and saluted Elizabeth." Here too, was sung the Magnificat that will travel down the centuries forever. The Church stands on one of the hills of the village. The Franciscan Church of St. John the Baptist, erected over the traditional spot of the birth of the Precursor, stands on the other.



INSIDE FATIMA

By REV. HUGH DONNELLY, S.S.C.

THE story of Fatima is well known; how certain peasant children in Portugal were granted visions of an angel; how these visions prepared them for a series of apparitions of the Mother of God herself; how, later in that eventful autumn of 1917, a crowd of 50,000 onlookers—devout, sceptical, or merely curious—attracted by the children's promise of a special sign from "the Lady," witnessed an awesome spectacle in the sky (the Lisbon papers next morning duly recorded the miracle); how all these wonders were but framework of portentous calls to prayer and penance.... The purpose of the present article is not to retell that familiar story, but to describe the setting in which it occurred, as the writer saw it during a two-day visit last July.

BY TAXI

About eighty miles north of Lisbon rises a series of rocky pasture lands known as Serra da Aire—eighty miles, of course, as the crow flies. But surface transport, the only kind available, takes the traveler up and down and around Portugal's scenic hills, adding many miles more. The fast daily bus service from Lisbon covers the winding road to Cova da Iria in seven and a half hours, with wait and change of bus at Torres Novas. The cost is about \$4.00. The time can be cut almost in half by taxi, at the traveler's disposal for two days but costing \$25.00. Here the kindly offices of the Irish Dominican Fathers of Corpo Santo, Lisbon, came in. They found a couple of other priest visitors anxious to share the taxi cost and, better still, to take another and more interesting route.

And so, on the loveliest of mornings, a shiny Chevrolet taxi disentangled itself from Lisbon's heavy traffic and gathered speed along the magnificent, hundred-yard-wide Avenida da Liberdade, on through Luminar and past the air-



OUR LADY OF FATIMA

port, bearing three twentieth century pilgrims from three different continents. With city and suburbs behind, the typical features of the Portuguese countryside began to unfold themselves: the sparse greenery of the hills; the thicker green of the crops and vines and olives in the valleys; clumps and woodlots of spindly pine trees; white houses with red roofs and blue corner stripes which flecked the green countryside or formed village streets through which the Chevrolet sped with a warning honk and scarcely diminished speed.

Here and there we caught a glimpse of Portugal's cork trees, the bark of which grows into springy cork in about ten years; we saw yokes of oxen plodding by; also women, in the fashion of the East, carrying pitchers of water or workmen's lunch baskets on their heads. Nearly every farmhouse owned its windmill, with skeleton frames to which canvas sails could be fitted, and of which some were turning in the breeze under full sail.

We sped on. The top of a spire appeared above the trees, and all at once we arrived. This is Cova da Iria, the Glen St. Irene, where most of the apparitions took place and therefore the chief of the three centers of interest which make up Fatima.

A good deal of building has already been done around the Cova's edges. There is a massive ornamental gateway, with its exits and its entrances, leading down the bowl-shaped Cova, which measures about 5000 yards across. Descending the wide, clay avenue, you come to the Fatima water spring. It was discovered a few yards away from the exact spot where Our Lady appeared, and was hailed as a remarkable discovery in a region believed entirely waterless. Now a low stone rotunda covers the spring, which flows through half a dozen taps in the wall.

From the rotunda the path slopes up again to the opposite side where a new basilica stands almost completed. If the visitor turns and looks back from its front door, he sees on his right the group of buildings comprising the hostel for pilgrims,

the rector's residence, chapel and repository; and on his left, a new retreat house now rapidly nearing completion. Between the well rotunda and the hostel he will notice a small chapel with a roofed-over entrance. Here a stone pillar marks the site of the tree where Our Lady's appearance was watched for by the children.

COVA DA IRIA

An amphitheatre of rock and clay, its buildings clustered at four points around its edges and a couple of small buildings in its centre: such is Cova da Iria today. The thirteenth of every summer month sees its dust surface blanketed by a crowd of anything up to 800,000. On May 13, 1946, at any rate, that number was recorded.

But mostly the Cova is quiet. A few pilgrims pray at the little shrine of the apparitions; a few priests read their breviaries there or stroll around the whitish walks; women from the nearby houses pad noiselessly away from the spring, full water pitchers balanced on their heads; visitors mail letters in Cova da Iria post office opposite the entrance gate or shop in the repository; workmen hammer in the new buildings; while over all, as if remembering the Lady of Light, there stands the warm, white sun of a perfect summer's day.

On down the road from the entrance gate and the post office a few Portuguese-style houses are spaced out—shops and pensaos for the accomodation of pilgrims. Away in the fields behind the basilica one sees the scattered buildings of eight or nine religious communities, including a Carmel and a foreign mission seminary. (Lucy of the apparitions is now a member of the Coimbra Carmel.) But not a building in sight dates beyond 1917. In the apparition days Cova da Iria was pasture land where sheep grazed peacefully.

Continuing down the road for about half a mile you come to the second point of interest in the Fatima scene. This is Fatima itself, the hamlet which has given its name to the entire revelation. But to the present day visitor, it can show

only the little church of St. Anthony where the children attended Mass with the rest of the parish, and just opposite the church, the cemetery where two of them are buried. Francis and Hyacinth knew from "the Lady" of their impending deaths, which came during the influenza epidemic of 1918-19, Francis at least being a direct victim.

Behind Fatima and the Cova, forming the third point of our triangle of interest, is the very poor hamlet of Aljustrel in its setting of stony fields with stone walls for fences. Here the two children and their cousin Lucy lived, and here today you may enter their humble homes. Lucy's married sister and her young family occupy the Santos home, their mother having died in 1943.

The parents of Hyacinth and Francis in their home a little farther on, still work hard, completely indifferent to the spotlight of the world's publicity and completely unenriched. It was into the ears of these humble folk that first were poured the shattering tidings, the "wise, idle, childish things" their little ones brought home from their conversation with Heaven. When we met the humble mother, Olimpia, she was carrying home an apronful of sticks and with her burden cheerfully consented to pose for the importunity of the camera.

FATIMA'S MESSAGE

The Cova, Fatima and Aljustrel constitute the geographical Fatima today, the Fatima which draws the Catholic world. On the big days the anniversaries of the apparitions, its arid fields are trodden by hundreds of thousands of visitors. They arrive in their own conveyances or ride in special trains to neighboring stations or in special Cova da Iria Buses. The foreign visitor comes via Lisbon and puts up at the hotel or a pensao (one of them is in charge of an English lady.) Since war's end the number of visitors has increased enormously.

Is it not thrilling to stand on the blessed ground where the heavens opened and God spoke through His Son's Holy Mother? And, drowning all merely natural feelings, comes the

urgency of the voice of Fatima, the warning that only prayer and penance can save a perishing world.

"Pray...pray much...say the rosary..." No Catholic needs labored commentary on these words. But he does need obedience and action.

Simplicity—that is the keynote of Fatima, as it is the keynote of religion itself. Many a "liberal" thinker is today convinced that only in religion lies any hope for man; but could religion be reduced to the tales of little children? They forget that the Kingdom of Heaven is for the childlike: "high is the roof there, but the door is low." The Mother of God and Seat of Wisdom could give a needy world no more profound philosophy than the profundity of saying the rosary and of doing penance for sin and sinners.

THE WORST WAR

The church was dark and candles flickered at the feet of the saints. Holy and beautiful was God's home, but the man sitting in the corner was neither of these. For, in his soul was a battle,—a battle between Satan and man.

Why had he come here? Why? He did not know, but he knew that he could not go to confession. The devil had frozen the blood in his veins, he seemed paralyzed and the silent conflict raged on.

The Creator watched as this creature fought with his worst enemy for the possession of a soul.

Suddenly and silently a small boy tiptoed down the aisle. His tattered hat held in grimy hands, he knelt briefly at the altar. The man watched the boy's eyes shine with a faith, lovely to behold.

Suddenly the sinner's heart gave a wretch and tears ran down his hard face. Then his soul cried for peace and grace. Satan was driven away and God watched with great love as His son stumbled toward Confession and Him.

A. Romani, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

ROSARY TIME

“TELL us of your Irish Twilights,” begged the children
at my side

At the time when rhyme or story might not lightly be denied.

Then I faced such limitation as I had not known before,

When their choice was holy legend, knightly tales or fairy lore,

“Paint your twilight,” quoth an artist—one whose subtle brush
had caught

Many a time such fleeting essence as the beauty of a thought.

“Ah!” with modesty of greatness and a sigh that art could fail,

“’Twas that *she* might mock our seeking Nature wove your twi-
light veil.

Dears, for me ’twas magic blending—silver haze that reeked
perfume—

Quiet that was rife with music—shade that never bordered
gloom;

You could almost feel the stillness, as you felt the blessed dew
Dripping soft like tears of gladness, wept by angels, trickling
through.

Often now I think of twilights, indistinct and dimmer grown,

And I link them with a memory, sadly vivid—all my own,

With the name my mother gave them, when her voice like abbey
chime,

Floated to us in the warning, “Children, come, ’tis Rosary
Time.”

Rosary Time! It hushed the chatter, playmates smiled their soft
good-night

On the lowly household altar flickered up the votive light;

Dolls were given to fairies’ keeping; by the wicket lay the ball;

Hand in hand through dewy pathways came the children at the
call,

Bringing blossoms earlier gathered for the welcome vesper hour;

Never bare was Mary’s altar through the “moons of leaf and
flower.”

Wistful to her turned the primrose, like the glance of yearning
eyes,

And the breath of happy violets rose around her incense-wise:
Busy feet and baby fingers ministered to simple needs
Of that simple hour of service—setting blossom, book and beads;
While in nook below the whitethorn, or in swing beneath the
lime,

To the laggard came the summons: "Come, Alanna, Rosary
Time!"

Music of an Irish twilight! thro' the turmoil and the moan,
Worldly toil and worldly sorrow! sounds again the tender tone
Of a mother's fond petition, seeking out the great Beyond
Where in lieu of childish treble, angel voices might respond.
Ah! the tears, the toil, the sorrow! Never so at Mary's feet
May that group of twilight pleaders gather in Communion sweet.
Winding leagues and restless waters—cares and duties came to
part,

Since for them a rose that pleading—mother heart to mother
heart,

One upon whose brow the signet of the Master's choice was laid,
Hears today the solemn anthem rise in dim Cathedral shade;
Reverent tongues salute him "Father!" and his life work is to
lead

Laggards of the flock, where Mary hearkens still to intercede.
She who lisped the sweet responses in the dearest baby phrase
Has to earth's forsaken nurslings vowed the vigor of her days.
Others in the daily struggle of the hard world set to bide
Cherish hopes for that re-union, never-ending, sanctified
Where a sainted mother waiteth prayers' fruition in that clime,
Aught of shadow may not enter, and 'tis ever *Rosary Time*.

Margaret M. Halvey.





St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

On March 19, at 6 a.m., thirteen Novices pronounced their First Vows. Reverend A. Pape, S. A., presided at the ceremony. During the mass twenty-six Junior Sisters renewed their Annual Vows.

At nine-thirty Most Reverend B. I. Webster, officiated at the Reception Ceremony assisted by Rev. R. Pelow, S.F.M., Rev. R. B. Clune and Rev. E. A. Cullinane, C.S.B. When the twelve white-robed brides with their little flower-girls had taken their places at the front of the Chapel, and the procession of clergy following had entered the sanctuary, the Bishop intoned the *Veni Creator*, which was sung by the choir. After the solemn blessing of the Religious Habits, Father Pape delivered the sermon.

The ceremony proper followed and the young brides left the chapel to return in the black robes of a Sister of St. Joseph. They were then given their new names and received the Bishop's blessing. Mass was celebrated by Rev. L. V. McGivney. Mr. J. Macdonald, C.S.B., Mr. P. MacNamara, S.F.M., and Mr. J. MacNamara, S.F.M., brothers of two of the candidates, assisted in the sanctuary.

Those who received the Habit were: Sister M. Agnes Clare (Miss Audrey Leddy, Toronto); Sister Mary Aloysius (Miss Marie McNamara, Toronto); Sister Mary Harold (Miss Aileen Ieeton, Bradford); Sister Mary Joanne (Miss Alice Teefy, Pickering); Sister M. Stephanie (Miss Elizabeth Sinkewicz, Vancouver, B.C.); Sister M. Josepha (Miss Alice Anderson, Toronto); Sister Mary Alicia (Miss Geraldine Grady, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario); Sister M. Irene (Miss Eileen McDonald, Napanee); Sister Mary Alban (Miss Bernadette Bouchard, Kerrobert, Sask.); Sister M. Josephine (Miss Kathleen Kinnarny, Vancouver, B.C.); Sister Mary John (Miss Mary Flynn, Scarborough, Ontario); Sister Catherine Marie, (Miss Rita Marie Macdonald, Rosetown, Saskatchewan).

The following Sisters made their First Profession: Sister M. Bonaventure Sandford, Mimico, Ontario; Sister Mary Leo Bouchard, Kerrobert, Sask.; Sister M. Germaine Desroches, Penetanguishene, Ont.; Sister M. Theresa Anne Cadieux, St. Eugene, Ont.; Sister M. Patricia Roddy, Centre Island, Toronto; Sister Mary Rose Preston, St. Catherines, Ont.; Sister Anne Marie Carey, Toronto; Sister Mary Magdalen Nestman, Toronto; Sister Mary Gerald Douglas, Toronto; Sister Margaret Marie O'Boyle, Toronto; Sister M. Genevieve Sauriol, Toronto; Sister M. Berthilde Kelly, Port Credit, Ont.; Sister Rita Marie McLean, Kirkland Lake, Ont.

St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto

The Student Nurses' Jubilee gift to the Holy Father was a Spiritual Bouquet. A material gift was sent with it to Rome.

ELAINE COGAN and JOAN LUMLEY represented the Student Nurses at the R.N.A.O. Banquet at the Royal York Hotel, February 21.

SISTER MARY KATHLEEN, SISTER LORETTO, and MISS SIMPSON-RAY, attended an Institute in Nursing Education, held in Ottawa, March 21-25. ROSEMARY LETERSKY represented the Student Nurses at the R.N.A.O. Convention held at the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, April 18-20.

The yearly Sodality Dance, "Castle Capers," was held April 19, at Casa Loma.

The Alumnae Tea, Convened by DOROTHY SHAMESS, was held in the Hospital Assembly Room on April 23rd. The proceeds are for the Scholarship Fund. Music was rendered by PATRICIA O'SHAUGHNESSY.

Following a tour of the hospital, the preliminary students entertained friends at a Silver Tea, April 24. The afternoon closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by FATHER WIGGLESWORTH. The students' choir was under the direction of CHARLOTTE CARBONEAU.

REVEREND DANIEL LORD, S.J., spent the evening of April 29 at our hospital.

SISTER ST. ALBERT and SISTER VINCENTIA attended the Convention of the R.N.A., held in Ottawa in April.

The annual St. Patrick's Concert and Party was given by the Preliminary Students.

Student and graduate nurses in uniform attended the Rededication Services at St. Michael's Cathedral on May 1st.

The annual graduation Mass and Communion Breakfast was held on May 7.

The Forty-fifth Graduation Exercises were held on May 23, at Convocation Hall, University Hall, University of Toronto, at 4 p.m. when 72 nurses received medals and diplomas.

St. Patrick's, Vancouver

Our High School is in a debating tournament with (or is it against?) VANCOUVER COLLEGE. Topic—Chain Stores are Detrimental to the best interests of the Community. It will be held in our High School auditorium.

St. Joseph's Hospital

As Pre-Lenten entertainment the Sodality sponsored the movie "The Song of Bernadette". At the March meeting a Passion play "Golgotha" was given and at the April meeting Reverend D. Stringer, S.F.M., was the guest speaker.

The Sodality Formal was held at the residence in February. Dr. and Mrs. C. Tipping, Dr. and Mrs. A. Ashenhurst and Dr. and Mrs. D. Gourlay were patrons and patronesses. Miss Agnes Johnson, a senior student, was chosen "Queen of the Ball."

Sister Marie Reine and Sister Matilda attended the R.N.A. Convention in Ottawa and Miss Sidney Chamberlain was chosen as delegate by the Interschool Association to attend the same convention held during Easter Week.

The Alumnae Bridge and Draw on April 19th and their Annual Dinner in the Floral Room of the Prince George Hotel were most enjoyable events.

Students nurses and Sisters attended the Annual Memorial and Re-Dedication services in St. Michael's Cathedral, May First.

Instead of the usual fashion show musical films were shown at the Spring meeting of the Interschool Association.

Seventeen nurses entered the School on February second.

The Annual graduation exercises were held June 9th. Among the 36 graduates are Josephine Conlin, Joan Harding, Katharine Macdonell and Lyla Kennedy also graduates of St. Joseph College School.

The two week refresher course enjoyed by the Graduating Class emphasized nursing responsibilities, included Nur-

sing seminars, demonstrations, a debate, outside lecturers, a symposium, a nursing workshop and it closed with a Day of Recollection conducted by Rev. Fr. Connell, O.P.

Our Lady of Mercy Hospital

On March 31st, Sisters, staff and patients of Our Lady of Mercy Hospital were entertained by the St. Ann's Tennis Club who played "Laughing Irish Eyes," to an appreciative audience.

Second Fridays are "Bingo day" sponsored by the Occupational Therapist, and are looked forward to by many patients. Prizes are given and a grand prize for the lucky number.

A movie, depicting the Mass, in detail, and celebrated by Rev. Father Harold Fuller, S.J., was shown in the auditorium during the Easter week. The Mass prayers were said aloud in English during the entire showing. These movies which take place every three weeks are all enjoyed by the patients, some of whom are taken to see them even in their beds.

Sister M. Helena

On March 23, Sister M. Helena died at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Searboro. The deceased Sister, formerly Mary Gleason, was born in 1857 in Rockwood, Ontario, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Gleason. At the age of seventeen she entered the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and for almost seventy-five years, she was a model of fidelity of loyalty and devotion, generously spending herself in the service of God and her neighbour. As the years passed, God and His ways seemed an open book to her, and she loved to speak of Him. At times, recalling one or other of the missions where Obedience had placed her,—the Mother House, House of Providence, old St. Nicholas' Home, St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, St. Catharines and St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, she would tell of evidences of His goodness to her, and always conclude with the remark: "Thanks be to God!" During the last few years of almost complete blindness, her cheerfulness and simple child-like faith were an inspiration to all. On the 23rd after receiving Holy Communion, she remarked to the Sisters in attendance: "I think I am going to God today." Gradually she grew weaker and died in the early afternoon. R.I.P.

Sister M. Loyola

On April 26, death claimed Sister M. Loyola, a well-loved teacher and for the past eight years Principal of St. Anne's Separate School, Toronto.

Sister Loyola, formerly Vera Carey, was born in Toronto, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David Carey. Her parents were both active in St. Mary's and later in St. Francis' Parish, while her father was a member of the staff of the "Telegram," and for years the Chairman of the Separate School Board. Sister Loyola received her education in St. Francis' School, at St. Joseph's High School and Toronto Normal School. In early youth she left her home where she was the treasured only daughter, to consecrate her life to God as a Sister of St. Joseph. The greater part of her thirty-nine years in religion were devoted to teaching in the Separate Schools of the City, St. Joseph's High School and in Pentanguishene and Barrie. Always sincere and loyal, as well as generous and unselfish, Sister Loyola possessed the enviable quality of being able to share and sympathize with the sufferings of others, while never burdening them with her own.

Requiem Mass was celebrated by her brother, Rev. Harold Carey.

Interment was made in Mount Hope Cemetery, Reverend Father Carey, officiating. R.I.P.

No one is saved

unless through thee, O all-holy.

No one is delivered from ills

save through thee, O Immaculate.

No one obtains any gift

unless through thee, O all-pure.

No one receives mercy and grace

unless through thee, O all-venerable.

—St. Germanus from the office of the feast
of Our Lady of Mediatrix of All Graces,
May 31.





ALUMNAE OFFICERS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
1948 - 50

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The Reverend Mother General of the Community of St. Joseph

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Miss Mary Price

* * *

From Ireland comes two new names as fresh as the breath of her green hills. "HIBERNIA", in a pithy, all embracing survey treats of everything from politics to pups—music, books, education are all included. "JUNIOR DIGEST" needs no comment—its name is sufficient. And to facilitate matters for us Canadians, both magazines may be obtained through PALM PUBLISHERS PRESS SERVICE LIMITED, 1178 Phillips Place, Montreal. Thank you, Erin, for two more contributions to our pleasure and our culture.

Our congratulations to:

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Maloney (Catherine Greenhill) on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. John McIntosh (Alice Peace) on the birth of their third child.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Braceland on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. O'Neil (Margaret McConvey) on the birth of their son.

Marie and Antoinette Caruso and Mrs. Gordon Johnson who spent Easter week at the Belmont Plaza, New York City.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Consitt on the arrival of a daughter, May 12th.

* * *

Our sincere sympathy to the families of:

The family of Alfred A. Ferland, Mrs. Alcime Brunelle, Mr. Julian D'Oust, Mrs. Florence D'Oust, Mr. Charles Lavery, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. F. Sosnoski, Mr. Lee, Mr. T. A. Meraw, Mrs. Stock, Mrs. Kuffner, Mrs. Cahill, Mr. John Lyons, Mr. George McDonald, Mr. Sullivan, Mrs. Knox, Mr. James Walsh, Mr. Dowling, Mrs. Boland, Mrs. McManus, Mrs. O'Connor, Mrs. Burger, Mr. Cira, Mr. Morton, Mrs. Walsh (Winnipeg), Mary Sullivan, Dr. Kennedy (Orillia), Agnes Mahoney, Avila O'Neill, Mr. Dutli, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. T. Winterberry, Mr. Mead, Mrs. Bourrie, Mrs. Irene Patrick, Reverend Austin O'Brien, C.S.B.; Reverend Vincent Burke, C.S.B.; Reverend Vernon Kennedy, C.S.B.

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EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

One Saturday we went sight-seeing in Phoenix about twenty-five miles from the city. An Englishman, Lord Duppa, named Phoenix for the mythical Arabian Phoenix bird, which arose from its own ashes. It is the capital and is in the wide Valley of the Sun. Phoenix (over 150,000 population) has wide palm lined streets, beautiful homes, and a busy downtown area. The valley has been transformed from desert into a rich agricultural district by irrigation. Lettuce and winter vegetables, cantaloupes, citrus fruits, dates, grain crops, and cotton, sheep and cattle are raised. Mining, lumbering, manufacturing, processing add to its wealth. Sports thrive all year round and every resort, hotel and inn has its own golf

course, tennis court, pool and stable. Fishing is popular at nearby lakes; small game hunting in the valley and on higher levels mountain lion and bear. The desert, with cactus of various sizes and shapes, produce the Sagricero or giant cactus—each arm of which supports a crown of white and yellow blooms. It is the state flower. The prickly pear, hedgehog and barrel cactus, century plant, agaves, Octilla Cholla, night blooming, cereus add brilliant colour to the sandy waste. There are many mountains and trails, historic monuments, parks, canyons, prehistoric ruins, Indian reservations and missions.

A day's journey north brings one to the Roosevelt Dam, one of the sources of water supply. A day's journey south brings one to the Mexican border. In a day and a half going north one reaches the Grand Canyon, whose southern rim is open the year round.

Twenty miles from here at Mesa is a Mormon Temple, one of seven in the United States. Visitors are shown around the outside of the building. Only Mormons in good standing are allowed in the Temple. To be in good standing, Mormons must pay tithes (1% of income), lead a moral life, abstain from tea, coffee, alcoholic beverages and drugs. They have baptism by immersion. Daily services are held in a chapel of the Temple. Ward chapels have weekly services for outsiders. What is done at the Temple is not disclosed. The building is of reinforced concrete, square design with six central pillars on each side. A frieze, at the corners, on either side of the pillars, depicts the various nationalities and peoples who are adherents of their religion. Immediately within the main entrance is the pool for immersion. Another pool is at the foot of the central steps, The grounds are landscaped and kept in good condition.

At Tempe, about twelve miles from here, is the Arizona State College, one of three in the state for teachers.

On the edge of the city is the State Indian School where the Indians of Arizona train for teaching, and agricultural courses, to make the Indians self-supporting when they return to their reservations. There are Mexican Indians, not wards of the Government, who work on fruit farms. Their villages are adobe buildings more or less in a poor state of repair. They were converted to the Christian Faith but have kept much of ritual and their religious ceremonies are a mixture of pagan and Christian.

Lucia Bauer.



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 1949.

FIRST ROW (left to right)—**Catherine Habasinski**, Toronto, Pass Arts; **Nancy McCormick**, Milwaukee, Wis., Eng. Lang., and literature; **Theresa McDonough**, Toronto, Phil. and Hist.; **Jane McNally**, Deloro, Pass Arts.

SECOND ROW—**Sadie Davis**, Sudbury, Pass Arts; **Susan Decker**, Rochester, N.Y., Pass Arts; **Mrs Mary Egan**, Port Credit, Pass Arts; **June Furlong**, Sudbury, Pass Arts.

THIRD ROW—**Kathryn Beattie**, New Liskeard, Hon. Hist.; **Lucy Callaghan**, Reaboro, Ont., Pass Arts; **Winona Clarke**, Bowmanville, Pass Arts; **Rosaleen Corkindale**, Brantford, Household Economics.

FOURTH ROW—**Patricia Pratt**, Orillia, Pass Arts; **Elizabeth Rice**, Windsor, Household Economics; **Jean Rutherford**, Peterborough, Pass Arts; **Mary Sherlock**, Brantford, Phil. and English.

FIFTH ROW—**Marguerite Korman**, Welland, Pass Arts; **Eulie Davis**, Nassau, Bahamas, Pass Arts; **Marjorie Davis**, Nassau, Bahamas, Pass Arts; **Victoria Baechler**, Goderich, Pass Arts.

SIXTH ROW—**Mary Nowak**, Kitchener, Hist. and Phil.; **Mary O'Brien**, Toronto, Mod. Lang and Lit.; **Eleanor Lobraico**, Toronto, Pass Arts; **Stella Haskey**, Sarnia, Political Science.

SEVENTH ROW—**Madeleine Knoll**, Edmonton, Occupational Therapy; **Marilyn McPhee**, Alexandria, Eng. and Philosophy.



APPPOINTED SIR KNIGHT: Recently a signal honour was given to the father of EULIE and MARJORIE DAVIS, when the Order of Saint Gregory was conferred on Mr. Cyrus Ulysses Davis, well-known architect of Nassau, Bahamas, for outstanding achievement in the Vicariate Apostolic of the Bahamas. Mr. Davis has served as President of the Holy Name Society as president of the Catholic Benevolent Association, and is President of the St. Francis Xavier Credit Union. He has also been Vice-President of the Bahamas Labour Union, and is now secretary-treasurer of the Community Industrial Life Insurance Company of the Bahamas. We join EULIE and MARJORIE in their happiness, and extend to their father our heartiest congratulations.

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H EAD GIRL: Our head girl for 1949-50 will be ELEANOR SHERLOCK, who with her house-committee, will assist the Dean in the administration of student residence life.

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THE ANNUAL BANQUET was held March 17th. Perhaps St. Patrick had a hand in it, tho' our convener and toast-mistress, MARY AGNES WILKINSON kept it a secret, for all agree it was one of the most enjoyable banquets they had ever attended. FATHER BONDY, unable to be present, sent an able substitute, FATHER J. M. KELLY. The Staff was represented by FATHERS KLEM, BREZIK, MALLON, DORSEY and KELLY, and PROFESSORS LYNCH and McLUHAN. Following the banquet the Prayer for the Pope was said by MARY NOWAK and the toasts were given:

The University—NANCY McCORMICK: REV. J. DORSEY
St. Michael's College—NANCY McPHEE: REV. J. M.
KELLY.

The Graduates—HELEN PRENDERGAST: MARY SHERLOCK.

The evening ended with the Last Will and Testament of the Graduating Class, written and delivered by JEAN RUTHERFORD, and the Sophomore Prophecy, by TERESA HOULIHAN.

* * *

RETREAT: Our retreat opened March 4th by FATHER STONE, C.S.P. The keynote of the conferences was the Blessed Trinity and membership in the Divine Family, made possible by our integration with Christ.

DRAMA: In two years the "St. Michael's College Music and Drama Society" has made progress. Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord," was presented in Brennan Hall, in "arena" style. The director was Mr. HENRY KAPLAN. The society collaborated with the other colleges in producing three one-act plays in Hart House theatre. St. Michael's College staged "Still Stands the House," by Gwendolyn Pharis, "Overtones," by Alice Gerestenberg, and as the Drama Festival Entry, "The Miracle Merchant," by Saki. Two one-act plays were held at Brennan Hall—Susan Glaspell's "Trifles" and Bert Griscón's "Utter Relaxation," in which SUSAN DECKER, AUDRIE LOWRIE, and CLARINE JACKMAN took part. MAXINE MULVIHILL was invaluable in "props." Our Dramatic Society has now taken its place in University Drama and has added to the development of Canadians in this cultural art.

Jane McNally.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this note participated in play on stage and also directed.

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We express our thanks to Reverend Father L. J. Klem, who has been everything that a chaplain could be. Punctual, exact in observance (even to the point of insisting that the humeral veil ribbons be on the top, not on the bottom of the veil!), kindly and understanding, ready to give of his time to anyone who needed help, inspiring in his Sunday sermons, Father is going to be missed when we say good-bye to St. Joseph's in May.

* * *

VARSITY JOURNALIST PINS are awarded each year to staff members of THE VARSITY, the awards being made on recommendations submitted by the heads of the departments of the paper. This year our Patricia Quinn received this distinctive badge, which carries a blue "V" and the University coat of arms superimposed on a white porcelain background, with the words "The Varsity, the Undergraduate Daily," around the edge of the pin. Congratulations, Patricia!

* * *

ATHLETICS: On March 14 the S.M.W. Athletic Tea was held in the Common Room. Miss A. E. M. Parks, of the U. Women's Athletics, guest of honour, presented the awards.

Betty Fitzgerald — Senior "T", the supreme award for athletic achievement — basketball.

Victoria Baechler — Junior "T"—basketball.

Winona Clarke — Junior "T" — basketball.

The St. Michael's awards were then presented:

Winona Clarke — Senior "M" for basketball, softball, volleyball.

Victoria Baechler — Senior "M" for basketball, softball, hockey, volleyball.

Betty Fitzgerald — Senior "M" for Varsity basketball.

Betty Jane Fraser — Junior "M" for basketball, softball, hockey, tennis, swimming, badminton.

Sheilagh Hogan — Junior "M" for basketball, softball, tennis, badminton.

Lucy Callaghan — Junior "M" for tennis, softball.

Agatha Leonard — Junior "M" for swimming, basketball, archery.

Frances Conlin — 3rd "M" for hockey, swimming.

Phyllis Burke previously had been presented with a University Crest in the Varsity Archery Team. She would also have received a Senior "M" if she had been in her graduating year.

* * *

SODALITY RECEPTION: Four new members were received on the Feast of the Anunciation. Rev. J. L. Bondy offered the Mass, and after an inspiring sermon on Our Lady, received the aspirants into the Sodality. Breakfast was served in the common room to Father Bondy, the officers of the Sodality and the new members, Ruth Allor, Elizabeth Holland, Freda Misiak, and Catherine McDermott.

We wish to extend sympathy to Elizabeth Rice and Teresa Meraw in their bereavement of their father. Others have suffered losses in the past few months, Mary Agnes Wilkinson a grandmother, Sheilagh Hogan a grandmother, Winifred Lownie an aunt and Freda Misiak a grandfather and uncle. To these girls also we express our sympathy.

* * *

S.A.C. ELECTIONS

The Student Administrative Council elections were preceded by a poster campaign and election speeches; the vote rose to the all-time high of 94%.

This year our representative to the University Council is separate from our college president, and Mary Agnes Wilkinson, this year's vice-president, was chosen. Next year's presi-

dent is Win. Lownie whose energy as secretary in 4T7 and as publicity and C.F.C.C.S. reps. this past year qualifies her to direct the student activities. Teresa Houlihan has advanced to vice-presidency. Rose Marie La Palme's secretarial ability was unquestioned in her unanimous election. Ksavera Jarosz, Director of St. Michael's Co-operative, is treasurer, and Margery Vice its Social Rep. Helen Dewan, our talented Art and Archaeology student, is our publicity rep. The senior rep. on next year's council will be Elaine Maloney, Treasurer this year. Betty Holland, a first year student, was elected sophomore representative. C.F.C.C.S. rep. will be Mary Pat Harber.

President of the Athletic Directorate is Betty Fitzgerald, star athlete. Vice-president and secretary are Sheila Hogan and Betty Jane Fraser.

The Literary executive: President, Helen Boehler (president last year); Vice-president, Jean Munroe, and Secretary, Carolyn Gratton.

Mary Sherlock, 4T9.

* * *

On March 13, a party was held in honour of the outgoing and incoming officers of the S.A.C. Officers and non-officers (particularly the ever-hungry freshies) paid due respect to ice-cream, cake and coffee.

* * *

TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Majestic handwork of a mighty God;
 The unseen answer to an age that seeks;
 What timeless wisdom, dormant, lies beneath
 The stony turrets of thy jagged peaks?
 What blast of icy beauty sparks thy brow!
 What splash of rainbow splendour sprays each hill!
 Oh, tall Alberta pines, stand firm to guard
 Green slopes, that ever fresh, grow greener still!

Clear turquoise streams that tumble in the sun;
 Glint crystal in the dusk; spark gold at morn;
 That wash the pebbles—tinkle in the foam—
 The silver flute-notes of a fairy horn.
 O mighty proof of after-life Beyond—
 Immortal monarch of a dying race!
 Great silent friends that brood beneath the stars—
 What whim of Heaven gave to thee, thy place?

Anne McGinn, 5T0.



OUR CARDINAL

His Eminence, James Cardinal McGuigan who has recently returned home from his "ad limina" visit to the Holy Father.



Don't Be Susan Slump! Are you this-this-or this? (with appropriate illustrations) were some of the reminders posted about the school during Posture Week. A contest for Miss Posture of the School was held in the auditorium at the close of the week. The winners were ELAINE BYRNE, AVILA ARMSTRONG, and PATRICIA KEARNS.

* * *

Pray For Russia week showed our school effort to fight Communism. Graphic posters illustrated the contrast between the Cross and the sickle. Each form throughout the day said the rosary for the conversion of Russia. A well-acted and effectively staged skit presented the horrors of Communistic persecution to the school.

* * *

1949 School Basketball Championship went to XI-D, who first defeated the fifth forms and then defeated the Junior Champions, X-A.

* * *

The School Basketball Team held up its high record this year. After defeating Etobicoke, they were the victors at Etobicoke in February. The keenest games were those played against the College girls, for BETTY FITZGERALD and others who had been on our school team in the past, now play for the College. The season ended with the final game being a win for the school.

* * *

The Hummer has had interesting issues throughout the year. The Editorials and book reviews have been most timely, and the student body has seen its opinion on current questions in print. Certainly, all aspects of school news are given publicity.

With the Usual Luck of the Irish, the Commercial classes held a successful tag day on March 17. Everyone wore one of the pretty shamrock tags, fastened by a green ribbon bow.

* * *

Mission Endeavours X-C — A cake sale, netting \$11.12.

IX-A — A square dance with fun and refreshments for first and second formers.

IX-B — A fishpond and Panda Bear raffle which earned \$21.00.

IX-C — An amusing play for St. Valentine's Day, entitled, "Won't you be my Valentine?"

IX-E — A play, entitled "Rose of Lima."

* * *

Talent Night was the largest dramatic performance the school has witnessed for some time. Amusing numbers included square dancing, a school room skit, and recitations. Particularly interesting were the Ukrainian folk dances presented by our New Canadians—Helen Lesiw, Sophia Martyniak, Luba Krywicka, Ann Didour, accompanied by Daria Lawryshn. The last scene was a chapel setting in which the various prayers of a schoolgirl were offered to Our Lady.

* * *

Father Lord captivated the imaginations of our girls by his description of the pageant to be presented this summer at the Martyrs' Shrine. The girls were eager to take part in the choruses and to publicize the undertaking.

* * *

Vocation Week brought interesting speakers to the school. Father Mahoney spoke on the three states of life. Nancy McCormack told of her experiences in Europe. All during the week, posters gave information about various careers a girl might follow. The week closed with a school Mass and general Communion.



SPRING HOUSE CLEANING

In Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, but my Mother's to Spring-cleaning.

One bright morning Mother said to me "Doreen don't you think it is about time to start our Spring cleaning?"

I chewed my toast thoughtfully for a minute and did not answer. I knew what Spring cleaning meant — work. Work is something I like to avoid as much as possible. Mother did not notice my silence for her mind was already full of plans.

That afternoon the house was upside down. We started to clean the attic, then moved down through the bedrooms, bathroom and halls. As we cleaned one room I lugged the junk and other unwanted articles from the room we were cleaning to the next room. We scrubbed the floors, washed the windows, dusted and polished until the rooms literally shone. As supper-time drew near we went downstairs.

What a sight met our eyes! The living-room, dining-room and kitchen were a mess. Everything we had moved out of the upstairs was there. Lampshades, candlesticks, dresses, dolls, bird-cage were everywhere.

"Well," said Mother, "we'll have to do something about this before your father comes home."

I agreed and we tried to think of a plan. At last my Mother decided that we would put everything back where it was originally. For the next hour I trudged up and down the stairs carrying the things back.

Now, I am resting, with liniment on my back and legs, and my sore, blistered, and calloused feet are soaking in hot water.

This — is Spring house cleaning.

Doreen Glover, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

WHY I LIKE TUYON

Because of its friendly people, who are mainly French Canadians, I like Tuyen, a village about thirty-five miles north-west of Ottawa. One does not have to be rich to live there. There is a movie twice a week and the people make their own fun, at the ice rink in the winter, in the summer at the beach or in someone's house where they dance or play ping-pong. The church in Tuyen is beautiful. It overlooks the Ottawa River and the town. I like Tuyen because it is my birth place, everyone knows me and makes my visits enjoyable.

Shirley Knox, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

MY GARDEN

My garden has beds of various designs—squares, ovals and triangles. The flowers have bright colours which are a little subdued by the soft greens. I care for each flower and I take the weeds out of the earth. The roses are the loveliest of all and they need lots of attention. The trouble I take with my garden is repaid ten-fold by the pleasure it gives me.

Anne Romani, VIII, S.J.C.S

LEISURE TIME

One's success depends a great deal upon how leisure hours are spent. Even work, if taken with the right attitude, can almost be classed as leisure. Everyone has a hobby! It is during leisure time that we can so successfully acquire knowledge or even good habits from a worthwhile hobby. With some it might be singing, sewing, drawing, knitting. Of course the most ideal leisure hour is one that is spent with our best Friend in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. This of course is the ideal hour which unfortunately we do not realize sufficiently.

Mary Anne Weber, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

Everyone should follow some interesting and constructive hobby in leisure time. No boy or girl will be in trouble often if she or he has something to do in this time. Girls usually prefer exciting hobbies more so than ordinary ones. Once a hobby is started interest in it commences. Many keep this hobby when grown up and quite often win contests with their hobbies. These hobbies, whether collecting sea-shells or tatting, are, as well as being interesting, filling for dull hours of leisure time.

Patricia Bygrove, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

HOBBIES

There are many interesting hobbies. Some of these hobbies are collecting stamps, records, match boxes and buttons and a large group of others. The Nutcracker Suite is my cherished possession. Collecting records is an expensive hobby but by saving some of my allowance each week I manage to buy two records a month and in this way keep new records coming in all the time. I have told you something of my hobby, why don't you try it?

Doris Jean Moher, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

READING

Reading is an interesting hobby. A good book should have original ideas. A mystery story does not have to portray murders; instead, it might say that heirlooms, hidden for centuries and never found, are discovered by the hero or heroine after many thrilling adventures. A well written book will always hold the reader's attention. Books on Religion, Art and Music are of interest to those who like these subjects. Reading is an excellent hobby, because from it one learns of famous people, the saints, musicians, and artists.

J. Cryer, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

THE FUTURE OF DISPLACED PERSONS IN CANADA

The European displaced persons who have been arriving fairly steadily in Canada during the past year or so are going to prove more an asset than a problem.

Among these displaced persons are some of the greatest younger minds of Europe. There are professors, lawyers, doctors, musicians, and scores of brilliant men from many fields, who are determined to become more than common labourers.

Perhaps the most outstanding common characteristic of these men is their willingness and determination to learn. In D.P. camps in Europe, they spent their time learning some language which would be useful to them. As a result many of these men speak several languages as well as their native tongues. They are even now studying the requirements for Canadian citizenship.

These men are not the common field labourers of the Ukraine or Yugoslavia, and they want to have nothing to do with anything which even appears slightly Communistic. For example, in the Porcupine Mining Camp there is a continuous struggle between the Croatian Nationalists and the Croatian Communists, who are called the "Youth of Yugoslavia" Party. Of the many hundreds of D.P.'s in the camp, not one has attended a Communist meeting or joined Communist pleasure groups. Several have joined the Nationalist party, but many wish to remain free of political lies. We need not fear a growth of Communism from these displaced persons.

D.P.'s are proving to be cultured assets to many southern communities. Once more to the Porcupine for an example: forty D.P.'s who are former members of university Glee Clubs in Europe, have formed a class which is much in demand at concert and song festivals. They are advancing from military and folk songs to concert music in Ukrainian and English. They also have a large church choir for their new Orthodox church, which was built with their own hands and money. Culturally, they are doing much to increase the standard of Porcupine.

But how do Canadians feel toward these New Canadians, as the D.P.'s prefer to be called? At first there was considerable distrust toward men who would work for next to nothing, just for the priceless possession of personal liberty—which we so often take for granted. As a result, these D.P.'s were badly treated in mining and lumbercamps. They were blamed for every error in any work, robbed of their meagre possessions, refused medical and dental attention, assaulted—in fact treated in a manner which does not speak well for Canadian courtesy.

When Canadians realized the true nature of these willing new citizens, and saw their desire to get ahead, the ill-feeling gradually diminished. Many people opened their homes to these poor maltreated people in gestures of friendship.

Soon these former displaced persons will be citizens of Canada; loyal, proud, hard working, trying to forget the horrors they once knew.

Patricia Borron, XIII-A, S.J.C.S.

A TRIP TO NIAGARA FALLS

On August 20th every year, my father, mother and I take a trip to Niagara Falls. The reason we take the trip on this special day is that it is my father's birthday.

We take the boat to Port Dalhousie, then take a bus to Niagara Falls.

Soon after we arrive there, we have our dinner. Then we go down to the beautiful flower gardens, and watch the falls.

After we watch the falls for a while, we go across the Rainbow bridge to Niagara Falls, N.Y. We like going over there because it is a foreign country, and we also like watching the rapids.

We get on the bus at five-thirty, which takes us back to Port Dalhousie to get on the Port Dalhousie boat bound for Toronto.

We look forward to that day and always have a happy time.

D'Reen Browning, Grade IX, S.J.C.S.

FRIGHTENED?

One night as I sat figuring out an algebra problem, my mother appeared and informed me she was to be out for the evening.

Still struggling with the algebra question I became aware of a continuous clicking sound coming from the cellar. I carefully crept down the steps. The cellar was dark and the sounds ceased. At the bottom of the steps I felt a cold hand on the back of my neck.

What happened? I don't really know myself, but I woke up the next morning very tired after a bad dream.

M. Monahan, X-C, S.J.C.S.

TRIP TO MARYLAKE

The buses arrived at St. Ann's Church. Some of the congregation seated themselves for the excursion to Marylake. A few friends and I were going to the Shrine.

It was a beautiful day. Four buses carried the mothers, fathers, and children on the pilgrimage, and it took one hour.

Upon arrival, the Augustinian Missionaries greeted us. First we made the Stations of the Cross, which were set up on trees. Everyone joined in singing hymns between Stations. Then we went into the chapel for Benediction. The people had brought picnic lunches and ate from the tables set up on the grounds. In the afternoon the congregation saw the orchards, stables and barns, also the retreat house.

Everyone agreed that they had had a lovely time as they said "good-bye" to Marylake.

E. Fakey, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

NATURE BY NIGHT

The lake by moonlight was a beautiful sight. The moon beamed down enchanting light that formed a diamond studded path across the moving water. Everything was asleep. The birds ceased singing; the busy throng of humans had drifted back to their cottages and cabins in quest of slumber. Above, the thin, white, flossy clouds floated lazily by as if playing hide-and-seek with the full moon. The stars sparkled in the sky like a king's fabulous treasure. In the darkness of the surrounding woods there was silence broken only by the sharp chirp of the tireless cricket and the hoot of the weary owl. This scene, I believe, is nature at her best.

Patricia Jarvis, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

A JANUARY MORNING

The roofs, still glistening with the thick covering of white frost, stood out against the blackish background of the gloomy city. The dark chimneys reared themselves abruptly in the midst of that white expanse and the billowing smoke puffed out of their dismal depths. Reflected off the tall slender spires, the rising sun cast a faint silvery hue on the mountainous peaks which guarded the city.

Soon the sun's rays washed away the blanket of frost and the roofs took on their usual daytime drabness. The silence and solitude of the sleeping city gave way to the many clamorous noises common to such an extensive place. In a short time the whole population had awakened and started another humdrum city day.

Donna Peddell, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

SAINT JOHN DE BREBEUF

Known as the Apostle of the Hurons, Saint John de Brebeuf spent thirteen years among the Indians. When he first began working among them, he was looked upon as a dangerous sorcerer, and was held responsible for all the misfortunes that took place in the tribes. More than once he was threatened with death when plagues destroyed the Huron villages, but he assured them that he had no terror of death because it would bring him eternal life.

When he fell into the hands of the Iroquois on March 16, 1649, he showed his greatest heroism. The Indians tore off his scalp and poured boiling water over his head, imitating baptism; applied flaming torches to his naked body; encircled his shoulders with red-hot hatchets and plucked out his eyes. Through these tortures he continued to pray to God and to stop this they drove a burning torch down his throat. Tearing out his heart and devouring it, they completed their cruel work. Saint John de Brebeuf was martyred at Fort St. Ignace near Waubesaushene, on March 16, 1649.

A beautiful church and shrine has been built on this site where pilgrimages are made by thousands each year to honor these great martyrs.

Lorraine Racioppa, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

THE TREE

On a small country lane a large inviting elm tree grows, and people on inquiring about it were told it was called "The Tree". The weary traveller sits under it to rest, worried people go there to puzzle out their problems, young children scamper round it and boys climb its many branches. On the trunk are carved many initials and hearts to vouch for the many sweethearts that have pledged their troth here. The tree is never lonely except in storms; for people sit under its protective branches from the boiling sun and pouring rain. Many a weary pedestrian rests there and continues his long tramp refreshed. "So men may come and men may go, but, 'THE TREE' seems to grow on forever."

Nancy Godsoe, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

THE MONTH OF MAY

May is a month of blossoms, a beautiful month dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. What is lovelier than the brightly coloured leaves and blossoms back on the trees and the gorgeous shades of flowers so gay and colourful. This new cloak that everything takes on gives one a lightness of heart and spirit that provides a tonic for the soul and body. What more fitting to express our love and thankfulness to God through His Blessed Mother for whom this month is dedicated!

Marie Begin, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

MARY'S MONTH

In this month of May which is known as Mary's Month, we celebrate the feast of Our Lady. The rosary is recited as often as possible and Masses are said in honor of Mary.

We do these things to show Our Lady how much we love her and how much we appreciate all the help she has given us.

During this month we try to be as much like Mary as we can, to be kind, gentle, cheerful and thoughtful, or to be Ladylike.

This month should be observed with great reverence toward Mary and pray to her to help us in all our troubles and sorrow.

Lorraine Racioppa, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

HOW I LOVE THE COUNTRY IN THE SPRING

I always look forward to a trip to the country in the spring. I love to see the dandelions popping through the ground. The grass is beginning to turn green and the flowers to bloom. The animals are out in the fields again after the long winter. I love to see the farmers tapping the trees and making maple syrup. The air is very refreshing after the dusty city. I think the country is very beautiful in the spring.

Eleanor Ranahan, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MY PET BUDGIE

We called him "Judgie" because of his dignified and courtly look, although he really had no such qualities. At a quick glance, one could imagine him a judge seated on his throne, instead of a little bird turning somersaults on his swing. His quick alert eyes, his cobalt blue chest and his long navy blue tail present a picturesque and almost comic picture.

Mischievous?—that he was, for only the other day he broke my mother's china plate that was on the wall. But he has his good points, too. Approaching his cage, you might hear him chattering to himself. Then on seeing you, he would become very excited, running up and down his ladder until you had him sitting on your finger resting on your head or shoulder, or even nestled in your hair. "Judgie" is the chief attraction in our family, that is besides Chips our dog, and we shall always remember them both.

Anne Plaxton, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

MAYTIME

How beautiful is the month of May—all nature is stirring. We can see new life around us.

The warm sun is coaxing bright flowers from the ground, and the wind gently blowing, tells us Spring is here.

Our friends the birds, have returned to us again and are busily engaged in making cosy nests for their young. In the early morning we hear the loud cawing of the crows—it sounds good. Later when looking from our window, we see the cheery little robin in the tree top, and his bright song tells us he is happy to be with us again.

The buds on the trees are bursting into tender leaves. Apple blossoms send out their sweet perfume to us, and lilacs too.

The soft falling of the spring rains promise us many more gifts of nature.

This is truly a beautiful month to dedicate to the "Queen of the May"—so let us not forget our May altars, dressing them in flowers of the fairest and of the rarest.

Kathryn Harris IX-C, S.J.C.S.

A PLANE SPEAKS

We start off at Malton airport for our four hour journey from Toronto to Montreal. Up we go into the air, foot by foot, the tall buildings and crowds of people below becoming smaller and almost invisible. I follow the course along the St. Lawrence River and come across the Thousand Island bridge, along with lakes and rivers which are tributaries in the long chain of water.

During my trip I glide across country-sides with their farms marked off into colourful squares and rectangles. Then almost suddenly I find myself creeping through white clouds with the sun beaming brightly on them. Soon we land in Montreal's airport and our adventurous trip is over.

M. Hyland, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

SCHOOL

School is the place you go to each day,
To learn things that in the end will pay.
Though you are told you must obey
You still continue to fool and play.
When you are told to do some math,
You never complete it but just do half.
Then you are asked to spell the word calf,
Still you do nothing but giggle and laugh.
When the day is over and everyone is done,
To your amazement you find you've only begun.
And just in case we shall forget to mention
You, bright child, have got a detention.

Ann Dillon, X-B, S.J.C.S.

THE CANADIAN MARTYRS

In a trip to Fort Ste. Marie one sees the home of the Jesuit Martyrs, of the seventeenth century. Of the eight, five lived here for some time.

One of the greatest was St. John de Brebeuf who had earned the title, "The Apostle of the Hurons," after thirteen years among the Indians. On March, 1649, he fell into the hands of the Iroquois who after torturing him cruelly finally completed their fiendish work by taking out his heart and eating it. On March 16, 1649, he earned his eternal crown at Fort St. Ignace.

I have mentioned only two of the Jesuits, but Fathers Chabanel, Jogues, Daniel, Garnier and their helpers, John de Lalande and Rene Goupil, one and all were heroes, who gave their lives to spread the true religion among the Indians in the uncivilized world.

Patricia Walsh, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

I PREFER THE COUNTRY

I prefer to live in the country because a city lot would certainly not be a home for my horse. My horse would feel out of place tied to a parking meter.

In the country, one is awakened by the robins in the cherry trees not by the screech and the tooting of automobile horns. In the country, one is able to plan his work and "work his plan" without much fear of interruption.

It is wonderful to ride along a country trail just after a rain. The air smells so sweet, the evergreens seem to be dripping with perfume. Birds are twittering and squirrels are dropping acorns on your head.

Oh, I prefer the quiet beauty of God's woods and soft-eyed animals to city architecture and the never-ending stream of automobiles.

Marie Hinshi, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

THE GREAT SACRIFICE

Cheechoo woke as the sun of the new day peeped over the hill. He rose only to fall back again as the horror of the day before surged over him. How beautiful that day had begun, but then the Iroquois had come, slaying Hurons right and left. His family were killed but he was among the lucky ones, to escape from the village of St. Ignatius.

Cheechoo mustered his courage and began to creep toward the village. The sight that reached him when he came to the top of the hill, was one of horror and bloodshed. The Iroquois hideous naked bodies were gleaming as they danced around two figures tied to a stake. Fascinated by this scene, he crept closer until he recognized the faces which were covered with mud, blood and sweat to be those of Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, the "Black Robes."

Cheechoo cried out in protest, but his voice was drowned out by the jeering of that mad crowd. He glanced around and saw himself surrounded by Iroquois who would surely kill him if he should try to free the Black Robes. At last they were dead, immune to all torture now. Cheechoo turned away in disgust. "What a failure their death was," he thought.

Poor little Indian boy, you can not, without knowledge of God know the meaning of these heroic deaths nor see into the future, when this scene of horror will be one of peace. The sacrifice so dearly bought will bring forth a flood of grace upon mankind. "Truly God works in mysterious ways, his glories to perform."

Patricia Harrison, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

NONE MORE HEROIC

On the seventh of December 1649, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, Father Charles Garnier, was martyred while performing the apostolic work of a missionary among the Huron Indians.

A group of Iroquois Indians attacked the mission of St. Jean, and soon brought death and terror among the people of the village.

Father Garnier was the only missionary at St. Jean at the time, and upon hearing the alarm immediately went to the church where some Christian Indians had gathered to pray. Blessing them, he proceeded to administer Baptism and Absolution to those who were dying at the hands of the savage Iroquois. While performing one of these holy duties, a bullet from a gun pierced his chest, while another his thigh. The Iroquois left him to die, while they went off in search of other victims.

But Father Garnier did not give up, for before him lay a dying Christian. With all the strength left in his pierced body, he dragged himself with great difficulty towards the moaning Indian, and was able to give him Absolution; then, quietly he joined his hands and lifting his eyes to heaven went to his eternal reward on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Mother whom we love so much.

How wonderful it would be if we all had such faith, and love of God as Father Charles Garnier.

Sheila Ahern IX-A, S.J.C.S.

HEROES OF CHRIST

As children must have heroes to worship and imitate, why not follow the example of the brave heroes of Christ whose lives have been a source of inspiration and courage for many.

Five of the Canadian Martyrs, Blessed Jean de Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Antoine Daniel, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel were slain in the land of the Hurons, that part of the province of Ontario between the waters of Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe. The other three, Blessed Isaac Jogues and his companions, Rene Goupil and Jean de Lalande, fell in the Mohawk valley. This territory, which is a portion of the present State of New York, was, in the seventeenth century and, probably for centuries before, known as the home of the Iroquois.

These eight missionaries whose heroic careers and thrilling martyrdoms merited the triumph recently witnessed in Rome, stand out in bold relief in the Army of Christ in America. They had great courage and trust in God's promises to come out to this strange, unknown country to teach cruel, merciless, Godless creatures, knowing nothing of the ways of civilization.

The Canadian Martyrs can truly be referred to as, "Saints Among Savages."

Patricia Bygrove, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

SAINT ALOYSIUS

St. Aloysius lived in Italy with his parents who were good refined and religious people. As a young boy before he could even learn to speak he had been taught the Sign of the Cross, and when he was still very young he could say the Hail Mary and Our Father without a single mistake and the first words he spoke were Jesus and Mary. His father being a soldier took him to camp with him to teach him how to ride a horse and fire a gun. When war broke out in Africa he was sent home, as he was much too small to go with his father to the battlefield.

His mother had been troubled to hear him talk as the rough soldiers did. When she told him that this grieved God, he kept a strict watch upon his speech and no unclean or profane word ever passed his lips and when he became a man he would not even listen to coarse or unkind language. When he reached the age of nine years he was sent to be educated at one of the best schools of Florence in Italy. Aloysius made up his mind that he could never be a soldier, or the follower of any earthly king but he felt sure that his only happiness lay in spending his life in God's service.

He joined the Society of Jesus at Rome. It was a life of great humility and hardship to which he gave himself, but he did not grow weary or discouraged. He was always ready to share the work of the humblest brother. When he was once asked if he was not ashamed to be doing some task he said with a smile, "If those who see me know me, I shall not lose their respect, and if they do not know me, it is no matter what they think."

Mary Topolnicki, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

I PREFER TO LIVE IN THE CITY

A city is huge, pulsating, throbbing; a city is the centre of my life. I can see in its streets, in its industries, in its people, sights that I could never see in the country. I can see in its industries, things a source of wonder to me, its buildings and in its parks the beauty of art, and in its people I can see a cross-section of mankind.

In everyday life, I prefer the city. I like the proximity to the things that make up my life—the church, schools and friends. These things seem warmer and closer than perhaps they might if I were living in the country.

The conveniences that are available to those who live in the city also appeal to me, the methods of transportation, the way our work is lightened by electricity, gas, and the contrivances run by them.

I like the bustle and rush of city life. It is continually flowing, moving, changing. And at such times as Christmas and Easter there is a mad vibrancy, a coursing flow of happiness that spreads itself over a vast multitude of weary but cheery shoppers.

And finally in the city, there are the many and varied places to go and things to do for amusement—theatres, indoor swimming, bowling, roller skating—the list goes on. And thus a tired city refreshes itself and gains new life through its relaxation.

Ronald McDonald, Grade XI, St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

TELEVISION

Television is the youngest and promises to be the greatest medium of entertainment in the world.

The actors, actresses and singers, etc., perform on stages in New York and other leading cities in the United States. The picture is picked up by television cameras and transferred through coaxial cables which extends from Philadelphia to Cleveland then to Buffalo and is picked up by receivers in Toronto.

If a person has a television set an aerial is placed on the roof of his home with a cable leading down to his set. There is one trouble now, for when a car or aeroplane is passing near a home where there is a television set it causes electrical interference which is picked up by the aerial and makes the picture on your screen jump. It is not a very serious matter anyway.

Then the types of programmes. There are puppet shows, plays, commercials, sports, comedies, musical and mystery programmes during the late afternoons and evenings. Also is shown, news of the day, quiz shows, talent programmes, and even circuses. At dinner hour from six to six-thirty music is put on for the dinner hour pleasure.

There will not be any television broadcasting in Canada for another year. More than a million people in Southern Ontario can receive television programmes now from Detroit and Buffalo, therefore television is a great invention.

Jane Keenan, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

A TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

We started our trip on the fifth of October, 1943. After traveling by train from Leeds we went through the customs and other formalities at Liverpool and boarded our boat, the S.S. Cavena, in the great Harbour. We walked up the gang-plank and started to look for our cabin, which we soon found, number 85. After getting things settled in the cabin my mother let my brother and me go and explore the boat.

We found that two girls to whom we had been talking in the line-up outside the custom's office, had a cabin across from ours. and that there was another boy our age in a cabin a few doors down from us wandered around the boat and went to see the captain who took us up to see the big guns on the deck, then we went down and laid in the lounge. During our trip we all ate our fill of candy as it was still rationed in England, and quite scarce. A few days after we had left the Mersey River the captain announced that everyone was to come on deck the next morning for lifeboat practise. After the first one we had regular practises every few days.

We had to get used to wearing life belts which were very clumsy. About the fifth night we heard our first submarine alarm. The adults had been instructed to put on their life belts and hurry to the lounge. This we did and while we waited for the "all clear" my mother played the piano, and we all sang. After this the alarm rang nearly every night, so we usually had to sleep in our belts with all our clothes on.

On the nineteenth of October, a motor launch came out to meet us, in it was the customs officer, he came on board to accompany us into the harbour.

The next morning, when we awoke, we were in Halifax harbor.

Our trip was over, we left the boat, happy to be on Canadian land.

Margaret Cruise, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

FIFTH AVENUE

At last it is Easter Sunday in New York. It seemed to me as I rode in the almost empty subway that I must be mistaken, there were no crowds gaily dressed parading about. It seemed desolate and forsaken. The conductor called "Fifth Avenue." I stepped from the car and started to make my way to the world above. As I mounted the stairs a murmuring sound could be heard from above. When I emerged into the daylight after blinking a few times I was greeted by fashions of every kind. Thousands of people men, women, and children were parading along Fifth Avenue past the most expensive shops in America, displaying their new spring clothes. Every woman seemed afraid to look at another's hat for fear she would find it like her own. When at last the women ventured to look up and were satisfied by the result they resumed their happy countenance. Men were proud of their wives but tried not to show it and little children carried heir new bunny purses and new Eaton caps with great solemnity. This was the "Easter Parade" on Fifth Avenue.

Patricia Moher, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

THE RUIN OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

Motorists and their cars certainly have ruined the once lovely countryside. Huge gracious trees have been cut down to make way for roads. The once serene country is now full of choking, noisy monsters, which destroy the peace of everyone. With a clatter and a whirl of dust these demons roar past, missing completely the glory and beauty of the colourful fields. Many are the annoyed farmers who come upon papers and such, strewn on the well-kept field by careless motorists who stopped for lunch. One is walking along the road deep in reverie, when one almost jumps out of one's skin as a car rolls by tooting its horn at nothing in particular. What country lover is not glad when the city finally reclaims its dwellers.

Barbara Heggie, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

OUR NEWEST PROVINCE

On March the thirty-first, 1949, Newfoundland became Canada's tenth province.

This British possession formerly had two chief characteristics—the colony's name was the most mispronounced word in the world: accent goes on either the first or the last syllable, never on the middle one except when speaking of a Newfoundland dog; and secondly, she is one of the most obscure places on the face of the earth.

Why such an interesting island has remained hidden for so long, is a mystery. Its history is a fight for independence and democracy. All types of governments have been tried by Newfoundland, from royal to representative, from despotic to democratic. Now, finally there is a government which can be nought but advantageous to all classes.

In 1948 Newfoundlanders were asked to vote on first, confederation with Canada; second, responsible government; third government by a royal commission; fourth, annexation to the U.S. Confederation triumphed.

Confederation has been inevitable. As Mr. St. Laurent said "They (Canadians and Newfoundlanders) came from the same stock...have developed the love of individual freedom, respect for the human being as more important than the state...the state exists for the individual, not the individual for the state."

We have now realized the completion of Confederation, by uniting the whole northern half of North America in a single nation.

Lorraine O'Donnell, V-B, S.J.C.S.

MY FOUR FREEDOMS

For the Four Freedoms I possess
Of thought, of speech, of creed, of press,
Allegiance, love and loyalty
O Canada, I owe to thee!

Helen Edgerton, Grade XI, St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Crash! The baseball field, which a moment before had been noisy with active girls was now silent and empty. From behind my protective tree I peeped, other heads emerged from behind fences and trees. Soon the old lot was filled with laughter. I hadn't broken a window—and yet I had. You might call smashing the already broken glass of the window of a "haunted house" breaking a window, I don't. I had never hit the ball so far before and was feeling quite proud. My pride, however, was soon overshadowed for the excitement was over and the girls wanted to get on with the game.

"What are you waiting for? You hit the ball; you have to get it understand. Are you afraid?"

"Of course not!" I said in a contemptuous voice while secretly telling myself that I did not believe in ghosts.

Whoever heard of such nonsense? A Haunted House! But did not everybody say the house was haunted? Had not more than one person seen "things" there at night? The door creaked on its unsteady hinges as I opened it. The place was dark and gloomy. What was that? "A mouse", I told myself. There was the ball, I stepped forward "Was that a groan?" Oh I was sure I saw something long and white moving by the window! Yes, there it was! I grabbed the ball and raced to the door and tried to walk calmly out.

It's queer, that night as I went into my room to bed, the floor creaked and groaned slightly and the long white curtain looked eerie. I was not frightened—The Haunted House has unsteady boards and white curtains—

Moirá Somerville, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

I WOULD LIKE TO BE A LAWYER

Law is a profession. I want to be a professional man,—not one who calls himself a lawyer and who gets rich by doubtful methods. No, I would like to be an international lawyer.

In these times good international lawyers are sorely needed. I may not become renowned, but I shall try to be a good lawyer. International affairs are fascinating, and so much good, or evil, may be done by one diplomat—above all, one must be patriotic and fair. Canada is a growing country and we must strive to build it not by the aggression of others, but by our own national resources and trade.

A lawyer can help with his knowledge, his reasoning and his logic. If the chance presents itself, I would try to become a statesman and the knowledge of international law, trade and commerce, would facilitate this.

The trial of the Nazi murderers and concentration commanders was done by an International Court. International lawyers do on a bigger scale what lawyers ordinarily do. The latter defend people; international lawyers defend countries.

If I do not become an international lawyer, the knowledge that I shall have acquired will be useful to me—and, I can always sit back and criticize when the efforts of statesmen do not suit me!

Roger Christy, Grade XI,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

A PLANE'S VIEW (WHAT I SEE)

After being refuelled I am ready for my journey. As I roll along the runway, and begin to rise, there is a curious group of on-lookers. Finally the clouds shield me from view and I disappear into the blue horizon. On my way, vast stretches of farmland, beautiful green pastures where the animals look like little ants, rush under me. After descending from my perch atop the fluffy white clouds, I see before me miles and miles of bluish green water. There are sail boats dancing up and down on the waves; Pleasure cruisers on their daily journeys; ocean steamers sailing to faraway ports; and jolly little children swimming on the banks. After circling the city, I see below me large banks, apartment stores, and numerous other buildings. Standing out from the rest is the tall magnificent cathedral which holds my passengers in awe. Finally I am at the airport again and have finished my journey for the day.

Nola Hammond, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE STEEPLE

As I the steeple glance down from my place on the church, I see many things: the gorgeous fields for miles around lying lazily in the grass; many sheep; and once in a while I hear the bleating of a little lamb running by its mother's side; while the cows eat the tender grass; also fields with ears of corn swaying to and fro in the gentle breeze.

I see children in a schoolyard, dressed in very bright colours and the sound of their merry laughter floats up to me.

There are mountains far to the west and they stand out in all their splendor of red and gold when the sun is setting behind the clouds. The beauty of God's world is all around me, and I would not trade my place for a King's throne.

Kathryn Harris, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

BARNEY THE FISHERMAN

As he pulled in his last net of fish, Barney wiped his leathery hands on his ragged windbreaker, and commenced to sing a rollicking song of the old Cape Cod fisherman. With the awe of a child, I listened to him as he sang his rolling mysterious songs of the sea. His deep voice could be heard as he came and went in the little fishing village hugging the foggy shore. Barney brought to life the legends, and tales of those who had gone to the sea before him. He had power over the old and the forgotten and his throaty voice could make chills run up my spine, or the hot blood rush through my veins.

With the wind and sea as his orchestra, Barney sang as the fresh spray wet his lips. He is dead now, but when the waves crash against the rocks, and the wind whistles past me I can hear his voice from the ocean's depths for the sea had claimed another victim.

Marion McGuire, IV-D, S.J.C.S.

BOOTS

"Boots" as we call him, is so named because of his four white paws. At first you may say, "What is so strange about having white paws?" Well, our dog Boots, has this peculiar characteristic while the rest of him is jet black. And to Boots these so called marks of beauty are his pride and joy. He always keeps them an immaculate white and is careful to avoid all mud puddles. When he sleeps he folds all four paws under him as if to protect them, and rain or shine you will always find Boots taking the usual good care of his most treasured possession.

Donna Gaffney, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

A GIRL IN HIGH SCHOOL

Most adults say that when you are in High School you have no worries. Well in my viewpoint, we might not have big worries, but we have little ones to worry about—our schooling, and our examinations, especially the marks.

So if some older person comes up and tells you not to worry about your exams or not to worry about school, that you are as free as the air, just don't take it to heart because I know.

I am a High School student.

M. Madigan, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE ELEVATOR MAN

The elevator man has a very strenuous day in my opinion. Just as he is all ready to go an unusually stout lady comes running into the already crowded elevator, huffing and puffing like an old steam engine and knocking every body down in an attempt to get her parcels all in. She has a load of parcels and she drops half of them. As the elevator man stoops to pick them up he receives a bump on the head and almost falls out of the elevator. He gets pushed and pulled and screamed at and in all has a hard day.

Moirra McCahery, X-C, S.J.C.S.

AN AEROPLANE RIDE

Rugged winds started to jolt our plane constantly after I had been in the air for an hour. It swayed and plunged and dropped, but it always drove steadily upwards. Then we battled through hissing rain. A large bolt of thunder sounded to the side of us, and the plane started to give us showers of very cool rain. I told the airline hostess that we had been hit, and asked if we were going to land. She smiled and reached up to close a large window close to the ceiling.

Carmelita Lawlor, X-C, S.J.C.S.

I AM A HOBO

I shall introduce myself as Jonathan Theodore Rosenblood. My friends just call me Rosie the Hobo for short. In case you cannot tell by my clothes, I am a hobo. When I was young my parents were very wealthy and therefore I had an excellent education consisting of many degrees at University. I guess you are wondering how I came to be a gentleman of leisure. Well! you see, when I was younger I had an argument with my father about my name. However, I did not change it, but left home. So here I am. I have never regretted for one minute becoming a hobo, for I am always free to do what I wish when I wish. Why don't you become a hobo with me?

Catherine Odette, X-C, S.J.C.S.

THE MOVIE STAR

"I want to be a movie star." That is the cry of the modern girl to-day. Little does she know of the life a so-called "Star." If she did she would not be so anxious. This is a hard life, this glamour life. It calls for long tedious hours, stiff competition and hard labour.

A star spends hours of her time under burning, glaring lights and must go over her lines and scenes with boundless energy. If married, she must spend time away from her family and friends. Her life is anything but private. She is bothered by reporters, columnists and writers every time she goes any place. She must have a wardrobe to fit a queen and be able to lead in the styles in every event.

Truly this life is glamorous but it also calls for sacrifices. If she is willing to make them then I say go ahead be a movie star. If not then let her stay where she is and she will be a much better person.

Sheila Smith, X-C, S.J.C.S.

TROUBLES

When I was preparing for school this morning everything went wrong. As I wended my way downstairs, my shoelace suddenly shot from its neat bow and slipped under my foot. Immediately, I was lifted off the step and spun to a sudden bump on the wall facing the bottom stairs. I, rather shaken, sat down to breakfast. My sister, standing near the stove, offered to get my coffee. While pouring it, she missed the cup and poured the hot beverage on to my hand. As I shot out of my chair, I tipped the table causing the toaster to slip to the floor and scorch the linoleum. By now, my mother and I were in a frenzy. With mother's aid, my hand was bandaged and I was led out the front door, on my way to school, lest if I should linger at home our one and only abode would be destroyed.

Frances Olson, Grade X,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

THE HOSTESS IN AN AIR LINER

I think it would be very interesting to be a hostess in an air liner. Think of the beautiful places you would be able to see. Travel is educational also. You would be meeting people from all over the world and it would help to develop your personality and improve your poise. You must also be dependable and calm and you must have the ability to keep the passengers calm and collected under all circumstances. To be a hostess you require a good education and a knowledge of nursing. No one can get along in the world to-day without education and a knowledge of nursing will always come in handy if you are planning to get married.

Gerry McCurdy, X-C, S.J.C.S.

FIFFI THE CLOWN

Fiffi was the featured performer in the Barnum circus company, and the most hilarious. In his make-up tattered clothes, and big shoes, he could make even a judge laugh.

Fiffi, alias Jack Knox, and his brother Ted, had been principal performers in a tight-wire act, when, at the high spot in their performance, Ted lost his balance, and plummeted to the floor. From then on Jack could not stand the sight of a tight wire, and he was hired as a clown.

In a while he had reached the top, and kept many a large audience, rolling in the aisles, with his daffy make-up and stupid actions.

Behind his smiling clown's face, there is a face solemnized at, I like to see other folks enjoy themselves with a good laugh."

Marion McGuire, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

CANADA'S SAINTS

Here in Canada we have a group of the most glorious saints in the world—the Canadian Martyrs. These Jesuits, Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Chabanel sowed the seeds of Christianity in our land.

Father John Brebeuf was the giant of the group. He laboured thirteen years amongst the Hurons before his martyrdom, March 16, 1649. The Iroquois found him at Fort Saint Ignace. Here they inflicted cruel tortures upon him and after his death, ate his heart, hoping thereby to gain some of his courage.

Father Lalemant was a frail, delicate man but God gave him strength to undergo the many hardships. On March 16, 1649, after sixteen hours of terrible suffering he won the Martyr's crown.

Father Chabanel came to Canada in August, 1647. When he saw the barren country he thought of returning to France but, remained and bore up bravely under the burden. He was martyred on the banks of the Nottawasago River on December 8, 1649. We in Canada have our saints too.

Stella Furlong, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

WHAT I WANT TO BE AND WHY

I have often considered the profession of medicine. In medicine there are dentists, surgical specialists, x-ray specialists, physicians, etc. All have excellent possibilities but I have not decided to which branch I should belong. I choose this profession mainly because my father is a doctor and my mother a nurse. There is also pride and inner ambition to carry the family name in the field of medicine. Through contact with medicine I find advantages not found in any book. Medicine is not the means to get rich but it is a solid supporting profession. The complete equipment is in the brain and the hands, therefore no one on earth can take it away from you. A doctor can practise anywhere with little equipment. This enables him to flee in war. This is my own experience. After the war our possessions were few; we were repatriated, travellers debts mounted but my father was able to work immediately and enable us to live again normal lives.

Eugene Chan, Grade X, St Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

SPICE

The moment I saw Spice peeking out of the window of Dooley's Pet shop, I determined to own this bundle of mischief. His eyes were the size of saucers, and would surely melt the heart of the cruellest dog catcher. A tiny tail kept wagging until I was sure it would drop off. Spice's fur was between a ginger and a cinnamon shade, long and soft. Every step his long ears, the trademark of a Cocker-Spaniel, would move like his tiny tail, back and forth. When I priced Spice, I found I could buy him, and tenderly cuddling him, left the pet shop for home.

Sheila Ahern, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

RUE MORGUE

The name of this well-known street conjures up a picture of mystery and ghostly shadows. The flickering flames of the ancient gas-lamps, cast merely a faint gleam, which only accentuates the darkness which lies outside their dim gleam of light. Dark figures walk swiftly through the deep shadows. But other figures only stand invisible, in deep doorways, and wait.

Ann Anderton, IV-B, S.J.C.S.

A HOBO

A hobo is a very lazy person who wanders around the country with his little knapsack. You will probably find him sleeping on a park bench, or wandering down a busy street looking in the gutter for cigarette butts. He is always trying to find an easy way to make a living. When he applies for a job, which is not very often, and he is not offered the president's place, he backs out with the excuse that it wasn't just the type of work he was looking for.

Loretta McCarthy, X-C, S.J.C.S.

AN IDEAL HOME

On a cold dreary night I was passing the Grey's home and I looked in the blindless window. There was the whole family gathered around the cheery fireplace. Young Mrs. Grey on the sofa, knitting and Mr. Grey was sitting comfortably in a stuffed chair, reading the newspaper and smoking his favourite pipe. Gail, their twelve-year-old daughter, was stretched on her stomach, on the floor, with her homework books propped up in front of her. The twins, also lying on the rug, were listening to their mystery programme. The scene, one of peace and contentment, was my idea of an ideal home.

Lorraine White, Grade X,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

AMBITION

I would like to be a priest because we are on this earth for one reason—to be united to God. Who accomplishes this more fully! Every day a priest holds the living God in his hands and receives Him into his heart. After this privilege and living a good life God will surely reward him.

Our second duty is to save souls. No one accomplishes this more than the Religious. Every day they are praying for and striving to bring souls closer to God.

I pray that if I have a vocation I may guard it and follow the will of God.

Edwin Penonzek, Grade X,
St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

BROADWAY

The glittering lights of Broadway winking out the names of all the great stars. The tooting of horns, the rushing of feet and everyone hurrying to the different theatres. Some to see hits that had been playing for weeks, others going to the opening nights of the country or a flop. The mobs of people hurrying to theatres, to work, to dinner, half walking, half running. Everyone hurrying. While above are the ever-glittering lights of Broadway.

Rose Ann Roche, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

THORNHILL AVE.—MY STREET

On a Saturday afternoon there are about ten children playing on the street. Some playing hide-and-go-seek, some playing tag, some fighting and some crying. Dogs are barking, children are yelling. Girls with their short skirts and ankle-socks are playing double-dutch. The birds are singing and the leaves are waving. Then one by one, the children are called to supper and the street is deprived of its happiness and laughter and becomes like the Rue Morgue.

Rose Ann Roche, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

AN IDEAL HOME

To make an ideal home there must be a physical and spiritual relation between the husband and wife marked with the consideration of rights of each other. Disagreement between the parents makes the training of the children hazardous. Pope Leo XIII recommended a house as necessary in a happy home. The parents can strive together to better their environment. In the training of children the parents have great obligations physical and spiritual. Only real mature love of parents for their children can accomplish this in food, shelter, clothing and care in sickness; spiritual education of mind and soul children may be equipped to live for the end for which they were created. If these are present in a home, that home will be an ideal home.

Eugene Chan, Grade X, St. Patrick's High School, Vancouver, B.C.

MISSIONARIES AMONG THE HURONS

The land between Lake Simcoe and Nottawasaga Bay, in Ontario, was the land of the Huron Indians, and in the early seventeenth century was inhabited by some thirty thousand of that tribe.

Before the arrival of the French explorers, these aborigines had no previous contact with white men or Christian influence. Champlain, on observing their pagan rites and superstitions, called on the Recollect Order for help, and Father Joseph Le Caron celebrated the first Mass in the territory on the fifteenth of August at Carhagouha, just west of the present town of Penetanguishene.

Quick to realize that more assistance was needed if success was to be achieved in the vast Huron field, delegates to France invited the co-operation of the Society of Jesus, and in 1626 John de Brebeuf landed in Canada. He was followed by such zealous men as Isaac Jogues, Charles Garnier, and Gabriel Lalemant. These and others learned the Huron language, earned the good-will of the Indians, and worked tirelessly among them, instructing, healing, baptizing.

The two principal communities in the territory were Ossossane and Teanaostaye. The missionaries decided to concentrate their activities in these centers of population, as success there would swing the outlying villages to faith and conversion. This was a wise decision, and success attended their efforts.

The work among the Indians involved long and arduous journeys, living with them, sharing their food, enduring habits, witnessing their rites and orgies, suffering their superstitions and insults, and often their menaces of death. Nowhere had missions been so difficult or painful, mentally, physically, spiritually. But despite the tortures of mind and body ahead of them, there were Jesuits in France begging permission to come to Canada to share in the great work of Jesus Christ.

Martha Kenny, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

PICCADILLY SQUARE

As I pass along Piccadilly square, I sense the pulsating rhythm of the people, dashing to and fro; the shrill shrieking of impatient horns, and the voices of the people, turned on high with excitement.

"Have you got my reservations? Gordon's the name, indeed? Well I....."

So it goes, all blending into the din of Piccadilly night life.

For years now, they have scurried along the Square, some rushing to see the latest theatre production; others to hear the fatal words of critics, and so it goes in Piccadilly Square. Who am I, you may ask, telling you about this? Well I'm the old theatre stub dropped from your pocket; the program left in the gutter; the happy smiles and the tear drops, I am the spirit of Piccadilly Square.

Julianne Roach, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF HURONIA

"Do you mean that those Jesuits came from comfortable homes in France to work among the savages in Canada. It seems silly to come here just to convert some Indians amid so many hardships."

"I suppose to people who don't realize how we value our faith it does seem foolish. It was love of God that brought them here."

"I see, and then it was all a failure." "Oh no, it wasn't! It may appear to have been so, but really it was a big success!"

"But they had to destroy Fort St. Marie their headquarters, and flee to Christian Island. Nearly all the Indians they had converted were killed and the missionaries themselves were killed. The others had to return to France. That doesn't seem like a big success".

"You forget that all the Indians they baptized went to heaven when they were killed.

"Yes, we are apt to forget that; just how many martyrs were there?" "Eight. There were five at Huronia. Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Chabanel, Daniel, and Garnier".

Were they all tortured?" "Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant were tortured together, but Father Daniel was shot and Father Garnier kicked, tomahawked. They died defending villages being attacked by the Iroquois. Father Chabanel was killed and thrown into the river." "How did the Jesuits look after all the Indians over such a large territory from Fort St. Marie."

"They travelled from village to village and had stations in the large ones. They were the first to really explore paths then, sort of opened the country up and started to civilize it".

"Yes. They taught the Indians how to grow different grains, showed them new ways to build their houses and completely raised their standard of living. Most of all they gave them their faith".

"Canada really owes a debt of gratitude to the Jesuits Martyrs as the Makers of Canada."

Moiria Somerville, IX-E, S.J.C.S.

DOWNING STREET

It was a narrow street made of a once bright cobble stone but now worn and dusty from age and much use. It was flanked on either side by small strips of cement paving, and crowded up to that, rose tall rows of sombre-looking houses. These were all brown in colour and were not like ordinary residential homes, but dignified and quiet. Even the odd vehicle which passed seemed to go on tip-toe lest they made too much noise, and disturbed the occupants. The afternoon sun caught the shining windows so that they appeared as spectacles behind which, watchful wise eyes peered out. The odd man who made his way to and from the houses bore a strange resemblance to them with the same dignified, sad air as if burdened down with much worry.

Ann Wiertz, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

MATT STREET

Street of intrigue to the uninitiated. Shadowy forms, slanted lids veiled by mysterious thoughts from prying eyes, the close summer night, while the thin wail of Chinese music seeps between the shuttered window of a club.

The rich smell of chow mieu, chop suey, steaming rice, the scarlet succulence of "sweet and sour," greets the white people coming into these small, bare restaurants, staring at the strange surroundings, making faces at strange delicacies, and laughing at other diners.

Dim, smoke-filled dens occupied by three or four old Chinese, sitting in a circle, tipping back in old broken chairs, and smoking from long-stemmed opium pipes with loud searching noises of dream haze enveloping mind and environment alike. All this blots out the hardship and poverty of life and softens the sharp corners of despair.

Out in the streets in garbage-littered alleys, or in the circle of dusky light, thrown from a dirty store, little boys roll alleys, or snatch at an unfortunate scrawny cat that happens to wander their way.

Life is at its poorest. With no hope of improvement, but a home to many, we find Matt Street.

Mary Jane Shaughnessy, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

SUNDOWN

I stand upon a rocky crest,
And watch the sun sink in the west.
It casts it's rays across the sand
And makes the world a fairy-land.
The sky is filled with colours bright
To herald in the coming night,
Then suddenly the sky is dark
But it will brighten with the lark.

Marie Porgie, X-B, S.J.C.S.

THE SNOW STORM

A blanket of snow had covered the bay,
As o'er it we rode in the bright red sleigh,
Queeny was cold so fast she was prancing
While 'round and around snowflakes were dancing.
A deep drift here and a large log there,
About the countryside snow flakes rare
Were whirling and spinning faster and faster,
The white made the hills look farther and vaster.
We hardly could see as we rambled along,
But still we were singing song after song.
Glad we all were when at last we reached home,
A bad night like this is no time to roam.

Barbara Gaudet, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE ROSARY

The rosary is a wondrous prayer,
Said to Mary, our mother fair,
To praise her and invoke her aid
Help me, O most beautiful maid.
Each day when I kneel down to pray,
My rosary I begin to say,
And when my homage I have paid,
Help me, O most beautiful maid.
With each Hail Mary that I say
I recall that eventful day
When in the manger Her child was laid,
Help me, O most beautiful maid.

Pât Baird, X-A, S.J.C.S.

DREAMS

I bend my head o'er the page,
And my mind flies far away,
With the history of a long—lost age,
Which I study now—today,
From the scenes of London's fire,
To the ancient Celestial Empire,
Canada's broad prairie,
And the roaring Mississippi,
I start to dream—
The bell rings to end our time,
I come back to this world,
That is mine,
But I love my Historic Street,
Where Past and Present meet.

Grace Heggie, X-B, S.J.C.S.

CONTRAST

Outside all the turmoil and strife
Street cars clanging, everyone hurrying,
Pushing and shoving, with tempers ripe for quarrelling
Each day the same
Man seems a paltry thing!
Up the stone steps, inside the door
Behold! Our Lord reposes here.
With reverent awe we tread the floor
And kneel, adoring Him,
Our God! Our King!

Rosemary Howorth, X-A, S.J.C.S.

STELLA MARIS (STAR OF THE SEA)

Our Lady stood on the moon one night
And looked at the earth below,
It's gardens filled with moonlight,
It's mountains wrapped in snow.
Her gaze then fell on the ocean
It's turbulent waters high,
Then over the sound of the winds and waves
She heard the sailor's cry.
"O Stella Maris, pray for us
And help us in our need
Guide us to some sheltered spot
And to our prayer give heed."
A tender gaze was cast on them,
She smiled a wistful smile,
The kind that any mother
Casts on a needy child.
The churning waves and seething surf
Were quiet once again.
The howling, rasping, wicked wind
Grew still and peaceful in her name.
Then shining in the Heavens there,
They saw the answer to their prayer
The Immaculate Stella Maris fair
Guiding them home from their sea-fare.

Mary Beaudoin, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

Mother Nature held an autumn dance
She made her plans well in advance
She picked a day both bright and rare
For the autumn leaves would all be there
Miss Maple came in all her glory
Looking like a gay love story
And all her sister leaves of beauty
Came dancing on the wings of duty.

Ann Travers, X-B, S.J.C.S.

A PRAYER TO OUR LADY

O, Lovely Lady, dressed in blue,
Teach me how to pray,
So I can be good like you
In each and every way.
O, Blessed Lady, Sweet and Pure,
Guard me day and night,
Then I can climb, the stairs on high
And follow the true light.
O, Lovely Lady, full of grace,
Help me all the way,
And, listen to my little prayer
Then tell me what to say.

E. Lange, X-B, S.J.C.S.

PEACE

I stood upon a hill
In the fall of the year
A lovely hill, soft and still
With the breath of summer,
And the sun reached long golden fingers
Into the valley floor
And lighted the autumn-painted trees
With the fires of God.
This was peace.

Loretta Clark, X-B, S.J.C.S.

GOSSIP TOWN

Have you ever been to gossip town,
On the shores of Falsehood Bay,
Where old dame Rumor with rustling gown,
Is going the live long day.
The popular route is called "They Say,"
Then you go through the tunnel of "Hate,"
And over the waters of "Falsehood Bay"
Right into the city gates.

Kay Spellman, X-B, S.J.C.S.

RIDE TO SCHOOL

As we wend our way to school each day,
We travel with the crowds down Bay,
This may seem to you a pleasant way.
But we who ride have this to say:
"We tug and squeeze and push and pull,
As down Bay Street we ride to school,
The only one who's calm and cool
Is the conductor, perched upon his stool."

Marguerite Hughes, X-B, S.J.C.S.

MEMORIES

The tall, strong man in black lay helpless on the ground. His eyes looked anxiously at the savage Indians dancing round and round. His forehead sweat blood, on his long face, no happiness was to be seen.

He began to think back—back to his first days in this land. He remembers how he struggled to learn the language of his Huron friends; how queer their customs had been to him; the time when the Indians wanted him to take down the Crucifix which hung over his cabin, because according to the Indian legend, "Thunder is caused by a huge turkey flapping its wings and turkeys do not like red." What memories!

He saddens when he thinks of the epidemic of measles and smiles at the thought of how a handmill from Quebec had caught Indian attention. So pleased were they with the machine, that they used it all day. The clock was another mystery to them. All day they sat and waited for the sweet chimes to strike the hours.

They were lighting the fire now; quickly it burned; faster and faster danced the Indians. Everything was red in the glow of the flames and he began praying for strength in the tortures awaiting him to heaven's new saint.

Patricia Duggan, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

THE DOWNING STREET OF MY FANCY

Cold, grim, venerable walls line Downing Street. The street is clean and bare. Doors and windows are in their proper places and the atmosphere is like to that of a secretary's office, efficient and severe.

The sun coming over the uneven roofs add strength to the virtues of the cold, grey, respectable walls.

All is silent. There are neither children nor dogs to disturb the serenity proper to the tradition of London's Downing Street.

Mary L. Palumbo, XII-B, S.J.C.S.

A STARRY NIGHT

As the sun sinks in the west,
And the birds come home to nest,
The stars, like tiny pilgrims come,
Into the heavens, one by one.
They twinkle in the velvet skies,
Like tiny summer fire-flies.
And shimmer and glisten in the blue,
Like drops of early morning dew.
They look like captured rays of light,
In a bottomless ocean, very bright.
It seems a pity they cannot stay,
And show their beauty all the day.

Louise Groff, X-A, S.J.C.S.

A FIR TREE

This tree, a very common ordinary fir, caught my attention as it stood all alone amidst tall, stalky elms, small in itself, but straight and upright, it tries to enable the sun to reach its shabby crooked self. It is dark green with light brown cones on its tawny branches. Year after year it will improve until it will be admired even by its neighbours, the old awkward elms.

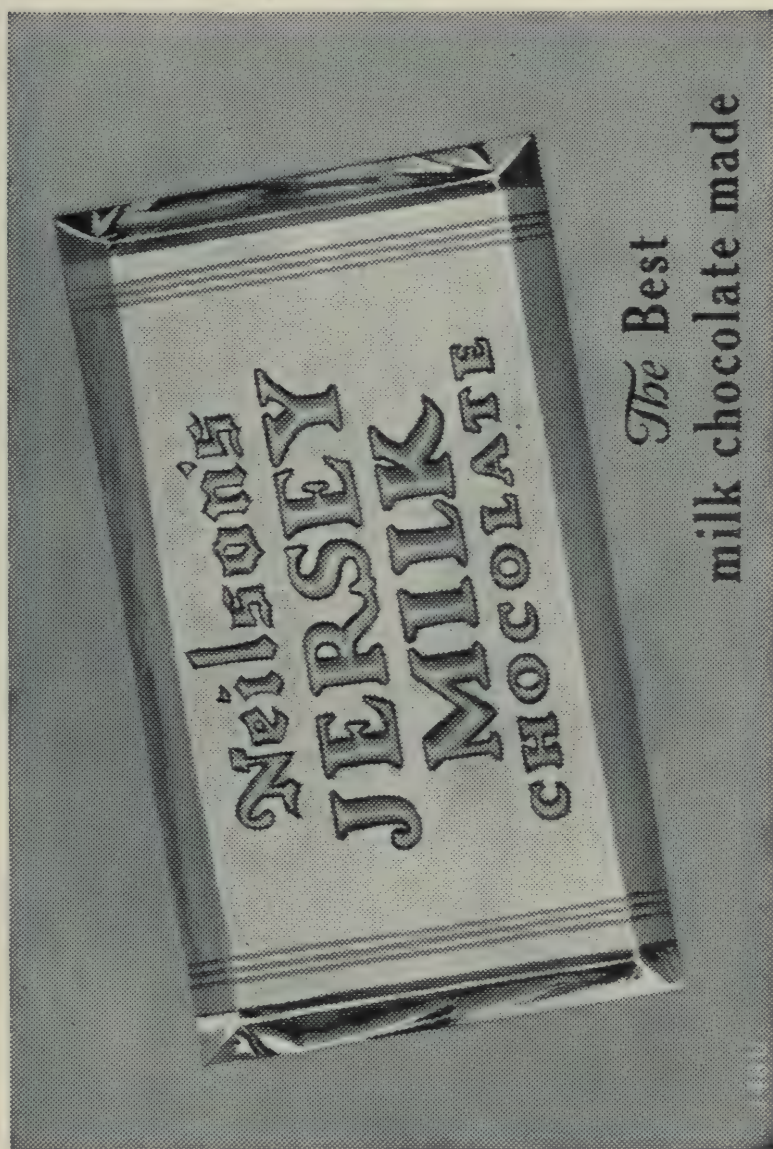
Kathleen Flood, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

FIFTH AVENUE

There lies in New York a broad Avenue which has an air of dignity free of the bustle of the Overhead which is called Fifth Avenue. The New York Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second street is guarded by its immovable lions which regard New Yorkers with the same impassive air with which the Sphinx of Egypt looks on the desert. A powerful figure crouched on one knee holds the circle of Radio City. Opposite Radio City is St. Patrick's Cathedral with its impressive structure covering a whole block. Through one of St. Patrick's side doors can be seen the lighted sign "Heaven" but on closer inspection it becomes "Hamburger Heaven." On the next block is "Saks Fifth Avenue" and further on the expensive hotels with their canopies and straight backed doormen. Literature, science, the classic, fashion and the social world have made Fifth Avenue one of the famous streets of the world.

Jean Hanson, XII-B, S.J.C.S.





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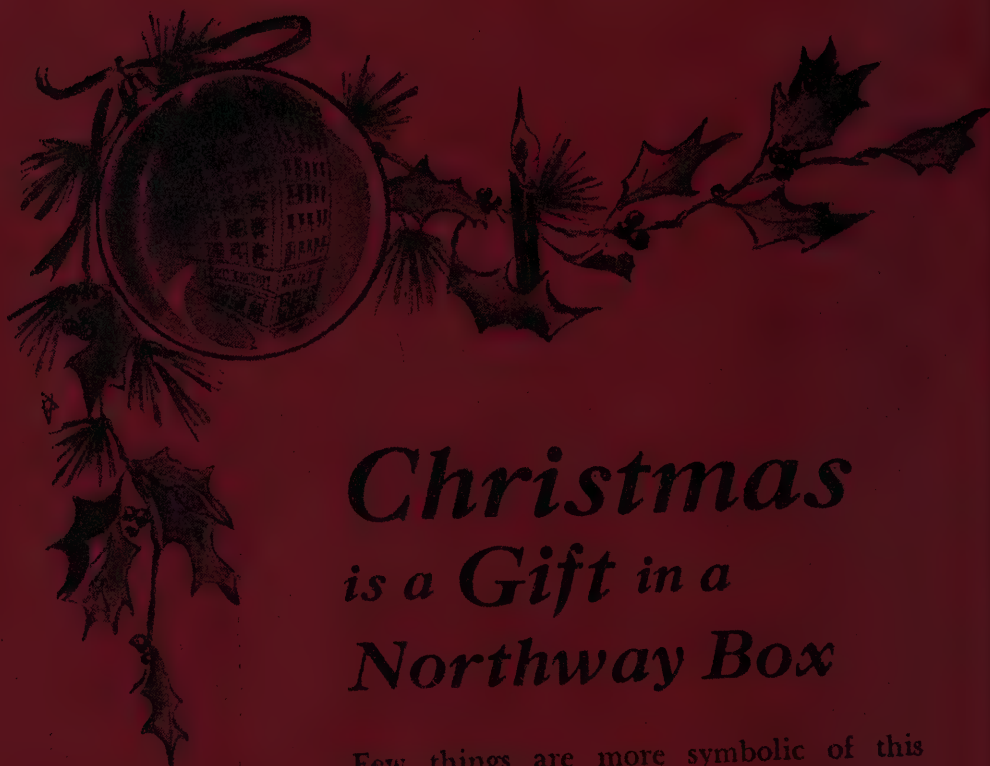
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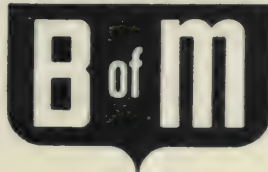
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It would appear that we are accepted abroad as Ireland's cultural ambassador. We should be failing Ireland if we were to rest on our achievement to date—an achievement, we dare to claim, of disinterested, uncommercialised, non-profit-making cultural activity that has few parallels even in the history of Ireland—where until yesterday all service had of necessity to be disinterested service.

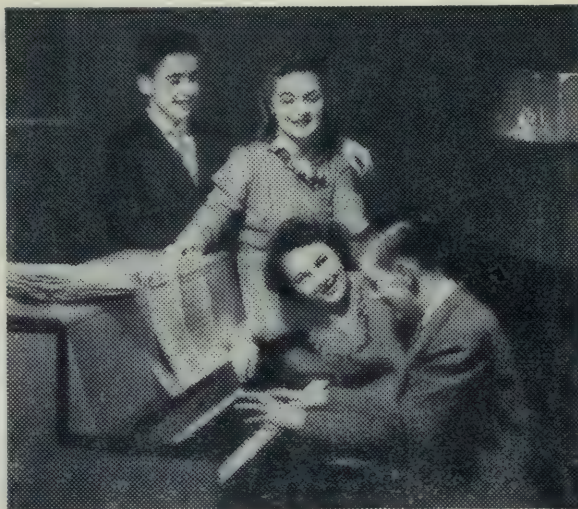
We feel confident you will not be willing to remain outside our movement but will on reflection fill in the membership blank below and so take a practical interest in a cultural cause which unites all Irish people. Of that cause the ANNUAL will continue to be an effective and willing servant—to make Ireland a noble house great in the eyes and beloved in the hearts of our own peoples.



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VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1949

No. 3

EDITORIAL

THE angels' greeting of peace is the best wish for a "Happy Christmas" and this we offer the devoted patrons and subscribers of the LILIES.

Christmas peace is the source of all our joys in this festive season. It comes from heaven and radiates over the world in varied forms to satisfy the emotions of the old and young; it flows into our hearts with good will to all and especially the poor and afflicted; it brightens our minds with the light of a higher and better world, and inspires fancy and emotion with the rarest artistic values of pageantry and song and it ripples on to the very toys of the children.

It is the depth of the feast that makes it perpetual for it comes from God and His Divine Incarnation and thus is deeper than human institutions or physical nature itself. Even those who have lost divine faith feel the traditional thrill of Christian ages of the past. Christian carols are sung and their emotional appeal is experienced even when the mind is closed to the celestial display of Bethlehem.

Christmas without Bethlehem is indeed a sad abbreviation of the feast. Let us have Bethlehem with the Divine Child and the crib with Mary and Joseph and the angels and their light and music, and shepherds on the mystic hills of promise and prophecy, and Christmas will be full. To minds as well as to emotions will come the greetings of the angels of Bethlehem:

"Glory to God in the highest

And on earth peace to men of good will."

1950—HOLY YEAR OF JUBILEE

BY REVEREND V. F. KIENBERGER, O.P.

IT is interesting to learn that the term, jubilee, probably stems from the Hebrew word, *Jobel*, a ram's horn. This instrument was used to proclaim the opening of a religious ceremony. The time of jubilee was a period of great rejoicing for it was the year of universal pardon. "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year, and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of thy land; for it is the year of jubilee. Every man shall return to his possession, and every one shall go back to his former family: because it is the jubilee, and the fiftieth year." (Levit. 25: 10-11).

Seven was a sacred number to the Jew. The seventh day, each seventh year, was holy and proclaimed as a period of rest. The year following seven cycles of seven years was the sabbatical year, a most sacred period of time. According to the legislation of the Old Dispensation the fiftieth year was to be celebrated as a jubilee year; every home was to regain its absent loved ones, the land returned to its owners, the Hebrew slaves were liberated and debts were remitted.

In a simple ceremony on Ascension Thursday of this year of grace the gloriously reigning Pontiff presented to Archbishop Alfonso Carinci, secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the bull *Jubilaenum Magnum* announcing the *Holy Year of 1950*. This document was read at the entrance of St. Peter's Church, Vatican City, and at the three other major basilicas of Rome. The opening paragraph stresses the *Leit Motif* of the *Holy Year*. "The great jubilee," says Pope Pius XII, "which will be celebrated in this beloved city during the coming year, has as its special purpose to summon all faithful not only to expiate their faults and amend their lives but also to lead them to acquire virtue and holiness, according to the words of Holy Scripture: sanctify yourself, and be ye



*Opening of the Holy Door by the late Pope Pius XI
Christmas Eve, 1924*

holy because I am the Lord your God. (Lev. 20, 7; 1 Pet. 1, 16).

“Today as never before, there is a most urgent need that all things be re-fashioned in the truth and power of the Gospel. Human efforts, even when they are laudable and not inspired by motives that are fallacious, are unequal to this great undertaking; It is august religion alone, aided by Divine Grace, that can prove equal to the greatness of the task, and, with the active cooperation of all, bring it to a happy conclusion.

“Forseeing abundant and salutary results, which We implore from our Divine Redeemer, and following closely to the tradition of the Roman Pontiffs who have gone before Us, and after taking counsel with Our Venerable brothers, their Eminences the Cardinals, by authority of Almighty God and the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul and by Our own authority, We proclaim and desire to have promulgated by this letter a great and universal jubilee to be held in this beloved city from Christmas, 1949, to Christmas, 1950, according to provisions of Canon 923.”

The document prescribes the conditions for gaining indulgences during this year of expiation: (1) the faithful must duly confess their sins and receive the Holy Eucharist; (2) they must visit once (on the same day or on different days) the basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Peter, St. Paul outside the walls, and St. Mary Major; (3) during each visit the pilgrim must recite the *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* four times (the fourth recitation is for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff) and the Apostles' Creed. If these pious works are performed then the Pope's promise will be fulfilled. “We grant and bestow in the Lord the full indulgence and pardon of all punishment due for sins.” This indulgence can be repeatedly gained as often as the conditions are fulfilled.

Exemptions from visiting the Roman basilicas are given for certain categories of persons whose health, age, or other conditions prevent a journey to the Eternal City. This next Jubilee Year finds one group of persons within the Iron Curtain who may gain the indulgences without visiting Rome.

The decrees promulgated by the Holy See mention communism by name. This has never occurred in any other Jubilee documents. The specific reference concerns the absolving of excommunicated Catholics who having embraced communism, and have repented, will have journeyed to Rome during the Jubilee Year to have recourse to the sacred Tribunal of Penance.

The faithful who do not go to Rome for the Jubilee of 1950 will have curtailed opportunities for gaining the indulgences for themselves. The suspension of indulgences in 1950, outside Rome, pertains to indulgences gained by the living for themselves. In no wise does it affect the dead.

The shepherds of the flock have the power to set up conditions, suitable for their charges and the localities of their dioceses. Now while the extraordinary faculties of confessors are technically by papal decree suspended outside of Rome, in practice the suspension is very slight. These suspensions and exceptions allowed by the Sovereign Pontiff are directed for God's glory, the salvation of souls, and peace to persons, families and nations.

May the prayer of the twelfth Pius speaking through Peter be heard by the Author of All Consolation: "Almighty and eternal God, with our whole soul we thank Thee for the great gift of the Holy Year. Arouse in the hearts of those who call Thee Father, a hunger and thirst for social justice and for fraternal charity in deeds and in truth.

"Grant to the sick, resignation and health; to young men the strength that is born of faith; to young girls, the gift of purity; to fathers, prosperity and holiness for their families; to mothers, success in their mission of rearing their children; to orphans, affectionate protection; to refugees and prisoners, their fatherland; and to all men, Thy grace in preparation for and in pledge of the unending happiness of heaven." Amen.



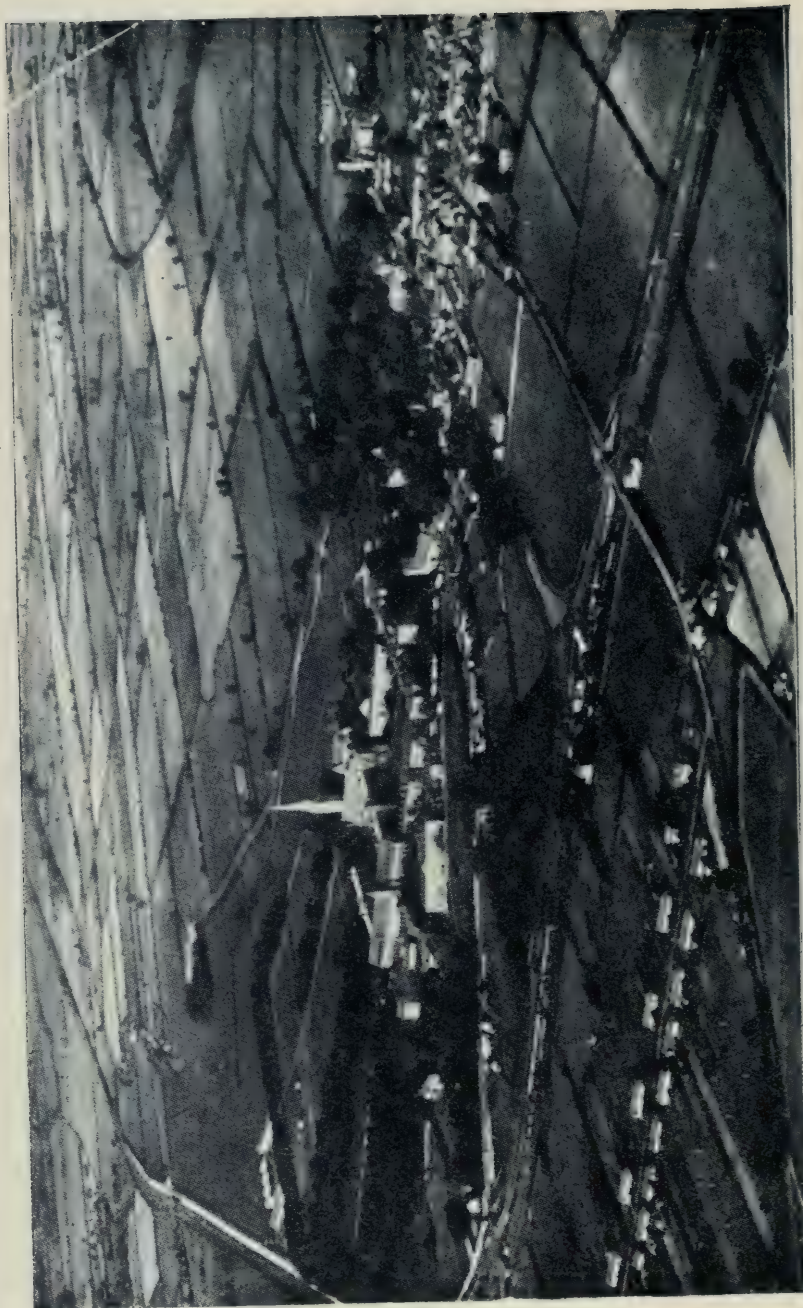


Photo by Pan American World Airways.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH AND TOWN OF MAYNOOTH,
CO. KILDARE

Courtesy Independent Newspapers, Dublin.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE, MAYNOOTH

BY REVEREND JAMES J. SHERIDAN, M.A., Ph.D.

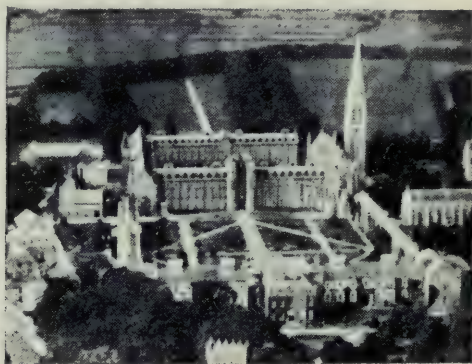
St. Augustine's Seminary

CATHOLICS, lay and clerical, in North America, manifest a deep interest in the state of Religion in Ireland and a resultant interest in the institution which is so closely connected with Ireland's catholicity, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Practically every newspaper in North America recently referred in some way to the fact that this great College was in financial difficulties. This has served to renew or increase the interest of many people in the College itself, its origin and the history of ecclesiastical education in Ireland in general. I have been asked to write something that would answer, even in a very imperfect way, some of the questions more frequently asked. The fact that I have had to keep such questions in mind prevents what I write from having the unity and logical sequence that I would like. Moreover, literature on Maynooth is not easy to find in Canada and I have been forced to depend on my memory in many instances. In dealing with the College, I have used the present tense throughout, though it is now fourteen years since I have had any direct connection with it. I feel that changes in the things I refer to will be few.

The foundation of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, in 1795, marked the beginning of the final phase of ecclesiastical education in Ireland. As might be expected in a country where catholicity has ever been so vital a part of the people's lives, ecclesiastical education in Ireland has been deeply affected by the frequent changes in the country's unhappy civil history.

There were first of all the Monastic Schools of the Celtic period. These schools were deservedly famous and were admitted to be amongst the finest in Europe. Their fame was so great that they attracted lovers of learning from all over Europe, at a time too when travel was both difficult and dangerous. These students were received with open arms in Ireland

and the people, though far from rich in this world's goods, were glad to share what they had with them without any hope of remuneration. I realize that in countries like Canada where the general idea of Irish history has been conditioned by long sustained hostile propaganda (propaganda sometimes subtle, sometimes crudely obvious, but always present) there is a belief that Irishmen, actuated either by bias or natural exuberance, overestimate their native land's contribution to world progress. However, the name and fame of these Monastic Schools do not rest on

*Aerial photo**Stationery Office*

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE,
MAYNOOTH.

the testimony of Irishmen alone nor even on the testimony of foreigners noted for extravagance in their expressions. Bede tells us that around the middle of the seventh century, "many of the nobility and lower orders of the English were in Ireland for the sake of sacred studies or a more continent life. . . The Irish gladly received them and took care to supply them with food and also books and their teaching gratis". The *S. Sulgeni Vita* states: "Impelled by a love of learning he went, as his predecessors had done, to the Irish who were renowned for their outstanding knowledge." In fact, Camden says that a usual reference in the biographies of the most renowned

Anglo-Saxons was: "he was sent to Ireland to study." The Irish, however, were not content to await the students who came to Ireland. Scholars from Ireland made their way to all parts of Europe and brought learning to those who lacked either the means or the ambition to come to Ireland. Eric of Auxerre says that Irishmen came in such numbers to France that it seemed as if the whole country had emigrated in a body. St. Bernard and several others bear testimony to the same fact. I think that Ireland's readiness to receive foreign scholars and the enthusiasm which led Irishmen to set out for Europe and establish schools there in the Monastic period should be emphasized, as they bring to light the two traits that have always characterized Ireland's outlook on education—a love of learning with its resultant reverence for the scholar and a readiness, or even eagerness, to share this learning with others. I know full well that it is easy for modern ignorance to caricature the *modus operandi* in some of these schools. Perhaps Ciaran coming to pay his tuition with a cow, does present a comic sight to those who have no concept of the *Zeitgeist*: but the master should at least have been persuaded of the student's sincere desire to learn: he should have had no fear that the student's prime interest was the ball-team or the contacts that could be made in some Pan-Hellenic Society or that he was coming because most of the "gang" thought that "it was the thing to do".

These Monastic Schools suffered their first eclipse at the time of the Danish invasions. Many were pillaged or destroyed and the teachers killed or banished. The love of learning which I mentioned above, never died. With astonishing patience, the teachers who survived returned again and again and re-established their schools in the old familiar spots. Nevertheless, as generally happens in a time of national crisis, there were not wanting native Irishmen who availed themselves of the distressed state of the country to plunder the schools and usurp positions in them for which they were but poorly fitted. Reformers, like St. Celsus and St. Malachy, tried hard to re-

store some of the pristine glory of these schools, or rather to found new schools, more accommodated to the changed times, and though their efforts met with some success, the days of the old Monastic Schools were gone forever. Already the idea of centralized schools with a more efficient system was gaining favour. In 1169 an attempt was made to found a National University in Armagh, but 1169 was the fateful year when the Normans invaded Ireland, an event which was to affect everything Irish for the following 750 years. The question of ecclesiastical education in Ireland, during that part of the Anglo-Norman period prior to the Protestant Revolt, is somewhat obscure. There were two separate phases. There were the recurrent attempts to inaugurate a National University and there were the New Monastic Schools. An unsuccessful attempt to found a University in Dublin was made in 1311: a second attempt in 1320 seems to have made more progress but lack of sufficient endowment kept it from reaching any worthwhile status. A project to found a University in Drogheda in 1465 proved abortive when its patron, Thomas, Earl of Desmond, fell a victim to England's jealousy of his popularity. In 1475 Pope Sixtus IV issued a Bull founding an Irish National University in Dublin, but the Protestant Revolt was to come before it could leave its mark on the country. During this same period the new Monastic Schools were in existence and most of the secular clergy got their education there. However these schools were now attached to the houses of the Mendicant Orders, and it would seem that students with the secular priesthood in view were not given a very warm welcome there.

The Protestant Revolt brought in its train a series of penal enactments against Catholics and *a fortiori* against Catholic Schools and teachers. Indeed under James I proselytizing schools were founded throughout the country and every possible attempt was made to have the Irish indoctrinated with the teachings of the "Reformers". A Seminary in Ireland became an impossibility. The Irish had to turn to Europe for the education of their clergy. Irish Colleges sprang up all over Europe—

in Lisbon, Salamanca, Seville, Madrid, Alcala, Santiago, Louvain, Rome Paris, Douay, Bordeaux and elsewhere. It is hard for us to understand to-day the difficulties a man went through on his way to the priesthood in those days. He had to get his early education at some "Hedge School" and a knowledge of Latin and Greek from some priest on whose head there was a price. From the day he went to school, teacher and pupil were risking their lives. When he had got what education he could in this manner, he was smuggled out of the country and put ashore penniless in a land where he could not understand the language or make his wants known. His course finished, he came secretly back to Ireland and went about preaching, teaching, celebrating Mass and administering the Sacraments until the relentless persecutors caught up with him. Then he went to a martyr's death either on the scaffold or by languishing in a prison cell. If injustice, tyranny and persecution could have ruined the faith in Ireland, then Ireland to-day would be the most non-catholic nation on earth. If penal laws could stifle genius and love of learning, the Irish would have become the most illiterate people in the world. The Irish, however, loved their faith and loved things intellectual and their love overcame every obstacle. The very penal laws themselves began to recoil on their instigators. Irishmen, lay and clerical, came back from Europe embittered by hardships and imbued with a deeper hatred of the injustices visited on their native land. England was having its difficulties with France and America and began to realize that the Irish were a power to be reckoned with. Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant, conceived the idea of uniting Catholics and Protestants in Ireland in a campaign to alleviate the country's sad condition. This was a contingency anticipated and dreaded by the English. The difficulties in which England successively found herself induced her to make conciliatory gestures towards the Irish Catholics. Various penal enactments were repealed, and finally in 1782 Catholics were allowed to open schools and educate their children at home. In 1794 a petition was pre-

sented to the Lord Lieutenant asking him to obtain "the royal license for the endowment of academies or seminaries for educating and preparing young persons to discharge the duties of Roman Catholic clergymen in the Kingdom." The petition in its entirety is an enlightening document. It is interesting to note the argument which the Bishops thought most likely to influence the authorities—the benefits which the English rulers of Ireland could hope to obtain from the existence of native seminaries. One doubts if the petitioners were primarily worried lest Irish students abroad "might be contaminated by the contagion of sedition." It is interesting, too, to note the objections brought forward against the idea of a school to be used exclusively for the education of Catholic students, objections supported by some Catholics. It was argued that "when the youth of both religions were instructed together, in the branches of education common to all, their peculiar tenets would be afterwards no hindrance to a friendly intercourse of life". Substitute journalese for this somewhat staid language of 1795 and you have the groundwork for a column in a Toronto newspaper of 1945, dealing with the Ontario Separate School Question.

The Bill to found a College was first introduced on April 24, 1795, and received royal assent on June 5th of the same year. An amount of more or less political by-play began in reference to the question as to what powers the government was to have in the administration of the proposed College. It was provided that certain government officials were to be amongst the Trustees of the new College, an arrangement which lasted in its original form only until 1800 and in a modified form until 1845. Some Canadian Catholics with "liberal" views on the benefits of secular education might find it interesting to study the question, paying particular attention to the strongly expressed views of Edmund Burke. A sum of £8,000 was granted for the year 1795 to establish the College. The first trustees were the Earl of Clare (the Lord Chancellor), the Chiefs of the Bench, Lord Fingall, Lord Gormanstown,

Lord Kenmare, Sir Edward Bellew, Sir Thomas French, Rich Strange, Esq., the four Irish Archbishops, seven Irish Bishops and Dr. Hussey who was to be the first President. They met for the first time on June 24, 1795. In the following few days, Dr. Hussey was elected President at a salary of 100 guineas per annum (about \$325.00



View through the archway into St. Joseph's Square. The spire and apse of the Lady Chapel seen through the archway.

at present rate of exchange), provision was made for the office of Vice-President at £70 per annum, and various Professorships—some at £70 per annum, some at £50, a steward at £20 per annum and a number of servants (not to exceed twelve) at a total expenditure of £120 per annum. As yet they had neither site nor building. They wanted a site "in the vicinity of Dublin." Maynooth was near enough to Dublin without being too near and the Duke of Leinster, whose

estate was there, wished to have the College there and made generous offers of land to lease. Thus from "a variety of proposals" Maynooth was chosen on July 28, 1795. The house of John Stoyte (still called "Stoyte House") the steward of the Duke of Leinster became the nucleus of the College. Here in 1795 the College began its work with four professors and thirty-seven students. To-day Maynooth has about thirty professors and, I presume, between five and six hundred students. The first stone for new buildings was laid on April 20th, 1796, in presence of the Earl of Camden (Lord Lieutenant), and a distinguished clerical and lay gathering. Odes in Greek, Latin and English were read to the Lord Lieutenant. The Latin Ode reminds one of Horace's praise of Augustus, but may be more sincere since Camden was well disposed to Ireland. The Greek Ode is, not unnaturally, a bit artificial but is, I think, the best of the three as the English has most of the characteristics of a *poeme de circonstance*.

It would be impossible in a short space to trace the rise of Maynooth from these humble beginnings to the present imposing and beautiful structures. The expansion was materially helped by the fact that, from 1845 to 1869, a government subsidy of £26,360 was granted annually to the College. Grants of varying amounts had been made between 1795 and 1845 but were not large enough to warrant expansion on a large scale. In 1869 the Church of Ireland was disestablished. The annual grant to Maynooth was discontinued but an outright sum of £369,000 was given to the College. The income from this was far less than the annual grant had been. Those who planned and supervised Maynooth's expansion between 1845 and 1869 did the work well. It is to-day the largest Seminary of its type in the world and must be, I think, one of the most beautiful. St. Joseph's Square on an Irish Summer evening, the "Park" on a dewy morning, Senior Chapel on Ordination Sunday, the Corpus Christi Procession, the impression of fragile delicacy and strength which the whole College gives beneath the white light of a harvest moon—

these are scenes and events which return again and again to haunt the former student. Here too I may say that Maynooth "does something" to its students. What I refer to here is intangible and defies analysis. Maynooth for a Maynooth man is not just the place where he obtained a competent knowledge of Theology and the character formation necessary for the priesthood any more than home is a place where one is fed, clothed and brought up. There is a certain aura around the place which evokes an awe and reverence for the place itself, irrespective of one's feeling for the staff or any of the visible elements that go to make it up at any one particular time. This aura subtly infiltrates one and effects a deep change of which the former student becomes conscious only when he notices the absence of any comparable feeling in graduates of other Seminaries.

The history of Maynooth since its formation may be summed up by saying that it has been and is the heart and brain of Catholic Ireland. The overwhelming majority of Irish priests are graduates of Maynooth. The priest in Ireland has a greater influence than anywhere else in the world—greater even than in rural Quebec. One then can easily see that Maynooth is beyond comparison the most important institution in Ireland. It is safe to say too that at any given time almost one hundred per cent of Ireland's Bishops are graduates of Maynooth: at present about thirty per cent of them are past Professors. The fact that so many of the Professors became Bishops was a worry to the tempestuous and intransigent Dr. Walter MacDonald, professor in Maynooth for more than forty years. He was of the opinion that the qualities for a great theologian and a successful Bishop were entirely different and not likely to be found in the same individual. He was worried about the burdens placed on Franzelin when he had to give up teaching to become a Cardinal. Franzelin himself seems to have survived the change quite successfully. Graduates of Maynooth have become Bishops in many foreign countries. As far as I can

ascertain only one Maynooth man became a Bishop in Canada. He was the Most Reverend J. V. Cleary who became the sixth Bishop of Kingston in 1880, was named its first Archbishop in 1889 and died in 1898. I have tried to find out how he is remembered in English-speaking Canada's oldest diocese. He is remembered as an extensive Church-builder and an accomplished Latin scholar. There are stories that his sensitive ear could not tolerate mispronunciations in Latin and that even on his death-bed he corrected the pronunciation of the one administering the Last Sacraments. But to return: Maynooth's friends and enemies have both realized its influence. The College itself knows the influence it has. This helps to explain many things that seem anomalous in Maynooth's attitude towards the changing political scene in Ireland. It has been slow to identify itself with any of the ultra-national movements in the country, not that it was opposed to Irish National aspirations, but because many such movements were regarded in their day as nothing but the unrealizable dreams of idealists, and Maynooth knew too well that any manifestation of sympathy might easily imperil hard-won gains, especially as regards the Church in Ireland.

One of the most common questions asked about Maynooth is: "What is it like?" Perhaps I could best answer that question by trying to recall my own impressions of the place. I remember quite vividly the sunny September day when I first set out for the College. My predominant feeling was one of insecurity. The Irish High School, in matters of study and regularity, was dominated by one or more specimens of the *plagiosus Orbilius*—a reincarnation of whom would do no end of good to North American High Schools. To use the euphemy of the Rule of St. Benedict, he "explained the matter" to anyone found remiss in studies or observance of rule, and there the matter ended. The priests in my native parish had warned me that now I was "on my own", that I would be observed closely and finally a decision would be made as to my fitness for the priesthood. I began to think that perhaps

the system under which someone compelled you to fit yourself for a definite end or killed you in the attempt had something in its favor. The first few days in Maynooth brought examinations in Religious Knowledge, Elocution and Singing. None of these reassured me very much. One of the questions on the R.K. paper was: "Who were the first three Kings of Israel?" I did not know: incidentally I would not know now either, without looking them up. That august being, the President, conducted the examination in Elocution. He heard me read a selection from Carlyle, looked me over for a seemingly interminable length of time, wrote something after my name on a list and without comment passed on to the next victim. As regards singing I was not disturbed. I had the calm that comes from the realization that one's case is absolutely hopeless. I could not sing a note and I knew there was nothing I could do about it.

On entering the Seminary, one receives his "seniority". How this worked out I do not know. Possibly the names were placed in an urn and then drawn out. There were about a hundred of us and each man got a number between one and a hundred and that was to be his place in the class for seven years. Rooms were chosen according to "seniority" and I found myself, with a student now a priest in Florida, in a room between the wash-rooms and the "Ghost Room." I never did learn the real story of that "Ghost Room." An ordinary room had been taken, the window boarded up, the wall facing the corridor removed to form an arch, a railing put along the front and around the arch was written "*S. Joseph, ora pro nobis.*" Why had this been done? There were weird stories of a succession of suicides, a student found dead under the window in the morning, a student found in bed with his neck inexplicably broken, a priest going to spend the night there and emerging in the morning with his raven locks snow white and his lips sealed against any revelation of the horrors he had undergone. Not one but all of these things were supposed to have happened and in successive years too. Something terrifying must really have hap-

pened to induce Maynooth to close off that room but I never found anyone who knew the real story. It happened too long ago.

The retreat over, we were enrolled in the various classes. The academic standard is very high. The system gives much scope for study and does not overemphasize the value of lectures. The more I see of teaching systems, the more I am convinced that the value of lectures is in many places overestimated. Lectures and lecturers have always been the object of cynical humour. The most modern attempt to satirize them is perhaps the definition of a lecturer as "a textbook wired for sound." The jibe is not without an element of truth. A lecturer with too many lectures to prepare is forced to content himself with reproducing what is in the text-book and the result is that his students become more or less defective records of the text-book's content. Lectures have their place. Their purpose is to stimulate not to saturate. The system whereby a lecturer "extracts the essence" of a chapter in a book, concentrates it into an intellectual capsule and passes it on predigested to the student is a boon to mediocrity but a blight to true genius. Moreover such a method is likely to lead students to overestimate their knowledge. I have met students fully convinced that they knew all there was to know about Aristotle's *Poetics* or Horace's *Ars Poetica*. They had the contents "summarized", neatly typed out and under various headings on two sheets of paper. The system in Maynooth had much to recommend it. Looking back now, I would say that one of its many great blessings lay in that fact that it made you conscious of the limits of your own knowledge. Maynooth became a Pontifical University with Faculties in Theology, Canon Law and Philosophy in 1895 and an affiliated College of the National University of Ireland in 1908. Ireland is not a wealthy country and Maynooth shows the effects of this. Its staff is much too small for the work it has to do. The Catholic University of America lists almost a hundred priests on its Faculty; the University of Ottawa has about eighty: beside these Maynooth's thirty Professors seem pitifully few. The most lamentable

effect of this is that the Professors are overworked and prevented from devoting much time to writing. Even if they had time, the cost of publishing would be prohibitive. A question that has often occurred to me since leaving Ireland is—"why does Maynooth receive no financial aid from the government of Ireland?" I could list several Catholic institutions of learning in Canada and the United States that receive substantial aid from the government. Yet not one of these institutions has anything even faintly approaching the national significance here that Maynooth has in Ireland and, needless to say, the government and people are not nearly as Catholic as those in Ireland. In recent months several non-catholics have told me that they were astonished at the absence of any offer of help to Maynooth from the government, particularly when it was in difficulties. Many of them had taken it for granted that financial aid was being given at all times. Ireland is now a Republic and one can hope that, with the long political struggle over, the new Eire may devote more time and attention to fostering its great national institutions. If it does one can hardly imagine Maynooth being overlooked.

I will finish with a few remarks on the aspect of Maynooth about which priests have manifested the most curiosity—the discipline. In North America, there seems to be an idea that the discipline there is so strict that it amounts to Nazi-like regimentation and that its effect is to turn out priests almost entirely devoid of individuality. This is not so. Admittedly the discipline is strict. There is about it a little of the Greek concept that "the doer must suffer", regardless of his intentions or of mitigating circumstances. There is of course a learned explanation for this. It is said that it is due to Jansenism which allegedly was introduced into Ireland by Archbishop Conroy of Tuam. Like most learned explanations, it is probably wrong. It is more likely that the wisdom gained by experience has brought Maynooth to realize that its present system is the only workable one. That *each-case-shall-be-decided-on-its-merits* system is beautiful in theory but open to grave defects in practice.

The system under which infractions are treated with little, if any, consideration for more or less plausible explanations may bring unmerited suffering in an individual case but in the end it promotes the general good. As for the claim that Maynooth destroys individuality, — nothing could be farther from the truth. I would venture to say that there are comparatively more “characters”—using the word in a complimentary sense—among Maynooth students and in the Irish priesthood than in any kindred body elsewhere. Someone will probably tell me that all Irishmen are “characters”—using the word in an uncomplimentary sense.

* * *

The slowly moving line of priests down through the Chapel of St. Patrick's College is never-ending; it goes into the four provinces of Ireland; it crosses the seas into neighbouring England and Scotland, and the greater seas into the Americas and Australia, and Africa and China; it covers the whole earth; it goes wherever man has gone, into the remotest regions of the world; it is unbroken, it is ever renewing itself at the High Altar in Maynooth, and setting out again before the fathers and mothers of Ireland, whose eyes are dim at the sight of it. . . .





AN ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS

By EDDIE DOHERTY

Author of "Tumbleweed"

TIS a story the Irish tell their children on Advent nights, when the stars shine brightest and the little eyes grow biggest with the wonder of the Christ Child's coming.

'Tis the story of the Angel Orion, a wee cherub not long from his mother's milk, and as holy and zealous and curious a spirit as any new ordained priest. Aye, and just as ignorant of the world.

Some hold he was called after the star, the great constellation venerated by race after race of ancient savages. But there are others, and their name is legion, who insist that his mother, God rest her soul, who was guardian angel to the O'Ryan's of Derrybeg in Donegal, named him after one of the clan.

Be that as it may, the story has it that Orion, within a year of his weaning, was given permission to visit the earth by himself, and to have a look around as part of his angelic education. Sure it's like that in heaven. An angel must travel a bit and talk to people before he amounts to anything. An untraveled angel hasn't a chance up there. The big angels look at him in a funny way. "Bedad," they say, "this one's still wet behind the wings."

So Orion kissed his friends goodbye, packed a bit of lunch, and set off on his great adventure. God must have smiled on him kindly as He watched him go, knowing the love in the tiny cherub's heart. And the Almighty must also have found a great delight in our bold hero, because of the perfection of him.

There are those few, it must be admitted, who will have it

only one way—that God was so busy planning a greater delight not only for heaven but for the world as well, that He had no time to witness the angel's flight. But sure there's heresy in that, since God knows everything and loves every creature He has made.

Let them quibble that will, there is no doubt of one thing. Orion's heart and soul were filled with the love of God, and his great intention in visiting the earth was to bring back something to the Lord of Heaven. Something exquisite and holy. Something that would make God even happier than He was—which was impossible, of course. But what does a little angel know of theology?

"Wurra, wurra," the angel said to himself as he came closer and closer to the Emerald Isle, "What would Himself be wanting most from this strange planet? That I must bring Him."

Scaree had the words said themselves in his mind before he found himself in a bed of shamrocks, and the lights of a cottage shining in his eyes.

"Men," he said. He flapped his wings for a minute or two, to chase off the dew collected from the shamrock, and to give himself a dash of courage. Men were beings he had never seen, and he didn't know how to approach them.

But sure it was nothing for him to walk through the walls and into the house, as though there were no walls at all, at all. And there, in a crib before the fireplace he saw a baby, and him smiling in his sleep.

The angel was transformed on the instant by the sight. Never had he seen such strange beauty. Not even in heaven was there anything just like this. A beauty all of earth, it was—but ah what heavenly beauty!

"How the good God would enjoy this," Orion thought. And he was just about to carry the baby's smile up to the highest heaven when he became aware of the baby's guardian angel.

"Scram," this one said to him. "Off with you, now, you little omadhoun, before I lose my temper."

Orion was abashed.

"I meant no harm, dear sir," he said. "It was just admiring the child, I was. It is a child, isn't it? Or maybe it's a woman or a man?"

The ignorance of the cherub softened the big angel; but it didn't amuse him, as it might have amused a man.

"There now," he said, "I didn't mean to be harsh, nor to be big and important to the likes of you. No indeed. But I have a job to do, do you see? 'Tis I must guard this one and make a man of him, if I can. 'Tis I must send up above all his smiles, all his good deeds, all the things God wants most from Him. And, when he dies, 'tis I must bring his soul up to heaven—if heaven be open to him at that time."

He watched the little angel peering about the room with his bright eyes, and took pity on him. With a few quiet words he put him at ease and gave him the lay of the land. What's more, he introduced him to the angels guarding the child's father and mother.

They had a great gossiping, the four of them, discussing the things of heaven and earth. And as Orion set off for other parts of the world, the baby's guardian said a strange thing to him.

"Merry Christmas," he said.

Orion pondered that as he flew through the skies, but couldn't make head nor tail of it. And he pondered too a significant fact. The angels guarding the baby's parents looked old and haggard and thin, though they weren't a second older than the young fellow guarding the baby. Sure it must be the devil of a job, guarding earthlings who had grown out of their baby-hood. The guardian of the baby's father had actually grown gray!

But the little angel gave over these thoughts the farther he flew. It was a fine night, the stars were glorious, and the wind in his face reminded him of the breath of God.

What could he bring God? The sorrow of a dying sinner sorry for his sins? He had picked up enough of the Irish

angel's lingo to learn about sins and sinners, and God's love for them that repent even in the moment of their dying.

But where was he to find a repentant sinner? The Irish said they existed only in Ireland. Nowhere else in the world were there people who sinned so boldly, they said, or repented so violently. Sure nowhere else in the world did a sinner repent at all—and the situation was so acute in the rest of the world that some of the angels had been talking of a sit-down strike.

“Wurra, wurra,” Orion said again and again.

It would be a fine thing to find one of those sinners, and his angel on a strike. It would be a fine thing to make him repent and bring his clean soul up to Limbo to await the happy day.

“Glory be to God,” he said to himself all of a sudden. “Merry Christmas—that’s what the angel meant. Sure ’tis Christmas eve, and with the excitement of the trip and all, I clean forgot.”

He looked at the stars and saw he still had to dip down to this country and that in quest of a dying sinner. And that he did, in nation after nation. In Spain he found a man dying in a palace, with gold pieces all around him, and things hammered and bent and molded out of gold, and beset with rubies and emeralds and diamonds. But the man’s angel was there with him—and he scoffed at the words of the Irish angel.

“’Tis the way of them all,” he told Orion. “The more they see of the Irish, the more Irish they become. ’Tis exaggerating, they were, telling you of a sit-down strike. Bedad, there’s good and bad in men of all lands, and an angel that knows his business has always a chance. Even with the worst of them he has a chance. And he never lays down on the job. Off with you now, for I’m in my busiest hour. It wasn’t enough this poor soul given me to guard should be steeped in corruption, but it’s the gold that’s worrying me. Sure it’ll drag him down to the deepest pit of hell, if I can’t lift the weight of it off him.”

Orion looked at the face of the dying sinner, and at the gold. He shrugged his wings.

"If I could be of any help"—he offered. Not as if he meant it, of course, but only out of politeness.

The other angel shook his head.

"Where there's much gold," he said, "only God Himself can be of any help. Be on your way, little one. And a Merry Christmas."

"The same to you," said Orion, "and many of them."

He was over North Africa when he looked at the stars again, and saw that he would have to hurry. And hurry he did.

He was still far from the town of Bethlehem when he heard the Angel chorus singing of peace on earth. But with all his hurry he stopped to bless himself, like the good Catholic he was. And then he hurried twice as fast.

Sure he hurried so fast that, what with the friction of the wind and the excitement of getting there on time, he began to shine like a great star.

And, as everybody knows now, he got there, just above the stable, in the very nick of time so that his shining glory would do honor of the Child just born.

Never was an angel happier in all eternity, up to this moment, than Orion hovering over the stable in Bethlehem, listening to his fellow angels singing and watching the shepherds leave their flocks to come and adore.

"Glory be to God," he thought to himself, puzzled like, "I never was happier in heaven itself. How can that be?"

He watched the shepherds go one by one into the stable, and he bade each and every one of them a Merry Christmas. They didn't answer him. Sure they were dumbfounded, bewildered creatures, what with the singing of the angels and the message they had brought to earth, and the splendor of Orion himself blazing just overhead.

At last there came a shepherd holding a little girl by the hand, a pretty little girl with hair so red it shone even in the dark.

"Merry Christmas," Orion said to her. He said it a little bashfully, not as he had said it to the men. He had seen men, but until now he had never beheld the beauty of a little girl. Sure he was bashful.

The girl looked up, hearing his voice, and smiled at him.

"Come see the Baby," she said.

Now Orion was just waiting for some such invitation and with no more ado he dropped down through the roof, and hovered over the crib in utter joy and amazement.

His little heart fair burst with his great love,—and a great hunger and thirst to sing Hosannahs was on him. But alas he had never learned to sing. He could only adore in silence.

"What's the Baby's name," the little girl asked the lady who, seated in the straw, leaned over the Child, blessing Him with her smile.

"His name is Jesus," said the lady.

The angel's heart hammered and hammered inside him. It was such a beautiful name! And O, he thought, if those angels outside would only hush up their noise and let him hear that Lady's voice more clearly! Despite his exultation, he was vexed with that angelic choir.

How long he remained there, worshipping with all his heart and soul, and feasting his eyes on Mary and Joseph, Orion himself couldn't have told you. But too soon he was out in the cold night with the other angels, and them disgruntled and unlike themselves.

"Glory be to God," Orion cried to the Choir leader, "why are you so wry-mouthed and glum on such a night?"

"Arra now," said the leader, "leave it to a cherub to ask impertinent questions. If it wasn't Christmas day itself, divil an answer I'd be giving you. But if you must know, there was a sour note somewhere. When the daughter of the shepherd went into the stable, the Son of God cared no more for our music than if we were the wind, and it hissing like a silly goose.

"I don't think He listened to us after that." He strapped his harp comfortably under his left wing so it wouldn't bother

him in the homeward flight. "Now that He's a mortal man, a child is sweeter to Him than all the music we can make."

It wasn't exactly grumbling they were as they shot up to heaven. It was just letting themselves talk things out. And it wasn't all together unhappy they felt. It was more like a deep puzzlement that was on them, and a sense of having been inadequate somehow.

And Orion himself, though no happier angel lived, had no comfort at all in the knowledge that he was going back empty handed to the throne. Out of all the treasures of earth he had brought back nothing. He had no Christmas present of any kind for God. The shame of it began to tear at the overwhelming happiness in his heart. And by the time he stood before the Creator he could only hang his head.

The singing angels reported all that had happened, and all heaven rejoiced. Never was the music more divine. Never were angels rapt in such ecstasy. Never, it seemed to Orion—peeking through the fingers he had clasped over his eyes—did God's face shine with such majesty and beauty.

"And there was a little girl with shiny hair," the leader said.

"I know," God answered and He beckoned Orion to come close.

"You," He said, "tell me what happened in the stable."

"I felt myself in heaven," the wee cherub said simply. "I felt at home. But when the Lady, His sweet mother, told the little girl His name, I would have died of joy if I could die. His name is Jesus."

At that, all heaven that was in a delirium of joy, doubled and trebled its joy a thousand times. The place rocked with sheer delight. The trumpeter angels blew so loudly into their instruments they caused tornadoes and whirlwinds and cyclones and wicked storms on earth. The harpists and the violinists and the piano players and the drummers were in such a frenzy of action on strings and keys and drum-heads that the sun and the moon and all the planets spun around in a cosmic dance.

And God reached out and clasped the little angel close to His all-holy breast and hugged him so that, angel or not, he swooned away like a chit of a girl. Sure not even St. Michael himself, prince of all the angels, and general of all the armies, had ever had such great bliss of God.

When he came to, Orion listened, almost incredulously, to God's praises.

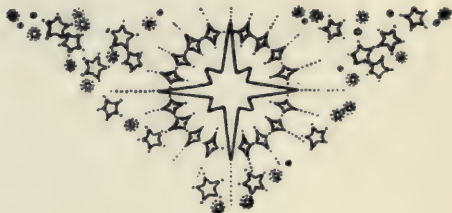
"You have brought me the greatest gift any angel has ever given Me. You have brought into heaven the greatest glory since heaven is—the name of My Son Jesus!"

"Go back now, for your reward, beloved child, and hover brightly over that stable until the wise kings come from the East. Souls you may not bring me, since you are no guardian angel. But men to adore My Son you shall draw, with your shining beauty, from far off parts."

And He kissed the darling angel on the forehead ere He let him go.

* * *

'Tis a story the Irish tell their children, on bright nights in Advent—wheresoever the Irish be. Yet, bedad, it may have happened just as the Irish tell it, on that lovely night so long ago.



GO TO GANANOQUE

By RICHARD M. McKEON, S.J.,

Director, LeMoyne College of Industrial Relations

CANADA has many famous historical and religious shrines. Recently we have stood on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec and wondered what would have been this nation's destiny had General Wolfe been defeated. We have knelt at the great basilica of St. Anne de Beaupré and prayed for the peace of the world. But with all due respect to tradition and to religion, we believe that Canada may boast about a special industrial shrine to which we trust that many representatives of labor and management will make a pilgrimage to study and appreciate what is being accomplished there. The place is Gananoque, Ontario, the chief Canadian gateway to the Thousand Islands. The shrine is the manufacturing company with the prosaic name of Parmenter and Bulloch. But the main point of interest is the fact that this company is one hundred per cent employee owned.

Now the Story of Gananoque has been told to millions through national magazines. But we would like to add our humble contribution. In 1946 the Bulloch family put the plant up for sale. There was danger that it might be moved by a prospective purchaser. This would mean a loss of work for some two hundred men and dismay for their families and gloom for the little town. Then Thomas J. Delaney, the general manager, spent some sleepless nights as his keen mind centered on an idea which had made the Graybar Electric Company a very successful concern. For Graybar, a national distributor of electrical supplies, is owned by its workers.

Tom Delaney soon sold the idea to the other officials and to the union head and its members. Would it be possible for all the employees to purchase the company? What followed is a

story by itself. For from war bonds, savings, veteran gratuities, and mortgaging their homes some \$200,000 seemed to be at hand. The price was \$600,000 but seeing the interest of their old employees the owners cut the amount to \$525,000. Meanwhile Toronto lawyers were rushing through a legal document to cover all points possible for a partnership of two hundred people. The Bank of Montreal promised a loan of \$275,000 and things seemed bright when a new bank official held the deal up. If pressure was ever used to change a man's mind, it was used here as the option was nearly up. The loan was granted and the shares of the company purchased.

What has happened since the spring of 1946? Absentism has almost disappeared and labor turnover is less than one per cent. Hours of work have dropped from forty-four to forty. Although some twenty people have left, production has gone up fourteen per cent. Many improvements in working conditions have been effected. There are holidays with pay. There is free hospitalization for the worker and his family sponsored by the company and also a sick benefit fund.

Any person leaving the company must allow the repurchase of his shares at par. At present many employees are redeeming the debentures and buying new stock. With fair prosperity the debentures should be fully redeemed ahead of time. The policies of the company are decided by a voting trust but all major matters are presented to the stockholders and reasons given for such decisions. Several years ago when lack of material closed competitors, all workers were kept on at full pay at maintenance and clean-up jobs. Reserves are being put aside for slack times. Other products are being considered. The morale of the new owner-workers has given better quality to the product, deeper interest in the maintenance of machinery, and far less waste of time and material. Somebody has remarked, "Here the men whistle at their work, not at the women on the street outside." We regret that we have no facts on how the union functions with the same people as negotiators and stockholders.

Fearful lest our enthusiasm for this excellent experiment

might have a let-down, we wrote to the president, Mr. Delaney, and inquired how the present situation was. We beg to quote part of his gracious reply: "Yes, our plan has gone far better than we had ever dared hope. We have a happy cooperative spirit here that seems to be a rarity in industries with the result that tremendous gains have been made financially. Our workers are by far the best paid in the district and, since re-organizing three years ago, we have paid five dividends while another confidentially, will be declared next month—representing an annual yield of five per cent."

Go to Gananoque. On the way you still see the beauty and peace of the Thousand Islands. But here with the eyes of the spirit you will see beauty and peace in the hives of the capitalist-workers of Parmenter and Bulloch. And that is why we pray God to prosper this noble venture to greater success.

The importance of the apostolate of the factory cannot be exaggerated for the "Church's teaching on the workers' mission" can never be made known to the workers except by worker apostles. To-day, Communists are telling the workers that their 'historic mission' is to usher in Communism. But the blind revolt of the worker shows, that what the worker wants is not Soviet Czardom but the kind of society outlined by the social teaching of the Church. The worker is the one person who has no hope of emancipation except society becomes Christian.



THE PASSING OF FATHER MAGEE

By PAUL KAY

WE loved Father Magee from the minute we saw him. To us oldtimers he was just a boy, like a son almost. He'd come into your house with his hat in his hand, apologizing all over for disturbing the family. As though he could ever disturb anyone, and him a priest of God. As for children, they fairly worshipped the ground he walked on. All you could hear at the dinner table was Father Magee this and Father Magee that. The good man became a bigger topic of conversation among us than my uncle Harry, him that drinks and a sore he is to the family.

It was the middle of the summer when Father Magee came. It was not a big job he was taking over, the being of third assistant at St. Joseph's. And when he was first coming out on the Altar for the eleven o'clock Mass, I fear there was a bit of head-wagging and finger pointing in the Holy Place, as though to say, "What has come over His Excellency to be sending us an altar-boy for a priest." For he was fresh from the seminary, with the look of a seraph still upon him. And when he ascended the pulpit and stood there almost hidden behind its front wall, the ladies of the parish felt a sorrow for him that was out of this world. For he was small, God bless him. But a nice little talk he gave. It was on the love of God and not a big word was in it. Even O'Hoolhan who listens to nothing was following every word. I know for I saw him. He finished it off with a smallish bit of poetry which I think himself wrote, and believe me, now, there was many a wet eye in the Church. Though whether for the beauty of the talk or the smallness of the Father I cannot say.

My good woman had tears in her eyes and says of him afterward. "Tis no surprise to me he looks half starved. His Reverence a poet is and they'll no touch of food. We must

have the poor man over for a good roast-beef, for there's little likely he'll be getting fat wih Mrs. Daigan cooking in the rectory." And that was true though Mrs. Daigan has a heart of gold. But any lass will tell you that all the good intentions in the world wont cook a good potato, if you've not the touch. And Mrs. Daigan, God help her, had no bit of it.

Now while the Good Lord made His Reverence on the little side, He as much as stamped His Hand upon him when He gave the soul. For it was the soul of a giant. And it gave the Father no rest. It was not like a single Trojan he worked for no Trojan could do it. At least no Trojan I have ever known. For he was always doing and his doing was for them as needed it most. And Mrs. Dooley among others can thank him to-day that her man is alive, for it was no other hand but the hand of the Father that was on Dooley's brow and the rattle of death in his throat. Sure, there was a fire in Father Magee and just you went near him you felt it. It was the good love of God coming out of his soul, so they said. And so I believe. No saint do I call him for I am no Pope, but if ever a man was the image of God, his name was the name of Father Magee.

A shame he's no longer among us. But when a man's as good as that man was, he's not for this world. He's like a stranger far from home, waiting for the word from his Father in Heaven. It was pneumonia took him and there's no matter where he caught it. For if Maggie O'Brien, who's an angel in Heaven to-day, gave him no infection, only God knows where he got it. On her dying night His Reverence was by her bed telling her stories of Our Lady. And Maggie, the little innocent, breathing germs in the good Father's face. Of course the doctor blamed it on Father's condition. But what does it matter for the man is gone and God rest his holy soul.

You can take my word for it—the parish was in mourning and hearts were low. Though only amongst us a few months the little Father had given so much of himself to St. Joseph's and we could not believe he was dead. It didn't

seem right to hear a strange voice coming from Father's place when we old sinners went into what had been his confessional. His funeral was very simple and because most of the people can't afford to miss a day's work the Church was not even filled. Father Hogan, the pastor, cried during Monsignor Smith's sermon about our little priest and I am not ashamed to admit I sniffled a bit myself. It made me feel better.

I guess poor Father Magee had no money to leave so there was no question about a will. But Father Hogan told me there were some personal items among the belongings and would I come over to look at them. Now Father did this because he knew I was a favorite of Father Magee and figured in his mind that I might like something of the poor man's as a keepsake or as my good woman says—a relic. So over I went. Well, there wasn't much and that's a fact. Just a few old books. Father Hogan asked me what I wanted and I told him anything. So he gave me one of the books which was pretty worn and well thumbed. "This will suit you" he says, and when I looked I saw it was a book by St. Francis de Sales and was called *For Devout Souls*. I looked at Father Hogan to see if he was making a joke but he was not even smiling. "He thought very highly of you," he says.

Well, can you imagine it? Here I thought the man was so busy he had no time to think of the likes of me, much less highly. But that was his way. My good woman asked me what I would do with the book and I told her what did she think. She said I might as well give it to Uncle Harry as keep it myself for I was no devout soul. But I knew Father Magee wouldn't want us to fight so I said nothing. But I didn't read the book. No, and I will tell you why.

Inside the book there was a letter. Oh, I did not open it. It was open already. But it was stuck inside an envelope and when I saw what was written on the outside I got frightened. I took the book, letter and all, and Father Hogan has it now. On the letter was no address but only a few words which said "To Mary in Heaven." So you see why I gave it to

Father Hogan. Not because he will be there before me but because I felt there might be something there that I should not read. It was Father Magee's letter all right and Father Hogan said he must have written it when he was dying and not knowing what he was doing. For nobody can send a letter to Heaven. But I wasn't so sure. Now that I know what was in the letter I'm still not sure.

Father Magee died just a bit before Christmas and it was at midnight Mass that Father Hogan told us of the letter His Reverence wrote and what he had to say to Our Blessed Lady. I don't remember all of it but I think I can give you the gist. You can say what you will but for my money, little as there is of it, Father Magee was clear in his head when he wrote to the Mother of God. What he had to say went like this:

"If you've got a minute, Mother, in this busy time before the Christmas Day, will you be after listening to me for just a bit. I know that your good people and your bad people in this sad world are forever after you with their asking for this and for that. So maybe in your busy days of taking care of others you've not had a chance to get a present for your Holy Son. A birthday present, I do mean, My Lady. So may be I can help you for I think I have just the thing. I call them my Five Jewels for the wounds of Christ, if I may so use your Son's lovely name. My jewels are not much to see for their outside is rough but you up there who look beyond a twisted back or a wasted body will know their precious worth. For these are five souls I offer you, my Lady. Take them for your Son. First is Franny Hester who is living down the street. A good and holy soul with not a thought of herself. Always looking after the children who played on her street, giving them of the little she had with a great big smile. Her's was a generous heart. She went two weeks ago and she is up there now. Take her for your Son and a lovely jewel she'll be for the wound in His Hand, the Hand that gave so much. And for His other Hand a stone, a pearl of greatest price. They called him Old Finnegan but

he was baptized Thomas, Mother Mine. Thomas was a simple man, not known outside this parish. He was our school janitor and though a rough and ready fellow he had the hands of a physician. Many a scraped knee and a bleeding hand I've watched him tend as though he were a Mother. And of the many young and old who felt his healing touch, not one but blessed his memory. Let him bedeck your Son's right hand, the hand that cured the sick and made the blind to see. And for His sacred feet, for what have I here. Two innocents but newly gone to thee. Peter Day and Maggie O'Brien. They were so young to be taken and their parents' hearts are broke but if you give them to your Son, I'm sure, somehow, those folks will know that Peter and Maggie are among the Angels. I give them to you because their little feet can run no more, but how they will shine by the wounds of the Master's Feet. The feet that trod your holy home in Nazareth and walked the hill to Calvary And now my fifth jewel for the wound in His side. This is the best of all—for this is a blood-red jewel, a jewel of the heart. For here was one who loved you all his life and what greater adornment for the heart of a Son than the jewel which so loved His Mother."

Well, that was the way Father Hogan told us of the letter, and I hope I have remembered it well. It's true the pastor said what shame it was the letter was never finished. He called Father Magee a true-born poet and a holy man. And that is so. But as to finishing the letter. Well, there I think the good pastor was wrong. What more finish could you ask than the Father Magee himself. For he was the finest jewel of all and I say again God bless him.



A RELIGIOUS ORDER WITH A NEW MESSAGE

THE INSTITUTE OF JESUS CRUCIFIED

By REV. JAMES O'CARROLL

The Feast of the Seven Dolours, 1930, saw, in the *Sacré-Coeur* on the heights of Montmartre, a modest little ceremony take place during a Mass celebrated at the altar of the Compassion by M. l'abbé Gaucheron. Worshippers in the Basilica hardly noticed it; still less had they any idea that history was being repeated and renewed. Five young ladies, by the mouth of one of their number offered themselves to form eventually a religious congregation which was to be composed in the main of sick and infirm nuns.

Four centuries before, another Order had its beginnings in the same Montmartre. That was the Society of Jesus which was to carry the principle of religious obedience to a conclusion as daring as it was logical, and in so doing to become the spear head of the Counter-Reformation. The postulants of 1930 brought, as we shall see, a message and a lesson of which the modern world stands in need beyond all others. The *Institut de Jésus Crucifié* was to be the fruit of their collective promise and it has likewise adopted as one of the chief pillars of its religious life the principle of unquestioning obedience in all things, even down to minute details of everyday life. That obedience is coupled with a trust in Divine Providence which, if it is in no sense revolutionary, is rare enough to be remarkable, demanding as it does superlative courage.

The Christian, we know can take his share in the work of salvation by dedicating his individual sufferings in union with those of the Divine Victim of the Cross. Mortification and Penance may be practised voluntarily and offered for the same end; physical pain may be elevated to a place in the scheme of Redemption. In a wider sense we may say, for instance, that the Carmelite nun perpetuates the prayer

of Our Lord in the desert, the Franciscan friar his Poverty, the nursing nun her healing of the sick. In all of these it is, as a general rule, question of activities assumed voluntarily, of mortification practised by those who are, in the last resort free to relinquish them.

The Institut de Jésus Crucifié presents us with a radical difference. The mainspring of its religious life is not the doing of voluntary penance in one way or another, but the accepting and dedicating, in union with the Sacred Passion, of continued and unavoidable illness or infirmity; and this not exceptionally by some of its members, or intermittently, but permanently and by the greater part of them. These things have been deliberately adopted as the principal means of their sanctification.

The matter is one on which it is impossible to speak categorically, in spite of the abundance of medical statistics that are available, but there would seem to be reason to believe that the general health standard of Western civilization has fallen; that those who offer themselves as candidates of Religious Orders in Europe to-day are more often than before less capable of enduring the varying degrees of austerity their Rules entail. The mortality rate has been lowered but the health coefficient has not been raised. Hence the Abbot of a French Trappist monastery can affirm that he has to get postulants back into normal health before admitting them to the novitiate. In France at any rate the number would seem to have increased of those who, having begun their postulancy or noviceship are compelled to give up by the aggravation or even discovery of some malady or weakness whose existence perhaps was unsuspected. This condition of things existed already before the War.

So it was that in the minds of the Founders of this Institution two principal classes of vocations were envisaged; one of those whom chronic illness or infirmity prevented acceptance in the normal way by a religious Order, and the other of those who, having been accepted, had been prevented by ill-health from realizing a vocation to which otherwise

nothing was wanting. Mental cases obviously must be ruled out, as well as contagious maladies.

Could practical realization be given to this inspiration? As the Mother Prioress-General has said in an address delivered privately in Lille, a thing is possible if it exists. The best way to put an end to discussion and timorous hesitation is to bring it into existence. This was done, and the event has justified the rare courage and profound Faith that inspired the act. We have seen how a collective promise was made to proceed with the establishment of such an Order, to be composed principally, though not necessarily entirely of sick and infirm members, so as to offer reparation for the sins of the world in the renewal of the Passion through the physical suffering of its members.

In June of the same year, 1930, the one who was to be the first Superior took vows binding herself to the future Institute providing it received ecclesiastical sanction. Early in the following year Cardinal Verdier expressed his warm approval and encouraged the promoters to make a beginning as soon as possible. The number of those who had offered themselves for the new Institute had already increased and five were chosen to make a six months' preparatory retreat at Les Châtelets, mother-house of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, near St. Brieuc in Brittany. When on the completion of this retreat the first Superior brought them back to Paris, neither she nor they had literally the slightest idea where they were going to set up house. For some 12 days temporary shelter was found in a convent in Paris, and then providential hospitality was offered in her chateau at Bretigny-sur-Orge by the Comtesse de Pas. As the Superior records, "It was there, in the great drawing-room transformed into a chapel, that we had our first Midnight Mass, preceded by the chanting of Matins and Lauds . . . It was not perfection: it was even bristling with faults . . . But we were young and blissfully unconscious of many things."

She goes on "On the 31st December finally we took over La Roseraie (a property near the chateau). Our moving

in was neither long nor tiring . . . She who is now Sub-Prioress brought up the rear with myself, one of us carrying a large oil-lamp and the monstrance; the other the chalice in its case. Fortunately the road from La Garde to La Roseraie was short and unfrequented." In 1933 permission was received to wear the religious habit (of white wool with black veil and scapular) and to take vows, and four years later the new Institute was canonically approved by Rome in a decree that was carried into effect by the Bishop of Meaux on the 21st January, 1938. The mother-house, Prieuré St. Joseph, was subsequently transferred on account of increasing numbers of Brou-sur-Chantereine (Seine-et-Marne); a further foundation was made at Chelles, where the novitiate now is, and two more at Launay-Villiers (Mayenne) and Villers-en-Vexin (Eure). Each of these foundations is situated on a property whose extent makes it suitable for cloistered nuns. This increase is sufficiently remarkable when it is remembered that the Institute started with little more than the apparel worn by its members and that it was not the personal fortune of any one of them that helped to launch it.

The practical-minded will be waiting to get their word in here. "This is all very beautiful in theory," they will say, "but how can it possibly be made to work in practice? How can communities keep going where the majority of the members are always more or less ill, or afflicted with one infirmity or another, crippled, it may be, or blind? Religious life can be hard enough for the healthy; how can it possibly work with communities such as these?" A general outline of the life led by the nuns, will, I hope, provide the answer.

The Order is a strictly enclosed one, and, while it is not Benedictine, has adopted in the main the Rule of St. Benedict, with its well-known principle of Discretion. A Rule, that is to say whose external observance is within the capacity of all, leaving to the individual the liberty to develop his or her interior spiritual life, provided the means adopted for that end do not interfere with the harmonious ordering of

Community life. The Sisters never leave their convent except under obedience for medical treatment, or to change communities. But within the enclosure there is a naturalness and absence of constraint that would seem to be in accordance with the mind of the Holy See, to judge from what we have been told recently of projected Papal legislation for enclosed Orders. The parlours, for instance, are not equipped with those formidable single or double grilles that may at one time have been necessary for protection, but have now little more than a symbolical meaning. The nuns have complete freedom of movement throughout the convent and its grounds according as their work or duties require. Their pleasant cheerfulness will be remarked by the visitor and he will quickly perceive that the atmosphere of such a community does not entail undue fatigue. The Conventual Mass is frequently a sung one and processions are often held within the precincts of the Priory.

But much is still required to complete the structure of Community life; the usual hundred and one household tasks to attend to, meals to be prepared and served and all the rest. How is this made possible? The answer is that if the foundation of the Institute is dedicated to suffering, and the framework the Divine Office, its life-blood is the very perfection of Ignatian Obedience, grafted as it were on to a monastic observance and carried out entirely within the cloister; the unquestioning obedience of subjects matched by the loving solicitude and direction of Superiors.

The religious of the Institute has no need to know even the name of her malady, or the course it may take; nor has she necessarily any say in the choice of remedies or treatment. She will not pray for a cure, but again she will not desire death. All she will ask is to make the most perfect use of her suffering. The Sisters must never make their illness the subject of conversation. It will easily be seen that this detachment and spiritual indifference may amount to heroism.

Superiors and the community on their side must leave

nothing undone to bring about a cure or to relieve the suffering of one of their number. The best treatment procurable is provided, and the Institute has had good reason to be grateful to members of the medical profession who have given their services voluntarily in this respect. And it should be noted that this combination of loving care on the one hand and complete detachment and absence of anxiety on the other unite to produce a system of perfect moral hygiene, and that the resulting mental and spiritual equilibrium often re-act most favourably on the bodily health.

For the rest, physical infirmity need not and should not mean complete inactivity. Each one is called on to take a share in the common work, even if she can manage only the barest minimum of effort. The Community on its side will see to it that the strength of no member is overtaxed by demanding more than this minimum. The diversity of infirmity ensures that the strength of one will make up for the weakness of another and Divine Providence will keep the balance through the direction of the Superior. Over all the important fact is borne in mind that the daily task of keeping house in a community is just as much the 'opus Dei' as is chanting the Office in choir. Monastic work is not a mere distraction or pastime to fill in the intervals of the Office. It must give useful service by which the community may benefit and without which it could not exist. It gives a human value to the infirm, brings out unsuspected capacities and enables them to get rid of an inferiority complex that may have been bred by enforced idleness in the home.

The material needs of each community are to some extent provided for by artistic and other work produced by Sisters who are qualified or qualify themselves to do so. Invaluable help has also been received from friends outside who have undertaken to provide for the support of one of the nuns for a year, or longer period; a meritorious act of charity if ever there was one.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the mere existence of chronic illness or infirmity, coupled with a greater

or less degree of resignation and a vague desire for a life of piety, will not suffice to gain acceptance as a postulant in the Institute. These aspirations can be satisfied in a hospital or sanatorium that is provided with a chapel. No. There must be a real vocation to the monastic life of Divine Praise rendered through the Office and through work, such as that life is lived by the nuns of the Institute. There must be acceptance of the Cross and of suffering, not as a failure or a blemish, but as an integral means of achieving the only objective that counts finally, which is the Salvation of mankind. "The religious must have" says the Rule, "the immense ambition which was St. Paul's of completing the Passion in herself and for the Body of Christ which is the Church."

The candidate for acceptance must not be over 30. There is no bar to healthy subjects, but they are taken only exceptionally. In the Institute proper there is only one class of sister, the choir nuns, but for attending to external business each house has, if possible, one or more Regular Oblates who, whilst they are not religious in the fullest sense, yet take vows and share the community life. There is also the class of Secular Oblates, persons who have been prevented from joining either by the age limit or by ties of one kind or another. These go through a probation, follow in the world a Rule adapted to their condition and consecrate themselves in a way similar to the Regular Oblates. They are one channel by which the influence of the Institute reaches the world. By word and example they preach its message to the sick and infirm outside the cloister. Among the active works undertaken by the enclosed nuns is a dispensary at Brou for a large population of railway workers and their families.

In its joyful acceptance of the reality of human infirmity, the Institute de Jésus Crucifié adds 'Alleluia' to the 'Amen' of mere resignation, and indeed the words 'Amen. Alleluia' have been adopted as its device. By absolute trust in and complete indentification of their wills with the Will of God its members teach a lesson which is sorely needed

in a world that wastes its time trying to find substitutes for the eternal Solicitude of Divine Providence.

Editor's Note—Enquiries concerning the Institut de Jésus Crucifié should be addressed to: La Révérende Mère Prieuré- Générale, Prieuré St.-Joseph, 1 Rue de Paris, Brou-sur-Chantereine (Seine-et-Marne), France.



CONVENTION AT KAPUSKASING

By FLORENCE MARTIN

Our Annual Convention was held the week-end of November fifth and sixth in Kapuskasing about one hundred and fifteen miles from here. I decided to attend. When we arrived at "The Kap" about 12:15 p.m. we were met by some of the Public School Staff and their pupils who carried a placard announcing "Teachers' Billets Here." We were sorted out and our young guides piloted us to our lodgings, pointing out the places of interest en route.

After a hurried lunch we assembled in the High School Auditorium—a beautiful room in an ultra modern building. There was an interesting program of speeches, and choruses by Public School children and the High School Glee Club. We adjourned about 5:00 p.m. to get ready for a banquet served by the Women's Auxiliary in the basement of the United Church. More speeches were made and toasts proposed, and drank in tomato juice.

The Chairman of the School Board gave a short history of Kapuskasing and the paper industry. The town was started in 1922 and was named McPherson but later was renamed Kapuskasing, an Indian word meaning "at the bend of the river." Three rivers unite to form the Kapuskasing River which empties into the James Bay. The town is well laid out and must be beautiful in the "growing season." The population of the "Kap" and two suburbs is close to seven thousand. The Inn and the Club are the pride of the community. The Golden Jubilee Public School is a very large, well equipped building with bright cheerful classrooms. The High School is new and the last word in equipment. Then there is a large Separate School and a Catholic High School which, though large, is being enlarged.

The Catholic Church is a big frame building, painted grey outside while inside is the natural colour of the wood. It is devotional and homelike. The Oblate Fathers are in charge and the Separate School is staffed by Grey Nuns..

Saturday morning I attended 7:30 Mass, had breakfast at the Inn and arrived at School for the opening session at Nine. We were shown a movie explaining the paper-making

industry, as a preparation for our trip through the Spruce Falls Paper Mills.

When the electing of officers for next year ended we were divided into two groups. One group was taken by School Bus to the Paper Mills, the other—of which I was a member—was taken to the Airport. We had hoped for a sight-seeing trip over the town but on account of high winds and low ceiling all planes were grounded. An official took us around and explained weather maps, reports, etc., to us and we went away up on top of the station where there was a terrific breeze blowing, but we had a good view of the landing field. Then we went a few miles farther to the radio range and saw the transmitters, towers, etc. Interesting but complicated.

We were supposed to visit the Experimental Farm, but it was too muddy. We saw the huge barns in the distance and were told that the farm is one thousand acres in extent and is staffed by about seventy-five workers.

Our next stop was the Paper Mill. Everyone had to sign his name and we were counted before starting on the tour. It is a very noisy place but clean and employs about fourteen hundred men. We saw the rough four-foot logs of black spruce covered with bark, start through cylindrical machines and come out peeled and smooth. Then they are fed into the hoppers of other machines, like giant food-choppers where, in a few minutes they emerge as chips not much larger than corn flakes. These chips fall on moving sieves and the small pieces go through into a trough-shaped conveyor and are carried to vats where acids are added and next they arrive in enormous boilers, like pressure cookers, but two and a half storey high, where they are cooked, bleached and emerge looking like breakfast porridge. This pulp is poured out on huge rollers and sprayed with pure water. A felt material holds the wood pulp as it passes on from roller to roller until finally it is pressed and dry and is no longer pulp but smooth white paper.

We were told that one thousand cords of wood is used daily and that paper is made at the rate of one thousand six hundred feet per minute. A finished roll of newsprint contains about one mile of paper. The immense roll is cut in sections, wrapped and loaded on spotlessly clean box cars for export.

Spruce Falls Paper Mills supplies newsprint for "The New York Times" and "The Philadelphia Inquirer." Kleenex is

also manufactured at Kapuskasing and shipped in bulk to Niagara Falls where it is packed in boxes for the market. We were given samples of the finished newsprint and also of a fine corrugated paper. On our way back we again signed the book beside our first signature, and so our trip ended. After lunch at the Inn it was time to pack and wend our way to the depot for the 3:00 p.m. train.

I am sure we all carried away pleasant memories of Kapuskasing—one of Northland's beauty spots—and of the hospitality and friendly spirit shown by all those with whom we came in contact.

AN HONOURED GUEST

On one of his visits to the north of his diocese, a late Newfoundland Bishop accompanied by a priest, arrived at a small outpost where there was no resident pastor. The ships were home from Labrador, laden, with fish, and the men had been hard at work all day spreading the cod to dry. The Bishop's assistant placed the Blessed Sacrament in the little church and he and the Bishop, tired after the long day's journey, retired for the night in the presbytery adjoining the church.

In the middle of the night the Bishop noticed lights in the church, and there seemed to be a disturbance. Calling his assistant, he bade him see what was the matter. The priest did as he was told, and found that the church was crowded with men, women and children, all devoutly praying before the Blessed Sacrament. Calling aside one of the men, the priest asked why the people were assembled in church at that hour of the night. "Father," answered the man, "it is not every day we have the honour of a Guest like this in our harbour, and we would not leave Him alone all night. So we sent word around to the people, and they all offered to come and spend the night with Him."



SHRINE IN GOA

By E. ARMSTRONG

ON December 3rd, in Goa, that miseroscopic spot on the West coast of India, thousands of people will be making a Novena to an illustrious Saint. It is the anniversary of the Exposition of the Sacred body of St. Francis Xavier and whether the actual exposition will be held or whether this anniversary will pass only in prayer, it will be a great festival in India.

Tens of thousands of people will visit the church of Bom Jesu in Goa, itself a relic of a by-gone age, shrouded in mystery of past glory and steeped in the splendours of the East. The ruins will reverberate to the clatter and babel of tongues in the streets.

Should the Holy relic of St. Francis be taken from its resting place and placed for public veneration the ceremony will perhaps last for a month and a half, as it did years ago when the writer was privileged on one of the days to kiss the Sacred Feet. The Church of Bom Jesu will be filled by the devout and the sick, the latter begging intercession of St. Francis. The Priest in charge will call "St. Francis, St. Francis cure the sick, make them well if it be God's will." As I sit here in excited remembrance, I wonder if a manifestation of supernatural power will be granted as it was granted to me on the 19th of December, 1930; if a Reverend Father will intercede on behalf of the congregation, as he did then; if the sincerity of a zealous missionary and his cheerful encouragement will ease the pains of the afflicted as it did when he exhorted them in the presence of the body, which remains incorrupt to "Trust God", on that festal morning as the Church bells peal out the double tones. In memory I meditate on that lifeless form, unchanging through the centuries, an apostle to whom generations have prayed, and to whom prayers will be iterated and reiterated constantly.

In imagination I hear the plea and repeat with the mighty congregation "St. Francis Xavier Pray For Us."

The Sacred body of St. Francis Xavier reposes in a beautiful gold and silver jewel studded casket. For the exposition, the side panels have been removed. Centuries have not yet been able to efface the heroic features. The head is slightly raised; there seems to be some grey hairs on the skull as though they had become incrustated with the skin. The mouth is a little open and the lips are quite distinguishable. One side of the face is disfigured. This is possibly due to the uncouth handling of the body hundreds of years ago. One hand and both feet are exposed. The feet keep their shape perfectly. Three toes on the right foot are disfigured; one severed by an over-zealous pilgrim many years ago, lies near the feet. I found the feet very small and the skin shrivelled. The integument felt soft and the prominence of the tendons is distinctly marked. The veins and nails are visible; the fingers are separated from each other. The right arm was cut off in 1616 and taken to Rome when, it appears, a gradual dessication set in. The shortness of the body, I understand, it is only four feet and a half long, is due to the disappearance of the various cartilages. I was told that the skin of the abdomen was entire and without decay. In Egypt I had the opportunity to view at close inspection the bodies of Pharaohs. These ancient, mummified bodies were the result of a slow and costly process, and the results were decidedly gruesome. Whereas the phenomenon of the incorruption of the illustrious Saint cannot be likened to the state of a person recently deceased, there is generally no altered appearance in spite of the fact that after his death his body was placed in a grave filled with lime and no artificial means to preserve the body were employed.

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Editor's Note.—The Pope has raised the Bom Jesus Church in Old Goa to the status of a minor basilica in commemoration of the fourth centenary celebrations of St. Francis Xavier. It is the first Church in the East to be so honoured.

HOW A GREAT AMERICAN ORDER BEGAN IN DUBLIN IN 1831

By VERY REVEREND MYLES V. RONAN, P.P., D.LITT.

THIS short article provides another example of how the Almighty makes use of humble beginnings to carry out His great work in the life of the Church.

In the late 18th and the early 19th century in the old city of Dublin, many young men and women felt the urge to educate children in religion as well as in secular subjects. The parish of St. Michan's was about the best provided for boys' and girls' schools in tenement houses. Mary Teresa Mulally was the first in Dublin to provide technical education for poor girls and, whilst remaining secular, had the Presentation Nuns established in George's Hill.

It was not a rare thing in those days for young women, debarred from the cloister by age or duty, to affiliate themselves to the new Religious Orders. The Irish Sisters of Charity were established in 1819, the Loreto Order in 1822 and the Sisters of Mercy in 1831. As members of such affiliations, or sodalities as we call them to-day, three young women, Mary Francis Clarke, Rose O'Toole and Elizabeth Kelly were enrolled. In the exercise of charity to the poor and suffering they were closely associated and wished to serve God more earnestly.

According to the printed book of the Annals of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary (1925) of the United States of America, the "ministrations to the victims of the cholera which devastated their city (Dublin) in the year 1831, brought about frequent meetings." The Annals are wrong in stating that the cholera broke out in Dublin in 1831. Archbishop Murray issued his Famous Pastoral to the Clergy and People of Dublin, 25th April, 1832, when the scourge had reached Dublin.

The Annals state that the little band opened their school in North Anne Street, 19th March, 1832, that is, a month before the cholera appeared in Dublin. So that, it was not the plague that brought the band together but their charitable ministrations to the ordinary poor and suffering. During their rounds they met Margaret Mann and Catherine Byrne and took a house in the suburbs as the centre of their charitable work and as a house of Retreat. They were all about twenty years of age and natives of Dublin.

It would appear that when the plague broke out in April, 1832, and the band had already opened their school in North Anne Street, a month previously, they closed their school and went out to assist the afflicted.

The little band were young women of considerable intellectual ability and business capacity which they developed during the difficult year of the plague. It will, however, be interesting to know what were their ordinary occupations. Catherine Byrne, the daughter of the manager of an important city firm, was on the staff of the pharmacy department in one of the principal city hospitals which she left to become the head of the school of the Sisters of Mercy in Baggot Street where she was assisted by Daniel O'Connell's daughters. With Catherine McAuley and Anna Maria Doyle, she was a founder of the Baggot Street institution which was opened in 1827, but, unlike the other two who became professed Sisters of Mercy (1831) in the Presentation Convent, George's Hill, she remained in the world. It was Catherine Byrne, with her knowledge of Dublin hospitals, who, in 1828, broke down the barrier that kept religious communities from visiting the public hospitals then conducted by Protestant Committees.

Margaret Mann (born 1807) was, in 1831, conducting a millinery establishment of twenty-five young girls. At the opening of the school in North Anne Street she closed her business house but retained every girl at service until she could find a place for her. Mary Elizabeth Kelly (born 1809), the daughter of wealthy parents, was a friend of Daniel O'Connell's daughters with whom she visited the poor and

suffering, making her daily round in her little carriage laden with supplies provided by her parents and with garments made by her own hands.

Mary Francis Clarke (born 1803) was the daughter of a prosperous leather merchant, and, after his untimely death, shouldered the burden of his business. Fortunately, two other sisters were able to conduct the business and leave her free to take charge of the little band.

Gradually the members of this band got away from their worldly pursuits and agreed on uniting their efforts in an educational establishment. They left their cottage in the suburbs and took a house in North Anne Street (where Carton's stores now are) where they first erected their oratory on the Feast of St. Joseph, 19th March, 1832, their patron Saint. Their school was known as "Miss Clarke's School."

It may be repeated that St. Michan's parish was already provided with the Presentation Convent Schools for girls, and other schools. These were called "Free Schools" not necessarily "Poor Schools," and they catered for paying pupils of the middle class families who could afford to pay for specialized education. There were many of those families in the parish which had been for over fifty years the most important residential suburb of Dublin. There were still many aristocratic Catholic families residing in the parish. So, Miss Clarke had a splendid field for her school, and no wonder that the number of pupils was beyond her expectations.

Miss Clarke and her companions did not confine themselves to teaching in the School but visited the poor and the sick and instructed them. Though they wore no distinctive dress, yet, in their plain attire, they were called the Nuns of North Anne Street. They had the approbation and support of many priests of the city. But, great was their happiness when Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, permitted them to have the Blessed Sacrament reserved in their private chapel when they had Holy Mass celebrated for the first time 6th August, the Feast of the Transfiguration.

It was Father Matthias Kelly, the uncle of Elizabeth Kelly, who was instrumental in securing the privilege of oratory.

The little band in North Anne Street had already had a taste of the blessing of community life and they were convinced that nothing less than the religious vocation was theirs. They longed to receive religious vows. Their Chaplain at this time was a priest of the Philadelphia diocese, then in Dublin to recover his health. Having recovered, he urged the band to accompany him to his diocese whither the stream of emigration was bringing a constant supply of Catholics. It was a momentous decision for the little band, and many of their clerical friends advised against such a hazardous undertaking into an unknown land, but they remembered the words of the Apostle: "Lord, behold we have left all things for Thee."

They were accompanied to Liverpool by some of their immediate relations who saw the last of the devoted pioneers, and as the ship left port, 18th July, 1933, the first of the great community of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Dubuque, Iowa, lost sight of the land that they were never again to see.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to remark that these four Dublin girls, from North Anne Street, became the pillars, and remained so to their death, of the great Order of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the United States of America.

I am happy that I have been able to gather these particulars of the beginnings of this remarkable Order of Mary and I am proud to say that the little Community was cradled at the doorstep of my parochial house and received its religious instructions in my church of St. Michan.



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—Giorgione

BY SISTER M. LEONARDA, C.S.J.

OUR frontispiece depicts the old, old story yet a story ever new, the arrival of the Shepherds at the birth of Christ in a stable in Bethlehem. Each soul in its own lights sees this scene as the consoling words of the Gospel are read yet it sometimes helps one weary and discouraged at the dreadful chaos in the world to-day, to view the scene as pictured by one of the great masters, who lived in an age of faith.

The birth of Christ unlike His death, is best expressed by a scene calm and unostentatious. This we have before us, for although painted in brilliant colour it is natural, quiet and fear and reverence are evidenced in the "Adoration of the Shepherds."

What could be more impressive than the unaffected attitude with which the two shepherds incline towards the Child, the one kneeling, hands clasped like those of His mother Mary and St. Joseph; the other preparing to kneel? Naturalism predominates, the symbolism of harmony and happiness.

The centre of interest is the Christ Child, naked lying on a cloth thrown over the ground. Arms outstretched to His Mother, supernatural light emanates from the Infant lighting up the faces of Mary and Joseph in loving adoration.

The artist Giorgione is interested in light, out door light. He brings out the gloom of the stable cave against the golden rays of the closing day. The main figures are silhouetted; the clear light colour of the draped figures delights the eye. St. Joseph's saffron toga juxtaposed against the black cave and his yellow tunic near Our Lady's blue robe make a perfect complement. The shepherds in relief approach softly, quietly reverently.

The scarlet tunic and blue coat of the standing shepherd contrasts with the restful green landscape; the kneeling shep-

herd less conspicuous in light dusty green and brown. His head, silhouetted against the rock, in an attitude of joyous humility he bends towards the Child.

In the picture there are two parts: The *adoration* of the figures holds the spectator at first but eventually his eye wanders to the beautiful landscape where the angel announces the tidings of joy to the shepherds as they tend their flock.

The Venetian landscape winds forward from the distant blue mountains up through two trees on either side until it stops in the middle foreground where a swift running brook of clear crystal water spouts from a rock. In the back ground the blue green river flows past a mill. The landscape is rich in details. Two figures stand in a recess in the lower part of the towered building. An angel hovers over the tree to the left as a supernatural note connecting the two divisions, the natural and the supernatural. In the distance lying on the grass are small figures, some walk along the river bank. Beyond a clump of trees is a light dusty road. Looking steadily at the picture one sees the accents of light on the mountains, and hill and buildings—a light which adds a supernal charm.

The heavenly host who sang the world startling news to the Shepherds, have disappeared. Only here and there appear a cherub head turned towards the Child and a full figure Angel peeping over high up in a tree. Only the star remains to guide their feet to the new born King. In the dimness of the cave the light reaches in to the patient animals—an ox and an ass.

Giorgione, the artist, died when he was 33. He painted few pictures and seldom signed them. Ruskin and Pater were his admirers for they found in Giorgione's rhythmic and lyric art, a new conception of Painting. Titian, his pupil of a few years, shows the master's influence in his pensive eyed portraits and in his poetic landscapes.

The picture is handled with great simplicity although linked with dignity and beauty; it is soft in colour, precise in line, sensitive and natural in charm.

It is devotional rather than historical. As a mystery the whole scene is lit by a radiance emanating from the Divine Infant. His Mother has no crown, not even the convential halo; her head dress is a plain white gauze veil yet in humble kneeling position she dominates the scene. An ethereal brilliance surrounds her. It is a symbol of that glory that is hers as the Mother of Son of God. But she is the Mother of Mankind too so she is our Mother. What confidence that gives.

At the crib, with Mother Mary as the Mater Pia, we join with her in prayer, to help us to respond to the angel's message of "glad tidings of great joy" and to show in our lives virtues of Mary's Son, the Babe of Bethlehem—love, mercy, justice and kindness.



JESUS AHATONHIA

By FATHER JEAN DE BREBEUF

'Twas in the moon of winter time when all the birds had fled
That mighty Gitchi Manitou sent angel choirs instead
Before their light the stars grew dim
And wandering hunters heard the hymn :

*"Jesus, your King is born
Jesus is born
In Excelsis Gloria."*

Within a lodge of broken bark the tender Babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin enwrapped His beauty 'round.
And as the hunter braves drew nigh,
The angel song rang loud and high :

The earliest moon of winter time is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on the helpless Infant there.
While Chiefs from far before Him knelt
With gifts of fox and beaver pelt.

O children of forest free, O sons of Manitou,
The Holy Child of earth and heav'n is born to-day for you,
Come kneel before the radiant Boy
Who brings you beauty, peace and joy.



PERFECT SERVICE

H. N. OXENHAM

Who kneel to Mary, kneel to Mary's Son,
And therefore to the Mother-Maid we cry
Because the Son is God: no rite profane,
No goddess-worshipping idolatry.
Is ours; to Him due honour we accord
Unlimited, unquestioning, entire,
The perfect service of obedient love;
To her such limited and mediate power
As may befit a creature glorified,
Brightest and purest of the white-robed band
Who stand for aye before the throne of God,
One who perchance may pour, and not in vain,
An intercession for the little flock
Purchased by Jesu's all redeeming blood.

SUNSET

Where day and night wed in the west, behold
That city sparkles 'mid a sea of gold,
Where no wind wafteth sails of any ships,
And no keel comes, nor any sea-bird dips!
Thus often we, with prescient eyes of faith,
Have golden glimpses past the bourne of death,
Where on the shore of Time's remotest sea
Sparkle the turrets of eternity.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Sweetest of All, thou mystic rose
That in the Church's garden grows,
Mary the Flower of Heaven, no blight
Ever rested on thy petals white,
Whiter than wind-swept winter snows
To thee we bring our joys, our woes,
Nearer to thee we would repose,
Resting within thy gracious sight,
Lying within thy hallowed light,
For thou art, as the sinner knows,
Sweetest of all.

D.B.



August fifteenth and August sixteenth in turn intensified and re-echoed the heavenly joy of Our Lady's feast by the celebration of two Diamond and one Golden Jubilee. On the fifteenth at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sister Milburge and Sister Sebastian, the Diamond Jubilarians had the pleasure of thanking Our Lord for sixty years in His service. High Mass, solemn Benediction, together with the congratulations of their Community, made it a perfect day.

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On the sixteenth at the Mother House Sr Paula was the centre of festal happiness. In Community work, all through the long years, everywhere, Sr. Paula's heart had gone out to those with whom she had been associated and this has been shown in the many activities of her artistic fingers but particularly when stationed with God's little ones at the Sacred Heart Orphanage. Always gracious and busy in all assigned to her by obedience, her whole souled generosity in the service of Christ makes her truly the wise virgin who keeps her lamp trimmed and full of oil. With her ever winning smile and witty word this "golden-young" Jubilarian tasted on her Jubilee Day that joy which only those who follow the Master can know.

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On August fifteenth Sister Mary Caroline and Sister M. Albertine celebrated the Silver Jubilee of their profession at St. Mary's Convent, Toronto, and St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg, respectively.

* * *

On August 15, Ceremonies of Religious Reception and Profession took place in the Convent Chapel.

That of Profession was held at an early hour. Reverend F. Sullivan, brother of one of the Sisters making Perpetual Vows, presided and said the Mass which followed.

At nine-thirty Right Reverend W. A. McCann, assisted by Reverend C. Mulvihill, officiated at the Reception of the nine young ladies. Relatives and friends filled the Chapel when the white-robed brides with their flower girls made their way to their places at the front. Reverend W. B. Kerr addressed the Congregation, choosing for his text: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; Be it done unto me according to Thy Word." Commencing with a reference to the Feast of the Assumption, he showed how Our Blessed Mother's words expressed what was in the heart of each of the young ladies seated before him,—then spoke of Vocation in general, as the fulfillment of God's Holy Will by the individual. The sacrifice involved in the ceremony so soon to be witnessed, was shown as something the world of today needs as almost never before. Words of congratulation were addressed to the young ladies and to their parents and the Reverend speaker concluded with a prayerful wish for the future of the new Religious. When the ritual of the Ceremony was completed, Father Kerr celebrated Holy Mass.

Members of the clergy present in the Sanctuary were, Right Reverend J. J. McGrand, Right Reverend M. W. Cullinane, Reverend R. P. Walsh, Reverend J. Coleman, Very Reverend N. C. Schrader, C.M., Reverend M. Shuba, Reverend W. P. Smith, Reverend J. Marvyn, Reverend E. J. Platt, Reverend S. P. Ciriello, Reverend E. J. Mahoney, Reverend E. T. Madigan.

Those who received the Holy Habit were: Sister M. Virginia (Miss Nancy Lemire, Toronto); Sister M. Cyrilla (Miss Elizabeth Budicky, Toronto); Sister M. Madelene (Miss Iris McDonald, Toronto); Sister M. Eileen (Miss Helen Bradley, Toronto); Sister Mary Alan (Miss Edith McDonald, Toronto); Sister M. Dorothy (Miss Margaret Neider, Regina, Sask.); Sister Joan Marie (Miss Edith McGowan, Montreal); Sister N. Jacinta (Miss Gisele Pepin, Toronto); Sister M. Brigid Anne (Miss Anne Payne, Merritton, Ont.).

The following Novices made First Vows: Sister M. Edna Kuntz, St. Catharines, Ontario; Sister M. Lucy Campbell, Toronto, Ontario; Sister M. Jeanne D'Arc Desjardins, Terrace, B.C.; Sister Carmel Marie Nelson, Toronto, Ontario.

Fifteen Sisters pronounced Final Vows: Sister M. Anselm O'Donnell, Toronto; Sister Mary Terrance Murphy, Kerrobert, Sask.; Sister M. Teresa MacDonald, Plato, Sask.; Sister M. Columba Matheson, Sudbury; Sister Jeanne Marie De Luca, Toronto; Sister Mary Jane Trimble, Toronto; Sister M. Dymrna

Conway, Toronto; Sister Mary Michael Codarini, Toronto; Sister Paul Marie KiRoran, Sudbury; Sister M. St. Francis Hayes, Toronto; Sister Mary David Stubbs, Toronto; Sister Maria Consolata Sullivan, Toronto; Sister M. Margaret Rose Chapin, Toronto; Sister M. Hyacinth Chapin, Toronto; Sister M. Donalda Kenny, Morell, P.E.I.

* * *

Congratulations to the Rt. Rev. J. F. Ingoldsby, D.P., President of St. Augustine's Seminary, as he completes the first quarter century in the priesthood.

* * *

Returning from the Commonwealth Relations Conference held in Bigwin Inn, Muskoka, several delegates visited at St. Joseph's. Among them was Senator Hayes of Dublin, Ireland, Mr. Alfred Byrnes, T.D. and former Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mr. Harold Douglas of Trinity College, Dublin.

* * *

Another distinguished visitor was Reverend E. D. O'Brien of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, a zealous missionary and a distinguished Shakesperian scholar.

ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL

Among our seventy new probationers are former St. Joseph's College School Students; Lenore Baker, Ethel Carrie, Rosemary Ellard, Christine Heenan, Bernadette Kelly, Lenore Kennedy, Joan Marie Koster, Yvonne Mohan, Judy Mosteller, Mary Eleanor Murray, Catherine McGonigle, Margaret Noble, Rita O'Grady, Rita Regan, Patricia Ryan, Sheila Walsh.

Our best wishes to Helen Bradley, '41, who received the Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, on August 15th, now known as Sister M. Eileen, to Anita Buckley, '49, and Teresa Mrrissey, '48, who entered the Grey Sisters in Pembroke, and to Josephine Lomresti, '47, who entered in Maryknoll.

Sister Superior attended the Convention of the American Hospital Association in Cleveland.

Monsignor J. E. Ronan has kindly consented to direct the Students' Glee Club.

The student nurses, recently visited Mercy Hospital, Canadian Bank of Commerce Tour, Silverwood's Dairy and Donalda Farms and the Filtration Plant.

In October, the preliminary students' picnic was held at the House of Providence Farm.

At the Sodality meeting in October the following officers were elected: President—Lillian Wohler '50, Vice-President—Theresa Corrigan '51, Secretary—Margaret Hughes '51, and Treasurer—Theresa Arbour '52. After a short address by Father Wigglesworth, Miss Betty Gillis, '45, spoke on Newman Club.

Mary O'Brien of the staff of New Toronto Collegiate is director of the physical training and sport activities of the student nurses at St. Joseph College School.

OBITUARIES

Sister M. Magdalen

On July 19, Sister M. Magdalen died at St. Michael's Hospital.

The deceased Sister, formerly Florence Bridge, was born in Toronto. On March 19, 1883, at the age of 20, she entered and for 60 years had been a devoted member of the Order. Her life-story could be summed up in that word, "devoted"; she loved her Community, and while ever loyal to its interests kept before her the goal of personal holiness.

Sister Magdalen taught in Merriton for many years, was superior of St. Joseph's Convent in Barrie and later was Mistress of Boarders at St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto. Threatened with the loss of sight, she was forced to lay aside some of her duties, but for a long period supervised the study in the College School, meanwhile cheerfully bearing her cross. Her spirit of prayer increased and the last years spent in almost complete "darkness" at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, were a preparation for the "Home" where vision would be returned a hundred-fold.

* * *

Sister M. Theophila

On August 11, God called to Himself Sister M. Theophila.

The deceased, formerly Bridget Ellen Boyle, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Boyle, was born in Grey County, not far from Owen Sound. While quite young she entered St. Joseph's Novitiate, and commenced her Religious life sixty-two years ago. It was her happy privilege to labour for the

poor, the aged and the orphans at the House of Providence, at the Sacred Heart Orphanage, and again at the House of Providence until a heart condition obliged her to retire to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. Sister Theophila will long be remembered for her kindness and tactful charity, to know that anyone needed help meant for her the obligation of trying to give it at any cost to self. During the last years of illness and suffering, God seemed, as is His way, to make return for her generosity by permitting others to foresee and supply her every least need,

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Sister Mary of Lourdes

At St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Sept. 18, God called to Himself Sister Mary of Lourdes.

Formerly Anna Donley, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Donley, the deceased Sister was raised in St. Patrick's Parish, Toronto. In her early twenties she entered and the greater part of her 34 years in Community were given to the study and teaching of music, being stationed in Prince Rupert, B.C., Toronto, Orillia, Oshawa, and in St. Catharines. Sister Mary of Lourdes will be remembered for her sincerity and straightforwardness, while her unselfishness, patience and kindness, ever an inspiration to her pupils, made those about her realize that routine and monotony were not robbing her work of its value for eternity.

Although in failing health for the past two years, she continued teaching until June. After two months of complete rest in hospital she went to St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake. Her Communion on the Sunday morning of her death proved to be her Viaticum, for a few hours later she suffered another heart attack and died while the Chaplain was anointing her.

* * *

Sister M. Waltrude

Sister M. Waltrude died October 4, at St. Joseph's on the Lake. Formerly Jane Williams, a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams, the deceased was born in Perth, Ontario. After graduating from the Collegiate Institute she attended Normal School. Success marked her efforts and after a few years' experience her chosen profession promised an outstanding career for a clever young aspirant, endowed with courage, energy and initiative such as she possessed. However,

God called her to consecrate her talents to His service. In 1891, she was accepted in the Novitiate of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The greater part of her life of fifty-eight years was spent in the classroom. As a teacher she was always keenly interested in ways and means of advancing the progress of Catholic education. She taught in Toronto, St. Catharines, Thorold, Lafontaine and Orillia. Her pupils never failed to obtain scholarship, while at the same time, imbibing her own solid principles of honour and integrity, they gained in strength of character, and came to know the joy of accomplishment through their own honest efforts.

As Mistress of Schools, she gave the younger teachers the benefit of her experience and proved herself not only capable in organization but also helpful in daily problems which face all educators. On the Silver Jubilee of the King in 1935, Sister Waltrude received honours. An official letter from Buckingham Palace, commending her for distinctive work in the teaching profession, and Silver Jubilee Medal was forwarded to her by the Lieutenant Governor.

* * *

MIDNIGHT MASS

Over the cup of ruby wine,
Over a host of white,
Another Christ now breathes the words
Of consecrated rite;
And He who lay on Mary's breast
That wondrous Christmas night,
At call of His anointed one
Comes down from Heaven's height.

A.O'C.



A decorative horizontal border featuring stylized floral and scrollwork designs on either side of the central text.

Alumnae

A guest at the Annual luncheon last June was Lynette Roddy (Mrs. Sutherland) from the Peninsula country. Lynette came with her sister, Rachael (Macdonald) who was one of the special reunioners; and to the other members of Rachael's class Lynette was a welcome addition—and a most natural thing it was to have "Rachael's little sister" with us. Lynette hardly fits the "little sister" role, however, now, considering that five little Sutherlands call her "Mother."

* * *

If love laughs at locksmiths, desire laughs at distance, too. Joan Thompson (Mrs. Harold Ball) of Oliver, B.C., says it's simple. You put your two year old Rosemary in charge of your five year old Marian and gather up your wee Peter and a suit case and get on the train headed for Toronto where your mother lives. Joan's visit this summer was the occasion of several school-fellow get-togethers. Judy Pelletier (Luckett) and Monica Walker (Dodd) and Josephine Shanahan (Mulligan) and Grace Plunkett (O'Gorman) Joan and Pat Starr, Loretto Sheahan, Mary Golden and Helen McGivney (Riffle) met many times during the summer to remember old good times and create matter for new memories. Often their chats took place at St. Joseph's so that they could include Sister Mary Rose who had been a part of that clan!

* * *

Congratulations to Mrs. Bert Luckett (Judy Kay Pelletier) on the birth of a little girl, Lillian (Lee for short); and to Mrs. Grimley (Anne Golden) of Chalk River, who also has a little girl, Eileen; and to Monica Walker Dodd on the birth of a son.

* * *

Congratulations to Marie Balagno-Lundquist on achieving fame International as a pianist and joining the ranks of contemporary great as an artist of the keyboard. Mrs. Lundquist has also been chosen as a competitor representing the United States in the Chopin International Competition to be held this fall.

Mrs. Lundquist received her early education and musical training at St. Joseph's Academy, Prince Rupert, B.C.

After a recent audition before Arthur Rubenstein, the noted pianist described Mrs. Lundquist as having played *Chopin* "not like one man but like two men."

Heard In Passing

* * *

Theresa McDonagh sailed on the "Ile de France" to attend the Sorbonne.

Josephine Conlin is taking a post graduate course at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Clarine (Hughes) Speno of Ithaca, N.Y. with her four children spent July and August with her parents, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hughes at their summer home.

The Reuben sisters, Muriel and Lucy, are planning a concert in Victoria Hall, Montreal, in December. They played at Eaton Auditorium in June, and may give a concert at Massey Hall in February. Lucille is the mother of two boys, Charles and Jesome, and Muriel has one son, Desmond.

Mrs. George Wisby is in England with her husband. When last we heard she was in London and busy "seeing the sights and going places". Her husband and herself will spend some time in Europe before returning to Montreal.

Catherine Flahiff and Mary Murray share a cosy apartment in New York. Both hold positions in the same firm.

Our Sympathy to:

* * *

The Donley Family on the death of Sister Mary of Lourdes (Donley).

To the Rochereau de la Sabliere family on the death of their mother, Mme Charles Rochereau de la Sabliere.

* * *

Our Congratulations to:

Judy Egsgard who married Jack Flynn in Holy Family Church.

Anne Stephens who was married to Arthur Donovan in St. John's.

Audrie Hardie whose marriage to Paul Heydon took place in Holy Rosary Church.

Rita O'Leary who married John Brehl in Holy Name Church.

Norma Taylor who married Patrick O'Brien in Our Lady of Mercy, Sarnia, Ontario.

Anita MacMillan whose marriage to Bert Lauzon took place in Penetang on Thanksgiving day.

Margaret Doyle who married Edward Icher in St. Francis' Church on October 8.

Hilda Sullivan married in Peterborough, Oct. 3, to Charles Egerer of Oshawa whose honeymoon was spent in Ste. Agathe.

Helen Cozens married to Roy Austin who spent their honeymoon in Quebec and who will live in Toronto.

And to

Barbara (Walsh) Howson on the birth of a son, Elaine (Murphy) on the arrival of a son, Joan (Quigley) Lobley, a son, Judy (Pelletier) Lukett, a son, Clarine (Hughes) Speno, a daughter, Constance (Herbert) Weber, a daughter, Patricia (Downey) Nadeau a daughter, Mary (Gilmore) McNeice, a daughter, Beatrice (Caden) Bollinger, a daughter.

* * *

Mary Callaghan

Dear Sister Leonarda:

I believe the last time I had to write a composition for you it was to be an account of Father McBrady's lecture, at which function, you asserted, Margaret Kelly and I had disgraced ourselves and our class by snickering over some private joke. Margaret and I had to admit we knew very little about the conference, and Margaret suggested that, the facts being so scanty, we pad them with some homemade piety, in the hope that you might think you'd missed that part. But I'm really not in such a bad fix now, for I **can** remember the facts of our Class Reunion, and I really could pad, if I had to, with impressions and memories.

You don't mind if I write the composition in the form of a letter to you? I did think of making it an open letter to William Shakespeare, contesting his declaration (through Ulysses' lips, I think) that "Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all to envious and calumniating time." Sister Audrey and I can testify that much love, friendship and charity did survive the passage of time—the years between when our class disbanded and that day last June when we gathered at St. Joseph's for a reunion.

You asked me when we had begun to plan, and I'm thinking it must have been over a year ago that I began to have nebulous schemes. I used to see Marjorie Gearin passing by my window on her way to and from the Whitney Building where she has a position in the lab; and sometimes I'd see Veronica Frank going in and out of there too; and Bernice

Miller came in one September day to register her young Sonya in First Form; and Helen De Rocher's Joan was already in First Form; and when I got an aching longing for the "dear old days" and began to compute how "dear and old" they were I was amazed, and decided it was high time we got together. I started last April writing to the ten or fifteen whose married names and addresses I knew. By June I had heard from fifty-two, and thirty-one were at the luncheon—that's counting Sister Audrey and me.

It really was easy, with everyone so helpful. You'll remember that Alice Hayes and Helen Monkhouse and Sister Audrey were always your prize artists. They helped make place cards (not pretty ones, but anecdotal and reminiscent). Alice is Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament of the Precious Blood Sisters in Edmonton, but she wrote right away that her Superior had assured her she could take time out for painting cards for the party, and Allie also wrote a letter to her class, which we read aloud out in the grounds. Mary Fitzgerald is also a Precious Blood Sister in Hamilton, and she also wrote to her one-time class mates. Mary wanted me to be sure to remember Anita de Montriehard, but, except that she was married and living in Trinidad she knew no more! If anyone knows the whereabouts of Anita would they please let us know; we'd write and tell her about what Imelda Halligan calls the "big Do"; furthermore, if anyone knows where Monica Dwan lives, would she please tell us.

I'll return later to the people who couldn't come, but I'd better first mention the ones who did. Marion Battle is the first name I have on my almost-alphabetical list. She had hardly changed at all; indeed, when I saw Marion on the street car one day with her oldest daughter, I thought they looked more like sisters than like mother and daughter. Ruther Ridley (Vickers) who came with Marion was a treat for sore eyes too. And two other people who looked far to "young and gay" to be at our table were Frances Ross (Mrs. Rawley) and Grace Maguire (Mrs. Lapp). Frances' big boys and Grace's little girls seem to have kept them young. But really, everybody looked too good to be true.

Sister Imelda, Lord have mercy on her, would have been wreathed in smiles if she'd been there. I'll warrant she kept all her section of heaven in a commotion—one of those well known pre-concert commotions. She'd be flying around over all her "pets": Peg Calvert (McRae) and Veronica Frank and Marjorie Gearin and Kay Hammall and Margaret Keenan

(McGahan) and Margaret Kelly (Bloye) and Margaret McAuliffe (Woodland) and Grace Maguire and Bernice Miller (Phenner) and Edith Northgrave (Heenan) and Eleanor Warde and Lillian Way (Hall) and Rachel Kelly (McDonald) and myself. I wish she had been able to waft her namesake down from her home in Caledonia. In the old days she would simply have said "But me no 'but's', Imelda Halligan; you'll come to school, and you'll come on time, what's more," and that would have been that. But Imelda did intend to come, and so did Ruth Totten and Agnes Bolger, but were prevented at the last minute. May Orr was another of Sister Imelda's class; we couldn't locate her.

Carrie McCabe too intended to come, but a stronger, dearer invitation stood ahead of ours. Even the week before she died she was thinking of the reunion and hoping she would be well enough to come. She died on the third of June. May she rest in peace.

I haven't mentioned yet the ones who came from a long way off: Evelyn Krausman (Wisby) who came from Montreal—and in the midst of preparing to go with "Wis" to England the next week; and Denise Phelan (Coulson) from Ottawa; Denise promised to send me pictures of her six young Coulsons, but as I promised to send her a list of all the girls' names and addresses, and have neglected to do so, I can't throw stones. Margaret Keenan came from Buffalo; Margaret was the first to answer my first letter; and her letter was so jolly it urged me to more energetic efforts. Gerry Cale (Carson) came from Peterborough, and Helen Cronin (Hallinan) from Detroit (a month late for the party, but sickness prevented her at the time; we had a good old visit in the late Summer, Helen and her husband and her two fair haired little boys.)

Helen English left her five children in Stayner to come and win our door prize, but the other two Helens (De Rocher and Farrell) couldn't get here; Carmel LaForest (Harper) came from Mount Dennis—I hadn't seen Carmel since the days of the long braids and the piano recitals, and Mabel Rowe (Kennedy) came from Point Claire, Quebec. Mabel has four sons!

Sister Hildegarde used to say you could always count on Mary Fitzgerald and Florence Hayes, and I surely counted on Flo. She came a couple of nights and straightened out my unsystematic self and addressed letters and sorted names and assured me that everything **would** go smoothly—that **she**

knew it would, and Mary (Hayes Staines) knew it would, and Marg Wright knew it would, and Evalena Quinlan (Charbonneau) knew it would, so why was I worrying? And if I write to Monsignor McQuillan, he'd probably help us get in touch with Rose quickly. Thank you ever so much, Florence; you'd put new enthusiasm in a mummy! But, Sister dear, do you know what kept Rose from coming? Her daughter—her daughter, mind you, was getting married! But then Kathleen Shipman's daughter is a nun, I keep reminding myself; and people enter and get married awfully young nowadays. Catherine Hammill will be with us next meeting.

Did I mention that Madeline Heary was there? She's Mrs. Fergusson. Those extra inches that Sister Hildergarde used to envy make her look very *distinguée*; it was grand to see her after all these years. Muriel Groh (Underdown) was another, tall lady. She has two tall sons too. Helen Hetherman would have been another, but at the last minute couldn't come; her reason concerned a five-year-old red headed son, but I can't remember the details.

Pauline McDonagh would have been perfect—pouring tea out in the grounds (where we migrated after the luncheon proper was over), wouldn't she? I had the nicest letter from her the other day. But Norway is a little too far to come even for a *super de luxe* Reunion luncheon.

Sister dear, before I close, I want to thank you for staying and chatting so long with us. We loved having you. And Sister Agnes and Dominica—wasn't it generous of them to come when they were leaving the next day for England. And a thank-you, too, to Mother Alphonsus and Sister Immaculata. We were sorry Sister Mary Martha couldn't be with us; I relayed to her everybody's regrets. Sister Angeline (Rita Coyne) was another who wanted to be with us, but sister nurses can't very easily get away.

I've already said that Sister Imelda must have been beaming down on us from above; but with her there would have been others too: Sister Hildergarde, Sister Xaviera and Sister Loretto; and—yes, I think Sister Mary would have been interested; and of course our own three, Audrey Dill and Anna O'Leary and heaven's new guest, Carrie.

Did I begin this with a reference to Shakespeare and time? I've taken too much of yours now. But it was much easier than the McBrady lecture composition!

Affectionately in J. M. J.,

S. M. G.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

. . . . The Heard Museum has a collection of Indian baskets, pottery, weaving arrow beads, darts, bead work, and masks from ceremonials and festivals. Built by the late Mr. Heard, it is a two story Spanish building with a central patio. The rooms are well designed and the collections are exhibited to advantage. No sore feet, broken backs or strained necks from looking at this collection! There is no charge.

In the Arizona Museum are articles used by the early settlers but they are not marked or marked indistinctly. However, there are local exhibitions given to the Museum by members of original families. A Franciscan, Fray Marcus de Niza, discovered Arizona in 1539, but he worked with the Indians around Tuscon. Phoenix, first an Indian Community, was destroyed. Later in 1869, white men came into Salt River Valley and settled near the ruins of the Indian Settlement. One of these settlers, Lord Duppa (named owing to his accent and aristocratic manners, suggested the name Phoenix), came with a party headed by Jack and Trinidad Swilling, who built the first house in 1868. Duppa built a two room dwelling in 1870 which still stands restored.

Tuscon, a winter resort 125 miles south, was once a walled city. The University of Arizona is located here. East is the Indian Mission of San Xavier del "Bac" (meaning where the water oozes from the sands). In 1539, Fray Marcus de Niza discovered Arzou and visited the Indians. In 1692, Padre Eusebio Kino, S.J., first visited the village Bac, and in 1700 he laid the foundation of the first church a mile north of the present site of San Xavier Mission. In 1724, a Jesuit Father made this Mission his permanent residence, but in 1767 the Jesuit Fathers were driven from all Spanish possessions, and in 1768 the Franciscans entered Arizona a second time and Fray Francisco Garces was appointed to San Xavier. In 1781 he was martyred by the Yuma Indians. Friars Narciseo and Baltasar built the San Xavier Mission of to-day. For thirteen years they worked with the Indians at this undertaking under the direction of the Gaona Brothers, architects. With crude implements the Indians built of kiln-baked clay brick covered with white lime plaster. This is the best preserved and the only one of the old Spanish missions still in use by the Indians. The Franciscans were forced to leave in 1822. The original Indians Subaipari, were replaced by the Desert Papagos; their kinsfolk remain to-day. The Franciscans re-

turned in 1911 and have built Mission churches in many Indian villages and conduct several day schools.

The statues in the church are those carved originally from adobe mud, (sand and held together with straw), by the Indians. The altars are also adobe and were covered with designs dyed from juices of desert plantis. The church is a combination of Spanish and Mexican architecture. Two annual festas are held, one the eve of October fourth in honour of San Francisco, the other December third in honour of San Xavier.

There are pews in the church now but formerly there were none. The floor is the original wood floor and the doors are also wooden, worn and weather beaten.

The road to Tuscon is through desert and winds around the mountains with Indian villages along the way. Cotton fields are common and few cattle ranches and truck farms are seen.

The narrow road is paved but fairly smooth and runs parallel to the Pacific Railway. On the way you pass long distance freight trucks going to California or Mexico. There are many trailer camps and motor hotels (motels) at Tuscon where you can park your trailer for as low as \$10.50 per month. This includes water and electricity. Some of the trailers are as roomy as the new bungalows now being built and about the same price range.

Every time we go out we learn much. This is indeed a poor and rambling description of a wonderful area.

LUCIA BAUER.

* * *

Those who have not yet read the booklet entitled "The Sacred Heart and Saint Margaret Mary" should do so without delay; for, it gives to the world in simple and beautiful language, the life-story of an obscure French maiden known as Margaret Mary Alacoque, who by her humility and grace spread the glory of God through the reign of the Sacred Heart of His divine Son. It is published by the Radio Replies Press, Saint Paul, Minn.

Mary Agnes Haffa 5T1



GRADUATION:—On the 9th and 10th of June the Pass Course and Honour Course students respectively received their Baccalaureate Degree in Convocation Hall. The ceremonies were witnessed by the families and friends of the graduates and by representatives of the various Colleges.

As a fitting prelude of their scholastic success, the St. Michael's students attended the Mass for the graduates, in St. Basil's Church. After Convocation a tea was served by the Sisters of the College.

Three graduates are now doing graduate work in Paris, Nancy McCormick, Milwaukee, Wis., and Mary Nowak, Kitchener, Ont., (scholarships from the French Government), and Theresa McDonough, whose studies are to be decided on arrival.

Eleanor Sherlock, 5T0.

WE WELCOME REV. FATHER FAUGHT: Our new chaplain, who has begun his series of Sunday sermons. In his first talk Father pointed out our privileges and the duties. To be a leader for Christ one must be holy and the source of our personal holiness is daily Mass and Holy Communion, and a never-ending effort to be one with Christ in our thoughts, our judgments, our work, our play and our prayers.

THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL:—On September 29, the students and staff of St. Michael's College assembled in St. Basil's to mark the opening of the year. Solemn High Mass was offered for the students and staff while Reverend Father Bondy, Superior of the College, delivered the sermon.

Father Bondy dealt primarily with the purpose of a university education, that is, the spiritual development of the student, over and above the intellectual development. In the student's search for truth, he is confronted with the ultimate

Truth as it is found in the science which Father Bondy places at the head of all subjects, namely, Theology. He stressed how important it is that each student include theology in his studies, for it alone can unify the knowledge he acquires in other fields. Unity should be present, for truth is absolute, not different for each man. In the universities of the Middle Ages, where theology was Queen of the Sciences, there was unity, but when theology was excluded, unity departed. Now we have subjects which exclude God completely. The ideal unity has disappeared.

Speaking of the student's religious life, Father Bondy pointed out that in St. Michael's, St. Joseph's and Loretto, the chapel is the centre of the house. He urged the students to assist at daily Mass and to receive Holy Communion daily.

The sermon ended with a few words about extracurricular activities in the student's life. Here the student must use discretion, keeping in mind always the ultimate end of his university education.

Clara Campagnola, 5T1.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE FRESHMEN

The atmosphere of St. Joseph's, and of the campus impressed me. The spirit is one of friendliness, sincerity and kindness on the part of all. It can be attributed directly, I think, to the foundation of the house, that is to say, the chapel. The atmosphere of the University is impressive, but we have not yet been able to classify the intangible feelings which will doubtlessly become very evident as the year progresses.

The numerous large buildings of the University are impressive; this University is a city within a city.

* * *

To one who has always attended non-denominational schools, the manner in which the spiritual life is kept connected with college life is inspiring. It is a joy to have the chapel so easily accessible, so that one can begin and end one's day in close communion with the Lord.

* * *

One of my first impressions is the attitude of superiors towards us. We feel more independent and mature; we are "on our own." Attendance at University will not only enable us to further our knowledge in English, French, and other

subjects, but in life itself, so after graduation we shall enter into the world with complete confidence in our abilities.

* * *

The wide variety of activities impressed me. Regardless of interest, literary, musical or athletic, there are clubs along these lines for the student's use. These clubs furnish the student with experience and knowledge.

* * *

The good spirit among the girls at St. Joseph's—their readiness to help us meet everyone and become acquainted—struck me very forcibly.

Some Freshmen of '49.

Best wishes to Helen Harber, 4T8, who has entered the novitiate of the Sisters of the Cenacle, Long Island, and to Leila Greco, one of last year's Sophomores, who has begun her novitiate in North Bay with the Sisters of St. Joseph.

MEDITATION

Dear little one
Such shining eyes
 Reflect the lantern's limpid glow;
Such silky curls
And dimpled cheeks
 Are softly touched by flakes of snow.

Such chubby hands
And little feet
 So tiny yet, to feel the pain;
So short the years
So sharp the nails
 So near the blows, the shouts profane.

Dear Infant head
Recline in peace
 The angels chant with greatest joy;
What fiendish heart
Or rabid mob
 Would crucify a baby boy?

Anne McGinn, 5T0.



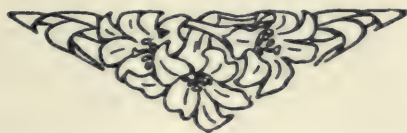
Welcome! The students of St. Joseph's College School
our new First-Formers. "You'll love it here,"
we all say.

Congratulations to Elizabeth Tucker and Patsy Baird who
received second form scholarships.

Conferences are given this year by Rev. Father Prenovost,
C.S.P., Father is not new to us, for he lectured
to us last year too. Welcome back, Father.

Rosary Sunday was held as usual, with our five hundred
girls taking part. We watched with re-
newed interest all the bands, Scouts, Brownies, and school
children. We were proudest of all of our new St. Joseph's
High School girls, who marched in uniform—tan blouses and
dark brown tunics. We were as proud as they were!

And speaking of the new High School,—we miss all our
friends who are now attending it. Perhaps they miss us too!



A BRIGHT FIRE

One cold December night my family were all sitting around the fireplace. The radio was turned on and some band-music was playing.

The bright fire crackled and sparkled, rose and fell, as though it joined the music, in right good fellowship. Sometimes it flashed and beamed like the eye of the old room. It winked too, sometimes as a knowing Patriarch, at the youthful laughter. It sported with the holly boughs and shone on the leaves with fits and starts, making them look as though they were again out in the cold world, fluttering in the whistling wind. The fire's genial humour grew greater and passed all bounds; and then it cast into the room, among us, a shower of harmless little sparks.

The fire had now begun to get low, and in its exultation, leaped and bounded like a mad thing, up the broad old chimney.

Olga Boorman, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

A SNOB

Before we moved to Canada, we lived in a four hundred year old, thatched cottage in the village of Glinton. Next door lived a lady of about sixty. Every afternoon she took her "dear" dog out for a trot. The dog was exactly like a sausage, and the lead was nine times its length. To look at the lady's hold on the lead, you would think the dog was poison. She took small quick steps, clamping a stick on the ground. Her glasses were so balanced on the tip of her nose that if she lowered her head, they would have fallen off. She would only say "Good morning, Child" when I met her in my school uniform, and was not on speaking terms when I was talking to the girls who received only a village-school education.

Therese Johnson, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

THE STREET MUSICIAN

In large cities, above the roar of traffic, may be heard the faint sound of a violin or cornet. This music is played by one who hopes that someone will enjoy his music; that someone will reward him with a coin. By this means, he earns his living.

One can sense the sadness in his music, for his songs are slow, and his expression blank. People hurry past him and few ever stop to appreciate his

dream. A dream it is, a dream all his own, a dream which is beyond reality, in our eyes, but in his it has a fervent hope. His hope is to play before an appreciating audience, an audience that will understand the beauty of his music, and realize the beauty of his innermost soul.

R. Deschenes, IV-A, S.J.C.S.

THE DANCE OF THE BALLET STAR

She is poised, ready to begin. The soft lights introduce our leading lady as a graceful and dainty ballet star. Her sharp features portray the seriousness of her thought. The music begins, her slender form glides, swirls, leaps, interpreting the beautiful strains. The audience is entranced as they watch the lovely pattern of a group of dancers following their graceful leader. At the finish, our ballerina bows graciously, as poised as she was at the beginning.

Lynette Taylor, IV-C, S.J.C.S.

MISCHIEF

She was mischievous, just plain mischievous—and it showed. Her cheeks were round and rosy and hinted of cherubs, while her eyes were laughing and gay. They made one think of the lithest pixies. She was as bold as the billows that beat, and as wild as the breezes that blow. A puppy forever carrying on war with a slipper, is like that friend of mine.

Lucille LaRush, XI-B, S.J.C.S.

THE CAPITOL

In the heart of Washington, stands the Capitol.

Its spacious grounds cover the area of twelve city blocks. The grass, like a carpet of green velvet, is threaded with silver walks. There are not more than five trees of a kind, and of specie there are dozens.

The front entrance is stern and commanding, while the back which strangely faces the heart of the city, has the beauty and grace of a southern estate.

Inside, each doorway and portal carries the beautifully-carved head of a president; all alike, yet so different. The Senate Room is in red, with oaken desks and a luxurious carpet which feels to be at least one inch thick. As we ramble on through a large round

room, with two doors opposite each other and a third breaking the wall between them, the guide tells us that this Statuary Hall, was once the People's Senate. As he stands on a metal disc in the floor he explains that here stood the desk of John Quincy Adams. Then he goes to the other side of the room and the closer I got to the other disc, the better I heard his words. Coming back he tells that President Adams for seven months heard his opponents' plans before being discovered, and that architects have never been able to explain this phenomenal echo which comes from the ceiling.

On and on we wandered in a seeming circle yet never retracing our steps. Up a marble staircase, down a stone one, through a courtyard to a long broad flight of steps which we descend. At their foot we turn around for one last look at America's Capital.

Ewa Jarmicka, IX-B,

EVEN HE COULD MAKE A MISTAKE

Who is he? He is a small, orange kitten, with large blue, questioning eyes, and a silky 'fur'. His small, wise face carries a coy expression. Yes, a kitten that can do tricks. He thought himself perfect and carried himself with an air of importance.

But something happened. How? No one knows—but, it did! He made a mistake—a dreadful mistake!

It was at my sister's birthday party. "Tricky", the kitten, was going to turn a somersault. All eyes were on him as he stood on the table getting ready to jump. Suddenly "Tricky's" eyes caught sight of a small toy mouse lying near the cake. He sprang forward and pounced right into the centre of the cake. Everybody stared, horrified, at the kitten as his little face poked out, all smeared with icing—his mouse in his teeth.

Tricky has now no further interest in nice, toy mice!

Marlene Bernard, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

"NIFTY"

My friend has been given a toy terrier. He was the smallest and cutest dog I had ever seen. Standing only four inches from the ground, he could fit snugly into a tea-pot. A small mischievous face looked at me with eyes

like bright stars. He stared from between little pink ears and down a tiny black nose. Even when his collar was shortened, it would still slip off his neck. His tail was unusually long. Because he was always on the go, I wondered how his legs held out.

Sometimes I envied him because he could fit into so many places. He was called "Nifty", but I think "Tiny" would have been more appropriate.

Frances McConnachie, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A lonely sentinel, it stands upon the hill, braving the wind and the rain. Who knows but that it might have heard childish laughter, or have looked down on stately dances. Because of some tale, it was now deserted and termed "haunted house".

Its walls were sagging, and crumbling away, and the paint was turning gray and peeling off. Many of the shingles had fallen or were blown off. The glass in the windows was shattered by street urchins, or by the wind. Now and then a loosened shutter banged, making a dull, hollow sound. At the end of the shed, rusty tools could be seen, when the door blew aside. One old elm tree still stood beside it, with only a few branches left, which cast a grotesque shadow against the grounds. By the light of the dying sun, the bushes seemed like long hands groping to grasp anything in their reach. The wind, whistling through the long grass made a strange moaning sound. Flashes of lightning which heralded the approach of a storm, lighted up the house every few seconds.

This old house will long be remembered, by anyone who has seen it in its most eyrie moments.

Sue Murray, Grade IX-C, S.J.C.S.

SALUTE TO CANADA

This summer, my family and I took a trip to Midland to see Father Lord's pageant "Salute to Canada". We arrived in time to see the players taking their places on the dark outdoor stage.

Just as we took our seats, Father Lord appeared and announced his play. Soft music was heard, and the play began. Princess Huronia told of the terrible wars between the Iroquois

and the Hurons, and of the hardships and sufferings of her tribe. Many times the Iroquois were depicted as murderous warriors who came shouting down the hills, killing whom they could.

Soldiers came from across the ocean to help the poor Hurons. They also brought firearms and whiskey. Thus the Indians began to hate the white-men. Finally when the priests came, they found it difficult to convince the one-time peace-loving Indians that they had come to help them. Success was almost in store for them, when again from the hills came the fierce war-cry of the Iroquois. In this terrible battle, the missionaries who had so far survived the cruel onslaughts of former raids, were martyred. Huronia was not completely destroyed, for from its ashes and ruins, arose our Canada—strong and broad.

This was surely a glorious "Salute to Canada".

Lenore Flood, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

THE LIBRARY

I like to visit the Library, with its shelves and shelves of books, and its long tables and comfortable chairs.

The Library which I belong to has a very large capacity. There are many windows on all sides. The walls are cream-coloured, with interesting pictures on them. The shelves are marked "Science", "History", "Biography", "Literature", "Fiction", and "Reference". In one corner is a large green filing cabinet containing cards with the titles of the books. As one enters the library, there is a large and spacious desk where the librarian marks the card as the books are taken out.

The grounds around the library are grassy and bordered with flowers. It is quiet around the library.

I think this library is one of the best in the city.

Mary Devine, IX-B, S.J.C.S.

TORONTO'S ATTRACTIONS

Toronto is not only the Capital of Ontario, but also the most attractive city. It has many places of interest, which attract thousands of tourists each year. In this city one finds the Parliament Buildings which are beautiful and picturesque. There are

numerous department stores, surrounding a tall City Hall—all of which lure the sight-seer, and the shopper. One also finds beautiful parks and picnic grounds. Casa Loma, the Museum and the Art Galleries are also centres of attraction. The University Buildings are, in my estimation, the most beautiful of all Toronto's attractions.

These are only a few of the reasons why Toronto is the "Tourist Delight of Ontario".

Teresa McAleer, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

IF I WERE YOU

Dedicated to my Teddy Bear

If I were you and had no need
Of education, and no seed

Of knowledge in my sawdust head;
If I could live as you do, Ted,
O, that would heaven be, indeed!

I'd live my life completely freed
Of obligation to succeed;

Of work I'd do no smallest shred,

If I were you!

No homework dull, no books to read;
On milk and honey would I feed,

And go to school? Oh no; instead
I think I'd spend my days in bed!

O, what an easy life I'd lead,
If I were you!

Mary Cranston, Grade XIII-A,
S.J.C.S.

WHEN NANCY WRITES

When Nancy writes, the words don't
rhyme,

The rhythm doesn't keep in time,
The theme is bad, the rhyme-
scheme worse,
To have to read it is a curse;
I pity readers all the time!

From poets flow out words divine,
But my outflow is not so fine;
No wonder readers feel averse,
When Nancy writes!

It is the poet's gift to rhyme
And force the metre into line.
By poet's license, oft perverse,
The poem is saved from being
worse

I hope my license comes in time,
When Nancy writes!

Mary Clarkson, Grade XIII-A,
S.J.C.S.

I'VE TRIED SO HARD

I've tried so hard with banter gay
To make him act a different way,
But there he sits in that same place
With such bad humour on his face
So sullen, sour, every day.

He does not work, or even play.
Just sits and stares and stares away,
Although to teach him better grace,
I've tried so hard.

And if you ask, he'll not say nay,
If you attack, he will not bay.
Challenge him! He'll not give place—
That bull-dog by the fire-place!—
To lead, to push, to scare away
I've tried so hard!

Lorraine Fecteau, Grade XIII-A.
S.J.C.S.

BEE TO BEE

"My Lady Queen", said Bumble Bee,
"Why are you humming joyously?
Your bees have left the hive to-day,
And many wandered far astray,
Who in your care ought still to be".

"O silly, foolish little Bee,
Your simple thoughts don't trouble me".—

"But won't you let me have my say,
My Lady Queen?"

"I worry that you cannot see
The sad plight of your Bumble Bee.
If you would make their home more gay,
And rule your bees the proper way,
They'd not be leaving home you'd see,
My Lady Queen".

Helen Smith, Commercial, S.J.C.S.

CATS HAVE NINE LIVES

Cats have nine lives. Of my own cat Fluffy can be used that expression. Time and again she has escaped, from the jaws of death, with little or no ill effects. Her first life was lost, when at two months she fell from a very high roof—and landed on her paws. From then on, she was continually falling from verandah roofs, trees from anything at all. Nothing killed her outright.

However, one fine day, our dauntless Fluffy got her tail caught in a door. It

became gangrened. Only instant removal of the offending appendage, would save her life. It did!

I am fully convinced of the truth of the saying "Cats have nine lives"!

Sheila Kahnert, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT

During a visit to the Zoo, I saw a large crowd gathered around a cage. I walked as near to the cage as safety would allow to see the cause of the racket.

In the cage was a family of monkeys. The mother was trying to catch her youngest child, while he was successfully eluding her. The father watched for a time, and then took up the chase. In a few moments they had their offspring cornered.

It was a tense moment! Would they catch him? No! He just calmly scampered up the walls of the cage and was off again. In a little while, he came down. His mother caught him, and roughly put him over her knee and spanked him. The crowd roared at this. The only one who wasn't laughing was the young victim. He was crying!

Mary Jane Waller, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

MY LAZY CAT

There she was, contented, peaceful and lazy, lying in the morning sun. Her black coat shone, as the hot rays beat down upon her.

The cat, her drowsy green eyes closed, was washing her paws. Her tail and ears were down. A fly came around her, her tail went up—that was all. This lazy old, black cat would not even move to catch a fly!

As I watched this animal, I wondered if she were good for anything but lying in the sun, and I came to the conclusion that, though black, restless and lazy, she was my cat, and I loved her just the same!

Barbara Sutherland, IX-D, S.J.C.S.

I WOKE UP TO SEE SMOKE

I woke up to see smoke on the "Noronic". I heard sounds in the corridor outside my cabin, as if people were rushing somewhere. Opening my cabin door, I heard screaming. Dressing quickly. I hurried out to the deck and saw everyone running madly about.

clad only in their pyjamas, seeking a means of escape. Panic was spreading rapidly as the flames and smoke increased in intensity. Men, women and children were jumping off, surrounded by flames, and were picked up by boats. The most tragic moment of this terrible disaster came when the boat flared up as if it had been sprayed with gasoline.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to escape, uttered a silent prayer for those whom we knew were doomed.

Nancy Godsoe, X-B, S.J.C.S.

ROSES FOR OUR LADY

The power of the Rosary is beyond the speech of man

It's a prayer to honour Mary, say it daily if you can;

Each Hail Mary is a rose sent to heaven as a prayer,

They pass through the gates of pearl Beyond life's well-worn stair;

There they nestle at Our Lady's feet those roses sent by you

And Mary helps the sender reach the Land beyond the blue.

Diane Burke, X-A, S.J.C.S.

MOTHER

Did you ever stop to think of what the word Mother means?

Is she someone to be pushed aside, like a foolish human being?

No! She's someone to cherish, love and hold so very dear,

Someone who comforts you when trouble hovers near;

Someone who loves you either in sunshine or in rain,

She loves you in your 'poorness'; she loves you in your fame.

So think, when you mention that one loving name.

It means 'love and comfort'—for love is her 'game'.

Diane Burke, X-A, S.J.C.S.

"BUSTER"

My first recollection of Buster, is of a small, short, plump little dog, with shiny, straight black hair, a warm nose that was perpetually damp, and a stubby tail. His sharp brown eyes were alert and had an intelligent expression. He viewed his surroundings as a lord might survey his estates. He was a cross

between a foxterrier and a pomeranian.

Buster had been the pet of the family until I arrived. He became jealous of me, and took no pains to hide his feelings. Because he could not bear to surrender his exalted position in the family, he sought greener pastures, and was the possessor of three homes—to be visited when he chose. At one house, on the outskirts of the town, he delighted in chasing squirrels, woodchucks, rabbits and kittens. He would stay in each home for two or three weeks, and then return to us.

When in disgrace, Buster was sent to the basement, taking the longest route around the tables and all the chairs. He died when he was thirteen.

Helen Brunelle, IX-A, S.J.C.S.

WHEN I AM ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT

When I am elected to Parliament, I am going to change everything.

I will make all laws to suit my purposes. A magnificent house shall be made for me, with luxurious furnishings and modern styling, which I shall choose. I will have numerous wardrobes with exquisite clothes for all occasions—also a mink coat. I shall have parties almost every night, and I will travel all over the world. There will be operas, theatre-parties, new cars and as much candy and chocolates as I can eat. I will eat only the most expensive food. I shall have a twin to do my work for me.

You laugh at me, and say that it is all nonsense. Well, I can dream, can't I?

Pat. Bygrove, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE FIRST SNOW

One morning I awoke to see barn window frosty white with pretty crystal designs on it. Roddy, the farm boy, came in and hustled us outside. He grabbed me out from under the separator and gently pushed me to the door. Soon every one was outside.

"What is all that white?" I asked, "It looks like a blanket spread over all the country-side. Delicate flakes of it are still falling from the sky".

"I don't know" replied Josephine the hen, "I've just been living since spring. Let's ask someone".

There's Mrs. Goose! Will you tell us what it is that is falling from the sky, Mrs. Goose?"

"It's snow!" hissed Mrs. Goose, "and now after the first snow fall it will turn very cold. Why, Last year it was so cold, that my wings turned purple and my beak froze for several hours. Why, I....."

Mrs. Goose had started one of her long grumbling lectures, but Josephine and I were not listening, for we had scampered off in glee to join the others in their play in the new-fallen snow.

Pat Bygrove, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE FIRST JESUITS OF CANADA

The first Jesuits of Canada were men of dauntless courage, who travelled far into the new land, even outstripping the *coureurs des bois*. They stationed themselves in remote savage villages, baptizing, preaching, and dying at the stake for the glory of God. In their memory, a monument was built to remind all Canada of their magnificent work. Their martyrdom was honoured this year, at Midland, by a colourful pageant of Huronia—old and new. It reminded us of the courage and work done by the first Jesuits of Canada.

Teresa Dorner, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE PARTY

Winter was coming and nature was preparing. Soon there would be no chirping of birds, no warm sunlight and no green grass. Nature surmised this, and decided to have a last gala event. There was much excitement as the leaves began to don their brightest gowns of red, gold, and yellow. The birds rehearsed their most beautiful songs, and the sun gave its most glorious risings and settings.

Soon the eagerly awaited day arrived, and the party began. The birds sang their liveliest tunes, and provided the sweet music. The leaves danced their sprightliest jigs and made beautiful patterns as they played with the wind. The small animals of the forest ran here and there chasing the leaves and eating nuts and acorns. Everyone enjoyed the party.

It ended, as do all parties. The leaves were left dead on the ground; the animals were exhausted from the strenuous games; the birds were ready to fly south, and the work of cleaning up was left to the farmers.

Anna Bohn, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE DAY EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

I think everyone has experienced a day when everything seemed to go wrong. This happened to me a few weeks ago.

Because it was Saturday, I had to get up at nine o'clock, for I had a music lesson at ten-thirty. During the night, I knocked the alarm clock on the floor, so, of course, the alarm didn't go off. At ten-fifteen, I awoke. It was raining too! I jumped out of bed dressed in a rush and ran down the street to get a street car.

The street car hit a truck—which slowed me up another half hour. I was only one hour and fifteen minutes late for my music lesson! After the lesson, I slipped on the wet pavement and broke my arm.

It sounds amusing now! But nothing was funny then.

D'Reen Browning, X-A, S.J.C.S.

ROSARY SUNDAY

To-day is Rosary Sunday—a day set aside to honour Mary, the Blessed Virgin, through the Rosary.

The program at Exhibition Park to-day consisted in the march past the grandstand of Catholic Youth from all schools, nurses, college students, priests, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides. School Bands such as De la Salle, St. Mary's and St. Michael's were there too. Father Ronan's Boys' Choir sang.

A new attraction this year was the Cross of Jerusalem. Its aim is to raise funds for the people in Jerusalem, and to save the Holy places in the Holy Land. Father Gannon, S.J., gave a talk. The Living Rosary was formed by the girls in our school. We are very proud of it. The afternoon was climaxed by a talk given by Cardinal McGuigan, who also gave us his Blessing.

Marina D'Onofrio, X-A, S.J.C.S.

I PREFER TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

People who live in the country, long to live in the city. They like to see the department stores, parks, cathedrals, theatres, zoos, and to join in the hustle and bustle of the city. They prefer rush to the peace of the country.

And the people in the city long to get away from the noise of the city. I

myself, prefer to live in the country. For what would be more wonderful than to live in the peaceful countryside and view the picturesque fields of golden wheat and oats, the green grass and clover, and the quaint old farm houses with all their patterned carvings.

I prefer the peace and calmness of the country to the bustle and noise of the city.

Marie Begin, X-A, S.J.C.S.

BIG FINANCES

From the top of his shiny, bald head to the tips of his well-polished and expensive shoes, one thing was very much in evidence—self-importance.

Surrounding him was an air of influence and prosperity. His very appearance betrayed him; for anyone who looked at his small shrewd eyes, his beaked nose jutting imperiously out from the folds of his fleshy face, his large powerful hands, with their huge diamond ring, immediately recognized him for the important financier he thought he was.

Colleen Garvey, XII-A, S.J.C.S.

AN EYE-CATCHING COIFFURE

She was a ballet dancer, but it was not her dancing that caught your eye; it was her coiffure.

Her shiny auburn hair was drawn tightly to the top of her head in braids to form a heart, through which shone stars to match the colour in her costume. This unusual coiffure dominated her whole appearance.

Elizabeth Selby, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

THE BALLET STAR

The house lights were dimmed. The curtain rose slowly, and there, in all her glory, she stood. A pretty, dark little thing, in a ruffled costume of pink, she held her arms gracefully above her head. She stood so still, that it seemed as if she scarcely breathed. Suddenly, at the first chord of the orchestra, the "Dresden Statue" came to life. Sheer joy transformed her solemn face. As she flitted across the stage, I realized that she had been transported into a world of her own.

Mary Ellen Williams, IV-C, S.J.C.S.

THE HANDS OF AN ARTIST

As my gaze wandered across the car, it was arrested on the hands of the serious young man opposite me. He had the hands of an artist, with long nervous fingers which appeared capable of making a flat canvas come to life; to give it human form, or to impress any of nature's innumerable scenes upon it. His preoccupied gaze seemed to be on some distant painting of his, which was being viewed by many. He rose to leave, and those hands clutched a black portfolio, as if it were life itself. I smiled, thinking of the day when even I might visit his first showing.

Joane Price, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

THE AMBITIOUS BALLET STAR

The class was over, yet Tina was still before the studio mirror. She wanted to perfect her pirouettes. Though her slender and shapely form was drenched with perspiration, over and over again she twirled and leaped, as if trying each time to express more deeply the emotions and thought of the dance itself. Four years of continual study are soon to be repaid when she makes her debut to-morrow night. She pictured herself silhouetted against a brilliant spotlight, on the grand stage before a vast audience. Her pulse quickened, and with graceful sweeps of the arms her thoughts turned once more to the pirouetting figure in the mirror.

Joyce Chiang, XII-C, S.J.C.S.

THE SCHOOL BLACKBOARD

I am the school blackboard. Year after year, pupils have written on me, figuring out this and that, only to be promoted to the room of one of my sister blackboards. Each year I meet new faces, ones that I learn to know better as the year passes by. Though I have lived many years and have seen a couple of generations at work on my face, I look older than I really am. The dust clings to my face so, that half the time I can not see in front of me. Here and there are cracks,—cracks that show age, just as wrinkles on a person's face. But my life is not always hard. There are pleasant things to look forward to, such as the cooling bath that the caretaker gives me, after a hard day's work. But what I like the best, is carrying the beautiful drawings and messages from the Gospels.

No, my life is not a hard one. I really enjoy it.

Rosemary Sheridan, X-D, S.J.C.S.

OUR SHOPPING CENTRE AT CHRISTMAS

At Christmas, the stores are beautifully decorated with children's toys and Christmas trees. There is an excited hustle as people scramble to get their shopping done.

Much thought is put into the decorations of the store itself. This means extra work for the clerks. They are so busy, that there is never any time for talking or laughing. New clerks are brought in to help. At the end of the day, everyone is very tired, and can hardly wait until the store closes.

Few people shop early—most, leave everything for the last day or two. This makes shopping hard for everyone. However, I am of the "Last-minute-shopping" class, so, I shouldn't complain about others.

Connie Colangelo, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE USE OF THE DICTIONARY

Every student should own a dictionary, and should consult it when she comes upon an unfamiliar word.

Some of us have a very inadequate idea of the uses to which a good dictionary may be put. To realize its full value, let us take the one word "resist" as an example, and see how much information we can find on it. The spelling is given first. Then the exact pronouncement: Re-zist. The history or derivation, is then considered. Not to go into too much detail, we learn that it originated in the latin word "stare", which means "to stand against" with the added prefix "re", "against". When we speak of resisting, we mean, literally, "standing against". After giving the derivation, the dictionary gives the various meanings. Like many other words, we find that it has more than one meaning. If the word belongs to any of the questionable classes, such as slang, the dictionary will tell us so, and will warn us against its use. We will also find the meaning of the word, as distinguished from its synonyms—oppose and withstand.

If we wish to make progress in composition, we must enlarge our vocabulary. A safe and convenient way to do this, is to use the dictionary properly.

Patricia Bygrove, X-A, S.J.C.S.

DEATH'S CLOSENESS

I woke up to see smoke on the Noronic. My first thought was that somebody was smoking. Then, I realized the smoke was too heavy for tobacco. I clambered out of bed and into my dressing gown as fast as I could, and opened the door of my cabin. There, I met face to face with that which I was praying against. Fire! It was everywhere!—licking the walls, spreading along the ceiling, and seeping through the crack in the floor—closer—closer—closer!

At first, I was too petrified to move. Then I heard voices of the firemen in the distance—at the southern end of the boat. I made the Sign of the Cross, and dashed toward that mass of flames and smoke. I half crawled and half ran, with my clothes on fire and my feet burning from the heat on the plank floor.

The next thing I knew, I was in my mother's arms. In spite of the hospital bed, and the agony of my burns, I had a wonderful peace in my soul—God had spared me!

Pat Harrison, X-A, S.J.C.S.

THE CLOSING OF AN AUTUMN DAY

The sun was deep in the west. Its colour was fading from a brilliant red to a delicate pink, into a sombre purple.

The little wood-folk were scurrying to their homes, because night was fast approaching. The birds had already settled themselves to sleep. High in an elm tree, a mother squirrel chattered to her young, calling them to bed. A soft silvery mist was just beginning to fall, and "Old Mother West Wind" was scattering the brightly coloured leaves on the forest's floor.

Far in the distance, a lone whippoorwill uttered a mournful cry. The old, majestic trees sighed as the last day of Autumn ebbed away.

Elizabeth McArthur, IX-C, S.J.C.S.

THE DAY EVERYTHING WENT WRONG

Everything happened as I was preparing to leave for my vacation.

I had planned to go to a show, but after supper I found myself doing all the packing. As I was putting away the dishes, my foot caught on the leg of a chair and I fell head-long, breaking at least five plates. The suitcase was all

packed when to my amazement, I found that I hadn't put in my tooth-brush. While putting the suit-case in the car, the door closed on my hand, and progress was considerably slowed up. When everything was in order, we began the trip. A few miles out of town I thought of something—I had left the key of the cottage at home. So, we turned back home.

When I finally put the key to the cottage door. I thought of all the trouble we had in getting there. And just to think—in two weeks, it would start all over again!

Carmelina DeCarlo, X-A, S.J.C.S.

FIRE

I woke up to see smoke on the "No-ronic."

The flames were leaping into the smoke-filled sky. Fire-engines, police cars and thousands of private cars lined the streets. One could hear the pathetic cries of the women and children trying to get off the burning inferno. Already the burnt and dead were being taken from the blaze. Others were being rescued from the icy waters into which they had jumped, in their panic. Some of the victims were still in their night attire, and were standing on the pier, watching there possessions go up in flames.

Truly this is one of the most terrible disasters Toronto has witnessed in some years.

Doreen Fogarty, X-B, S.J.C.S.

THE SCHOOL BLACKBOARD

"Girls! You should be looking at the blackboard, not out the window!" rapped the teacher. Wearily, I looked at it a plain, smudged, chalky blackboard with uninteresting scribbling on it.

"Why were blackboards invented?" I inwardly groaned. The teacher asked a question which I didn't hear, as I lapsed back into the plot of an exciting book—"When the crime was discovered, who would be proved guilty?"—"Moirra!?" I sprang to attention at the side of my desk trying to look attentive. I quickly read the question on the board, and gave the correct answer. Then I changed my mind about blackboards, as I stuttered that wonderful answer. How could I have answered it, if the question had not been written on the board. I kept my eyes glued to the

board for the rest of the period, but I was still bored.

True, I'm not always bored with blackboards. I can't count the times when I've looked with pride when my question was the only one right on it; or when an illustration ejaculation which I drew was on it. I've had the feeling of satisfaction at seeing my name on the honour role—and the unsatisfying sense of failure when it was not there; or the guilty feeling when my name was placed there as one of the lates.

The next time the teacher tells me to look at the board. I'll remember that it is a source of pride as well as of boredom

Moirra Somerville, X-D, S.J.C.S.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas we all
had our fill
The only thing now was the pain and
the bill.
Saint Nick sure had come, you could
tell by the house
The boys got their presents, the cat got
his mouse.
Johnnie was working his new 'lectric
train,
Grandpa was trying his new plastic
cane,
The visions of sugar-plums were surely
not dreams
They had chocolates and peppermints,
taffy and creams.
It's all over now for another whole year
After all of the work it seems kind of
queer,
The snow on the trees makes a wonder-
ful sight
Happy New Year to all and to all a
good-night.

Barbara Gaudet, XI-A, S.J.C.S.

THE NERVOUS PROFESSOR

It was a big day for him; he heard the roar of applause which greeted the opponent next to him. His moment was next, his moment to show the world his ambitions. Would fate be kind to him? He brushed an imaginary spot off his meticulously clean suit and observed for the last time his nervous figure, searching every line to find a just cause to reproach himself. Then with stiffened lips, and determined expression, he walked staunchly to the speaker's platform. He felt the

many eyes upon him, heard the muffled whispers and the light laughter from the audience. He clutched wildly for some object to steady himself. Ah! his watch—he moved it up and down beside him. His speech began, his watch twirled faster, his feet shifted his weight innumerable times, and then his fingers came to rest on his vest buttons which he lovingly fingered as a coin collector examines a precious coin. He moved back and forth, up and down the platform, his hands confirming every statement. And then the speech was over. He was leaving the auditorium followed by thunderous applause. It had not been so bad after all. He would speak again, up on that same platform, but never again would it be said that he was a nervous professor.

Sheila Copeland, IV-A, S.J.C.S.

DEATH

For a happy death, I want to be at home and have my family around me. Most of all, I want the priest there, to administer the Last Rites.

As I close my eyes and picture that death is upon me, I imagine that a beautiful angel will take my hand, and together we will leave the earth. The angel vanishes and I am left standing before a gleaming white gate. St. Peter writes my name in a book. I walk in and a long white, flight of stairs forms before me. I venture up through the white clouds and blue sky. On either side stand rows of angels in long, flowing robes of white, light blue, and pink. They are singing joyously. At the top seems to be a star, and as I draw closer, a throne of diamonds and emeralds. Sitting on the throne is God, our Creator and King.

I fall to my knees and my heart fills with adoration, love and reverence, and repentance for my sins. All I can say is "My Lord and My God." He shall then rise and pronounce my judgment. Whether it is to be Heaven, Purgatory or Hell is in His power to say.

Patricia Jarvis, X-B, S.J.C.S.

FIERY REQUIEM

For the last half hour I had been listening, but no one had won the fifty thousand dollar jackpot. I bored. fifty thousand dollar jackpot. I was

bored. Suddenly I heard a scream, and opened the door to be confronted by flames and smoke. I thought of my parents at their bridge game over at the Andrew's house. Upon reaching the only window that faced the street, my worst fears were realized, the storm windows were on. Opening the inside panes, I picked up the fire-poker and threw it at the window. A shower of glass followed. One large piece hit my arm, leaving a deep gash in it. My dress was on fire. Flinging myself over the window frame, I screamed loudly. I felt I had only whispered, because, five storeys below, no one seemed to have heard me. The heat became intense. I could not move a muscle, because I was paralyzed with fear. I began my Act of Contrition—"Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for having off—of—en—the words would not come, and I vaguely remember seeing the firemen jump through the window—then solid blackness.

* * *

"May God in His goodness have mercy on her soul" were the words to greet me when I began to revive. I was lying on the sidewalk. I supposed they were waiting for the ambulance. I tried to move my head, and a kind voice said: "Just rest, dear, everything will be all right."

Turning my head, my eyes met those of Father Reilly's, our parish priest. Someone shouted: "Look! She's alive!"

Father began to administer the Last Rites, and I closed my eyes, never to open them again; never again to see the blue of God's sky or the green of God's earth—never again to hear children's voices on Christmas morning—or the morning song of the robin.

Yet in this last fleeting second, I can rejoice that I am dying a Catholic Death—that I am going hand in hand with Mother Mary to face my Creator.

"Oh death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, thy victory!"

Therese McCool, X-C, S.J.C.S.

NO WATER IN PRINCE RUPERT

Early Friday morning there was a landslide, causing three sections of Prince Rupert's water main to break loose. For most of the citizens that meant no water for several days. The million gallons of water in the reservoir on Acropolis Hill lasted a very short while.

Mayor Arnold over the radio urged the necessity to use as little water as possible. The health inspector went around to the schools and told the children to warn their mothers to boil all water before drinking. The water came out of the taps a dirty rusty colour.

Many of the people living on the upper levels had no water and some complained that those on the lower levels used too much.

We got out of school for two days.

Some people on the lower and higher levels had water all the time while their next door neighbours had not a drop.

This situation continued for a week and then for another week. Although we had water it was unfit for drinking. How happy we all were when we could have a glass of clear cold water.

Maria Brett, Grade 10,
Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

FAMILY ROSARY RALLY

On October ninth, in the afternoon, thirty-five cars met outside the Catholic Church and paraded down to the Civic Centre to attend the Family Rosary Rally.

The stage in the Civic Centre auditorium was beautifully decorated. In the middle was a big Rosary in coloured lights with a Cross on the end of it in white lights. In the centre of the Rosary a statue of Our Lady stood, with baskets of flowers in front of it. Along the front of the stage were huge vases of flowers. At both sides of the stage were two large posters, "The Family that Prays Together—Stays Together".

The programme started with "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," and then there was a short address by Bert Young, the chairman of the Crusade, followed by an interesting talk by our Bishop; a movie called, "The Road to Peace," the story of Father Peyton's life, starring Bing Crosby and Ann Blyth, and in which Father Peyton himself appeared; and lastly five different persons said the Joyful Mysteries from the stage, while each mystery was represented in tableau by some of the school children.

The whole affair was very successful, with an attendance of over five hundred, including a number of non-Catholics.

Maria Brett, Grade 10,
Annunciation School, Prince Rupert, B.C.

WHAT THE FAMILY ROSARY MEANS TO ME

Prize Winning Essay, Gr. VII, in Vancouver Family Rosary Contest

The family makes a nation. If the family is weak and the members scattered, the nation will be beset by unrest, crime, divorce, turmoil, war, and insecurity. The world is in trouble. Why? Because its families are not praying. They are not begging God on their knees to restore peace and happiness in the world; God has not been given His rightful place. If it were not for the faithful few who kneel in their homes to say the family rosary in fulfilment of Mary's command, God would surely have destroyed, long ago, this wicked, ungrateful universe. But Mary begged God to wait. And can a Son refuse His Mother? As God first came to us through Mary so we will go back to God through her.

Peace and unity in the family can only be obtained by family prayer. If every family in the world would kneel together every night to say the family rosary we would have peace. God would be triumphant in the hearts of men, and all the "isms" that beset and threaten our christian civilization, would vanish.

Family prayer is for all religions not just for the Catholics. The good family gets together, not once in a while, but every night to say the family rosary. In such a family all dwell in unity, peace and security.

The Family Rosary Crusade is not just for publicity but to try to point out to all families that they can only find peace and unity by saying the family rosary daily. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Let us then by family prayer do our bit to put God back in His rightful place.

Geraldine Graber, VII,
St. Patrick's, Vancouver, B.C.



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